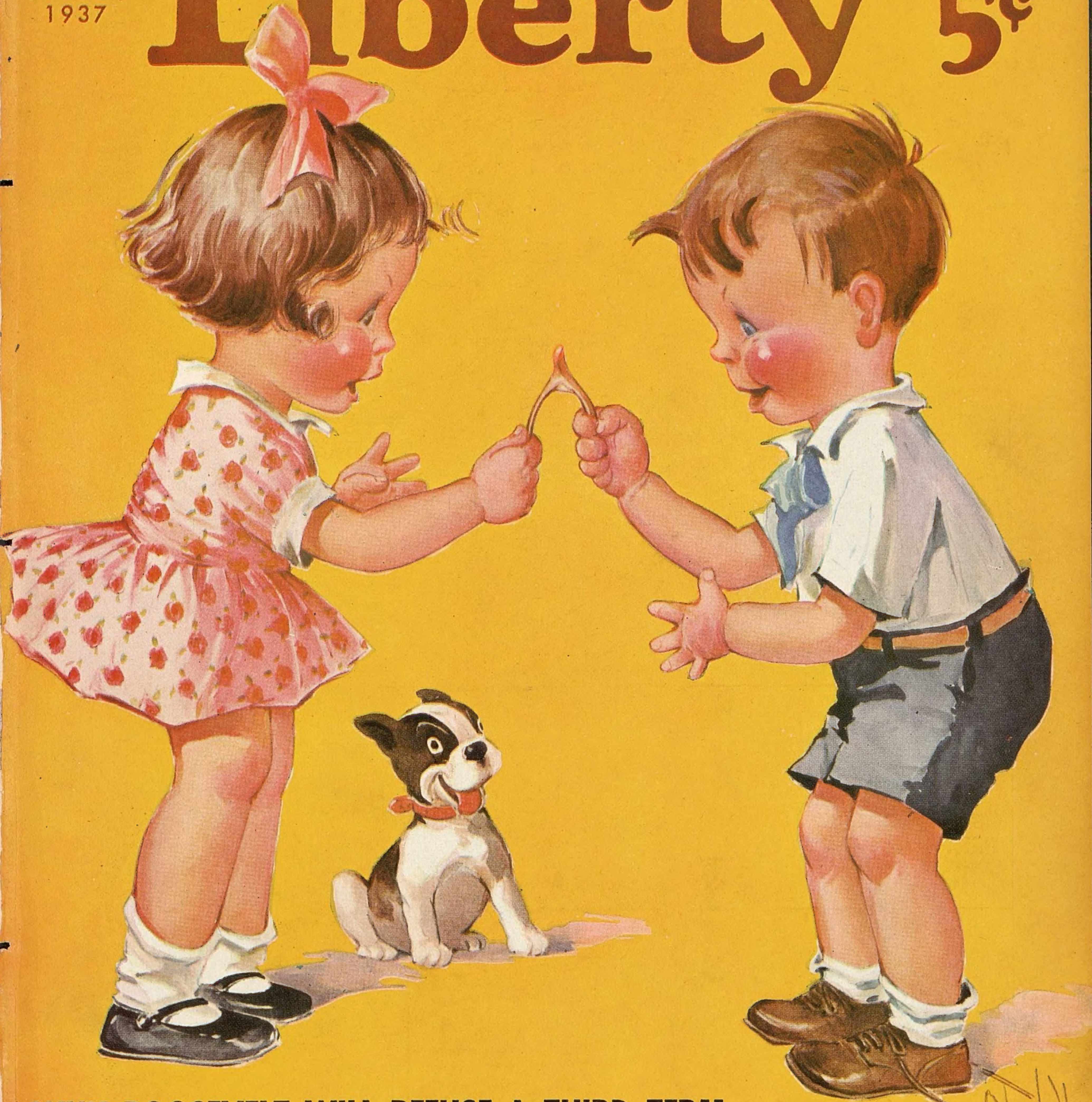
PASSION BEFORE MARRIAGE—Is American Youth Swing-Timing to Hell?

NOV. 27,
1937

Liberty

5¢



WHY ROOSEVELT WILL REFUSE A THIRD TERM

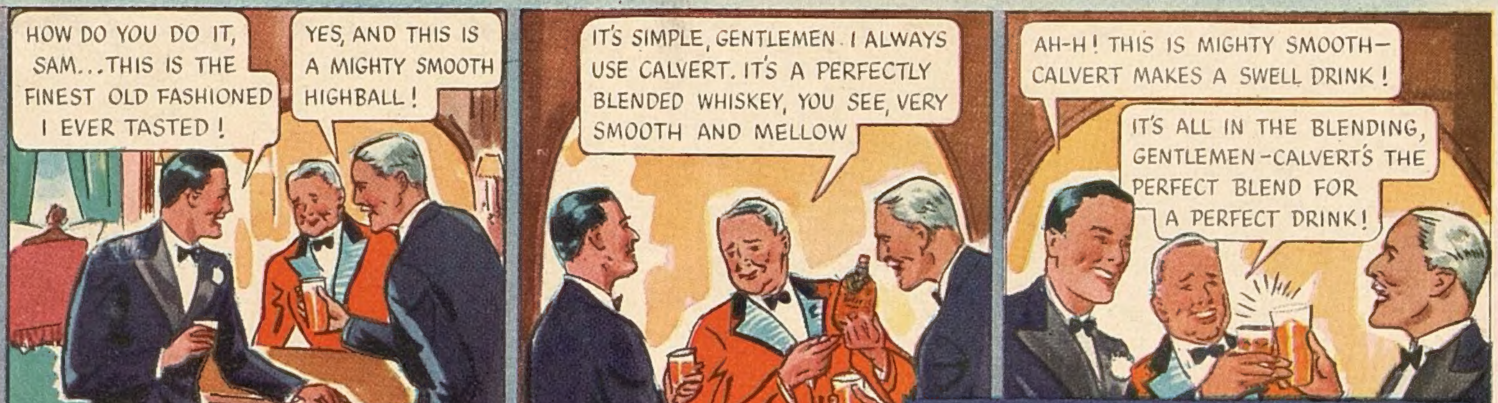
HOW SOCIETY IS PLANNING FOR EDWARD AND WALLIE

by Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.

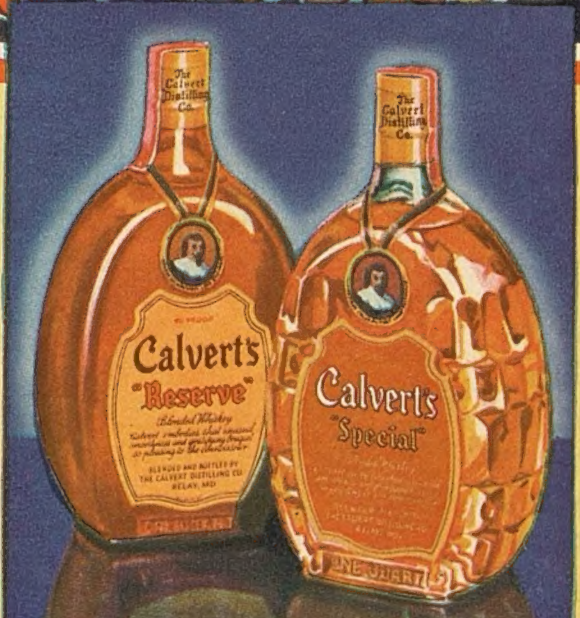
FOLLOW THE TREND!

It's in the air, it's everywhere—
The trend's to blends, and so take care
To call for Calvert—you'll declare,
"A perfect blend that's rich and rare!"

SAM'S SECRET FOR A PERFECT DRINK!


HOW DO YOU DO IT, SAM... THIS IS THE FINEST OLD FASHIONED I EVER TASTED!
YES, AND THIS IS A MIGHTY SMOOTH HIGHBALL!
IT'S SIMPLE, GENTLEMEN. I ALWAYS USE CALVERT. IT'S A PERFECTLY BLENDED WHISKEY, YOU SEE, VERY SMOOTH AND MELLOW
AH-H! THIS IS MIGHTY SMOOTH—CALVERT MAKES A SWELL DRINK!
IT'S ALL IN THE BLENDING, GENTLEMEN—CALVERT'S THE PERFECT BLEND FOR A PERFECT DRINK!

CLEAR HEADS
[CLEAR HEADED BUYERS]
CALL FOR
Calvert
WHISKIES

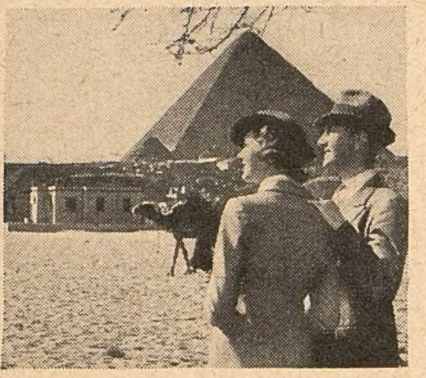

Calvert's "Reserve"
Calvert's "Special"

Copr. 1937 CALVERT DISTILLERS CORP., DISTILLERIES: RELAY, MD., AND LOUISVILLE, KY., EXECUTIVE OFFICES: CHRYSLER BLDG., N.Y.C. CALVERT'S "RESERVE" BLENDED WHISKEY—90 PROOF—straight whiskey in this product is 5 years old. 32% 5 year old straight whiskey; 68% grain neutral spirits. CALVERT'S "SPECIAL" BLENDED WHISKEY—90 PROOF—straight whiskies in this product are 2 years or more old. 25% straight whiskey; 75% grain neutral spirits. 10% 2 year old straight whiskey; 15% 5 year old straight whiskey.

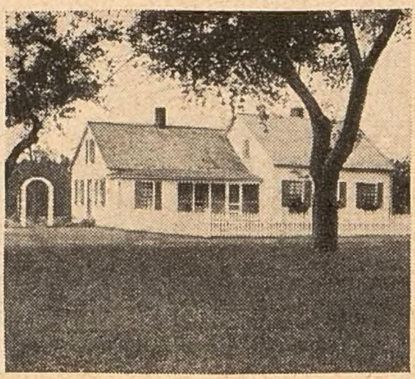
TODAY'S INVESTMENT FOR TOMORROW'S SECURITY

Here is a safe, simple and convenient way to add one dollar to every three that you can set aside for future security. Write a check each month, payable to the Treasurer of the United States for investment in a United States Savings Bond. This bond, held for ten years, will return 33⅓% more than you invested.

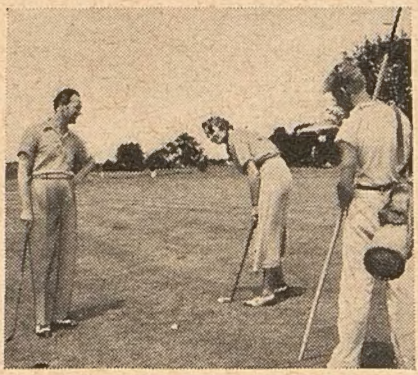
Look at the table below, select the Savings Bond you are able to buy regularly. The Treasurer of the United States will forward you full information concerning the Regular Purchase Plan upon your request on the coupon.



World Travel—A travel fund may be conveniently accumulated by regular investment in United States Savings Bonds.



A Home in the Country—If you wish to own a farmhouse, you can accumulate funds for its purchase by investing in Savings Bonds.



Leisure for Recreation—The security, which investment in Savings Bonds brings, will afford leisure to enjoy fishing, tennis and golf.

Education—Begin now to provide a college education for your child by monthly investment in United States Savings Bonds.

UNITED STATES SAVINGS BONDS

DIRECT OBLIGATIONS OF THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT

HOW TO SAVE SYSTEMATICALLY

To provide funds for the future, select the program best suited to your needs, then buy a bond each month.

If you invest each consecutive month any specific amount shown below	Beginning in 10 years there then will be payable each month for as many consecutive months
$18.75	**$25.00**
$37.50	**$50.00**
$75.00	**$100.00**
$93.75	**$125.00**
$187.50	**$250.00**
$375.00	**$500.00**

Savings Bonds are sold on a discount basis. They mature in 10 years from issue date for ⅓ more than their purchase price. They may be redeemed for fixed cash values by the owner at any time after sixty days from issue date.

FOR SALE AT POST OFFICES AND DIRECT BY MAIL

TO ORDER BY MAIL

TREASURER OF THE UNITED STATES, L-11, Washington, D. C.

☐ Please send me without obligation your Regular Purchase Plan and forms for my consideration and optional use.

☐ Send me the following bonds for which I enclose check, draft, or money order.

NUMBER			
......	**$25** United States Savings Bonds at	**$18.75**	**$** ....
......	**$50** United States Savings Bonds at	**$37.50**	**$** ....
......	**$100** United States Savings Bonds at	**$75.00**	**$** ....
......	**$500** United States Savings Bonds at	**$375.00**	**$** ....
......	**$1000** United States Savings Bonds at	**$750.00**	**$** ....
		Total	**$** ....

It is understood that not more than $10,000 (maturity value) of these bonds issued during each or any calendar year (January 1 to December 31) may be held by any one person.

Register in the name of and send to

Name {Miss / Mrs. / Mr.} ______________________

Street address ______________________

City ______________ *State* ______________

Make all remittances payable to Treasurer of the United States.

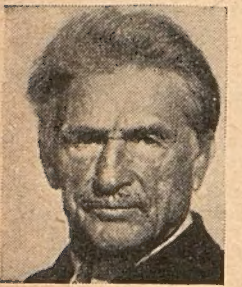
NOVEMBER 27, 1937
Liberty
VOL. 14, NO. 48

BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

ROBERT S. STAPLES
ART EDITOR

LABOR'S REGIMENTATION—MAY BE ALREADY HERE?


BERNARR MACFADDEN

MORE than six months have elapsed since an editorial appeared on this page under the title Is Labor Walking into a Trap?

I stated on that occasion: " In playing the game of accepting favors through legislation, are they [labor] not binding themselves with enslaving chains that will ultimately rob them of their American birthright? If the government can restrict and govern business management, it is only one step further to the regulation and rigid control of labor."

When I made these statements I did not think the chickens would come home to roost so soon.

Already labor is feeling the pinch of the binding chains. Already it is complaining about the decision of the Labor Board created by the Wagner act.

At the American Federation of Labor's recent convention, bitter criticisms were cast at the favoritism extended to the Committee for Industrial Organization, and probably before this appears the C. I. O. may make similar complaints.

When the government is given the right to control the relations of employer and employees, the average worker does not realize that he has turned over to public officials, at the same time, the right to control labor.

A special session of Congress has convened. One of the bills that the administration is especially anxious to pass proposes to control the hours and wages of labor. It is another remnant of the NRA that was such a disastrous failure.

And how many workers understand that when they give government officials the right to raise wages they automatically extend them the right to *lower* wages?

In other words, the workers of this country are selling their liberties . . . their personal freedom. They are turning over to government officials, who are not always competent and intelligent and are sometimes dishonest, the right to dictate to them on their personal lives . . . the right to take away their freedom of choice . . . the right to refuse them a job that may mean bread and butter and the comforts of home for themselves and their wives and children. And remember, the dole may not be indefinitely continued.

When the government finally secures a strangle hold on labor their votes will lose their value, and then good-by to the dole.

As I pointed out in the editorial referred to, Germany, Italy, and Russia have passed through the same experiences that we are now enduring. Labor was given unlimited leeway in those countries until the officials had the workers chained; then regimentation began.

The workers in those countries were impressed with the idea they would be allowed to dictate to capital . . . that they would be able to compel their employers to accede to their demands for increased wages, etc. In other words, the employees would turn about and boss the employer.

And such a situation may exist for a short time; but there is no possible chance for it to become permanent. You can build up huge capital . . . develop a great business enterprise through hard work and adherence to certain principles over a long period of years . . . and some one unfamiliar with the proper procedure can take over the management. For a short time a spendthrift policy can be followed in such a business, but such a wrecking crew cannot continue indefinitely. There must be intelligent management in any business which is based on principles that lead to a reasonable degree of permanency.

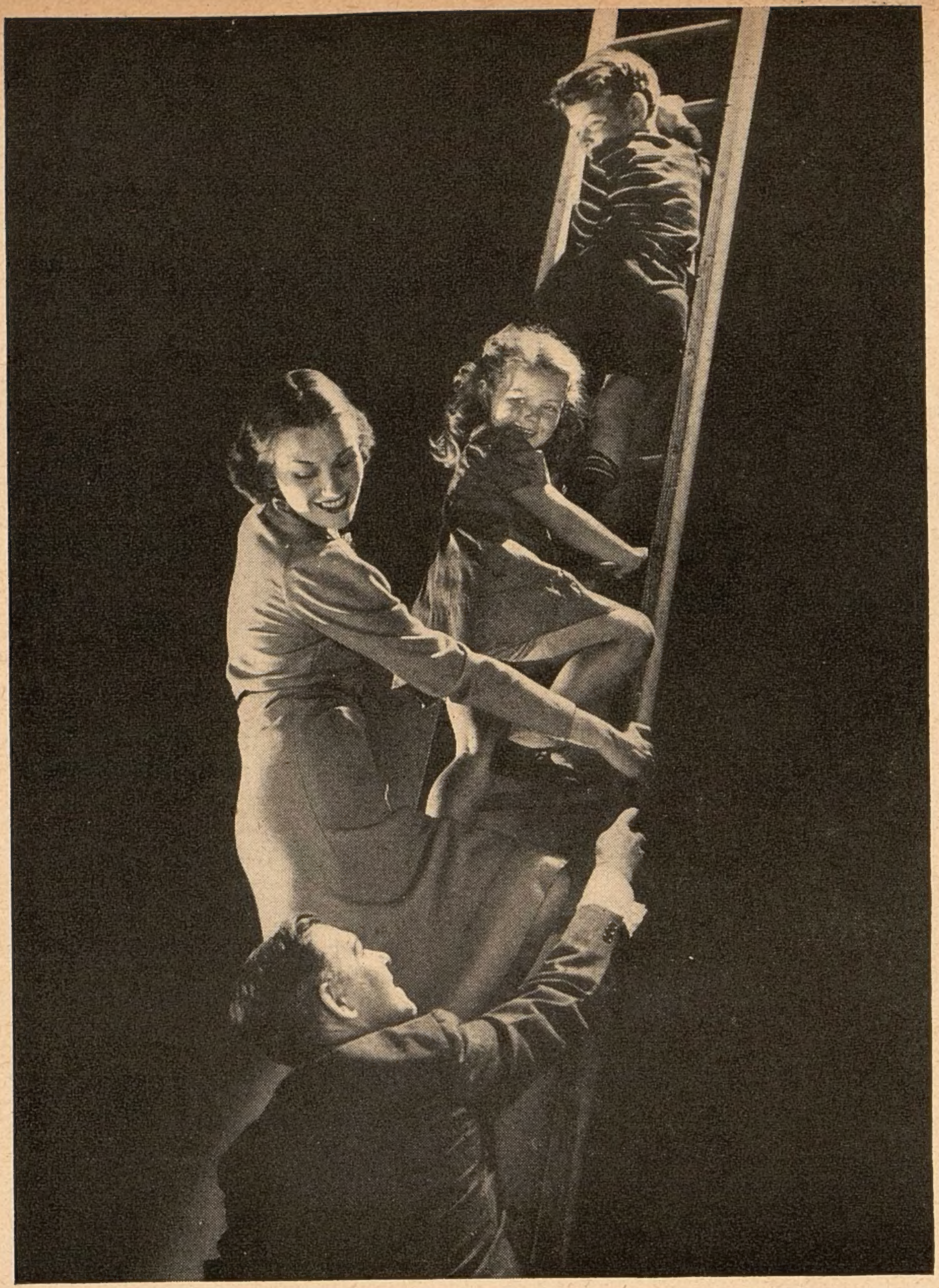
The Wagner bill is a one-sided enactment. It is a trap apparently baited with unlimited liberties to workers, but it will mean the beginning of the regimentation of labor as well as employers, and it will rob the workers of their personal freedom . . . their one glorious privilege that has done more than anything else to make this the greatest and wealthiest country in the world.

The caustic criticisms of government control at the A. F. of L. convention is just the beginning. They will grow rapidly as time passes; and labor leaders . . . intelligent workers included . . . who supported the Wagner enactment, and who are doubtless now preparing to support the wages-and-hours bill . . . will in the not far distant future want to hire some husky individual to kick them down the full length of New York's Broadway for being such dumb fools.

Bernarr Macfadden

TABLE OF CONTENTS WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 62

Published weekly by Macfadden Publications, Incorporated, 205 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y. Editorial and Advertising Offices, Chanin Building, 122 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter June 28, 1927, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1937, by Macfadden Publications, Incorporated, in the United States, Great Britain, and Canada. All rights reserved. In the United States, Canada, Newfoundland, and Labrador, 5c a copy, $2.00 a year. In U. S. territories, possessions, also Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Spain and possessions, and Central and South American countries, excepting British Honduras, British, Dutch, and French Guiana, $2.50 a year. In all other countries, $4.50 a year. Contributors are especially advised to be sure to retain copies of their contributions, otherwise they are taking an unnecessary risk. Every effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts, photographs, and drawings (if accompanied by sufficient first-class postage and explicit name and address), but we will not be responsible for any losses of such matter contributed.



• • On the Way Up • •

In the climb to better things, America is finding life insurance a sturdy ladder. With the help of insurance, many a child has a better start, and grown-ups enjoy greater security. This generation, having seen the practical benefits to the policyholder as well as his family, is notably increasing its ownership of insurance.

Thos I Parkinson

PRESIDENT

LIFE INSURANCE QUESTION BOX

Q. What are some ways in which life insurance benefits the whole family?

A. It assures needed funds to educate the children. It provides for the mother's financial independence. It creates an income for the father, if he lives to retirement age.

• • •

Q. What form of policy gives your beneficiary maximum protection and also has an increasing cash value?

A. Ordinary Life. For detailed information, ask an Equitable agent — or write to the Equitable Counselor.

• • •

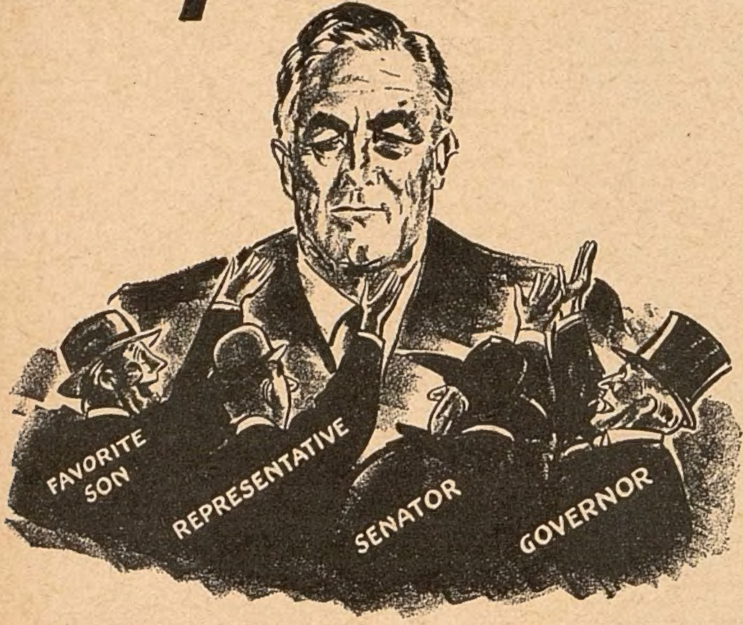
Q. "Can life insurance be used to advantage to protect us if death comes to my husband, part of whose income is being used to pay off the mortgage?"— ***From a letter sent to The Equitable.***

A. Yes; a policy may be arranged for this special purpose on several different plans, any one of which would provide funds to leave the home free from any mortgage indebtedness.

The Equitable welcomes questions concerning life insurance. Your note to "The Equitable Counselor" at 393 Seventh Ave., New York, N.Y., will receive prompt attention by mail.

THE EQUITABLE
FAIR – JUST
LIFE ASSURANCE
SECURITY – PEACE OF MIND
SOCIETY
MUTUAL – COOPERATIVE
OF THE U.S.
NATION-WIDE SERVICE

Why Roosevelt Will REFUSE a Third Term



BY FREDERICK A. STORM

White House correspondent for the United Press, 1933-37

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

AN absorbing guessing game is being played these days wherever politicians assemble. The right guess is NO, spelled with capital letters for emphasis. The game has to do with the possibility of a third term in the White House for Franklin Delano Roosevelt.

However, the politicians, particularly those opposed to the President, are not disposed to take no for an answer at this time, for obvious reasons. This in spite of the fact that he himself has publicly indicated a desire to return to private life at the end of his second term—an indication strengthened by the utterances of his closest friends in interviews and conversations.

These point to the belief that the President feels his major objectives will have been successfully accomplished by the end of his second term—that his job will have been done.

But it can be said without fear of contradiction that he has no intention of putting himself, his leadership, and his administration on the spot, now or in the immediate future, by issuing a flat " I will " or " I will not."

He realizes what the consequences would be. In the first place, there would be a mad scramble for a preferred seat on the Democratic band wagon for 1940. That band wagon at the moment belongs to the President, by virtue of 27,000,000 votes only a year ago, and he is not yet ready to relinquish it.

Second, to announce formally an unalterable decision to retire would be to make himself a political " lame duck "; and it must be borne in mind that he has not yet completed the first year of a four-year second term.

That in itself, his closest friends assert, not only would destroy his personal appeal to the people but might well lead to hopeless splits in a Democratic Congress called in special session and already rifted.

There still is to be decided the fate of such questions on his program as crop-control legislation, neutrality revision, federal court and government reorganization, and his wages-and-hours measures.

Moreover, the next three years, according to his intimates, will see further major New Deal proposals that will need a harmonious Congress.

Mr. Roosevelt prides himself on being a party man, and to all intent and purpose he is going to let the Democratic Convention in June, 1940, choose the candidate. But—he wants a share, a big share as leader of his party, in presenting the man he thinks should be the one to carry forward the torch of liberal reform.

Just who that will be no one knows. Mr. Roosevelt himself, his advisers insist, has no particular man in mind as yet, and if he had it would be a dark secret. For above all things he wants to preserve and extend the social and economic gains he firmly believes the country is enjoying, thanks to New Deal policies. He wants a liberal with a political and social philosophy akin to his own. And he will fight " the good fight " to obtain and win with such a man.

As to his attitude toward a third term, his friends accept without reservation this excerpt from the address he delivered in Washington March 4 last:

" A few days ago, a distinguished member of the Congress came to see me. . . . I said to him:

" ' John, I want to tell you something that is very personal to me—something that you have a right to hear from my own lips. I have a great ambition in life. . . . I am by no means satisfied with having twice been elected President of the United States by very large majorities. I have an even greater ambition.'

" By this time my friend was sitting on the edge of his chair. I continued: ' John, my ambition relates to January 20, 1941.' I could feel just what horrid thoughts my friend was thinking. So, in order to relieve his anxiety, I went on to say:

" ' My great ambition on January 20, 1941, is to turn over this desk and chair in the White House to my successor, whoever he may be, with the assurance that I am turning over to him, as President, a nation intact, a nation at peace, a nation prosperous . . . a nation which has . . . proved that the democratic form and methods of national government can and will succeed.' "

A person who sat with Mr. Roosevelt while he was drafting that address has told this writer:

" The President tried to make very clear his intentions, but apparently there are plenty of people in the country who desire to make an issue of the whole thing."

If we can accept the assurances and the convictions of his closest friends and advisers, the third-term bugaboo is being purposely kept alive, and with a vengeance, by the Republicans in particular.

At all events, the Roosevelt third-term notion took deep root for the first time on election night, 1936, as the President sat in his Hyde Park home checking the returns. When everything was over but the shouting, a noisy delegation of Dutchess County and Hyde Park supporters marched to the house. With members of his family about him, the President walked to the portico to welcome them. As he raised his hand for silence, an eager partisan shouted, " We'll be for you again in 1940, Mr. President! "

The President smiled and said hastily, almost inaudibly in the murmur of the crowd:

" No, no, not that."

Then he talked to them about the election results.

When Mr. Roosevelt retires, his friends say, he will return to private life as a citizen of Dutchess County in the Hudson Valley that he loves so well. But until that time he, his friends, and the men who shape the destinies of the party will simply have to become inured and hardened to the band-wagon climbers who aspire to the high place that he will eventually vacate.

THE END

Mobiloil
Mobiloil
Arctic
FILPRUE

MOBILOIL ARCTIC makes all cars start Easy..run Sweet_in Frigid Weather

CHANGE TODAY

120
110
100
90
80
70
60
50
40
30
10
10

WINTER-PROOF YOUR CAR AT YOUR MOBILOIL DEALER

START QUICK with Mobiloil Arctic—favorite winter oil.

SHIFT EASY on coldest days with Mobiloil Gear Oil.

RIDE QUIET. Special Winter Mobilgreases end squeaks.

PREVENT FREEZE-UPS with Mobil Freezone — great, new radiator anti-freeze.

"BETTER ONE WEEK EARLY_THAN ONE DAY LATE!"

THE PICTURE above is a warning to you! COLD SNAPS COME SUDDENLY... IT PAYS TO HAVE YOUR ENGINE READY WITH MOBILOIL ARCTIC!

Mobiloil Arctic is absolutely the finest winter oil for quick starting. It flows freely in a split second, yet protects your engine fully when it's running hot!

That's what you want this winter, isn't it? ...quick starts—and a safe engine. Take a few minutes today and change to Mobiloil Arctic, world's largest-selling winter oil.

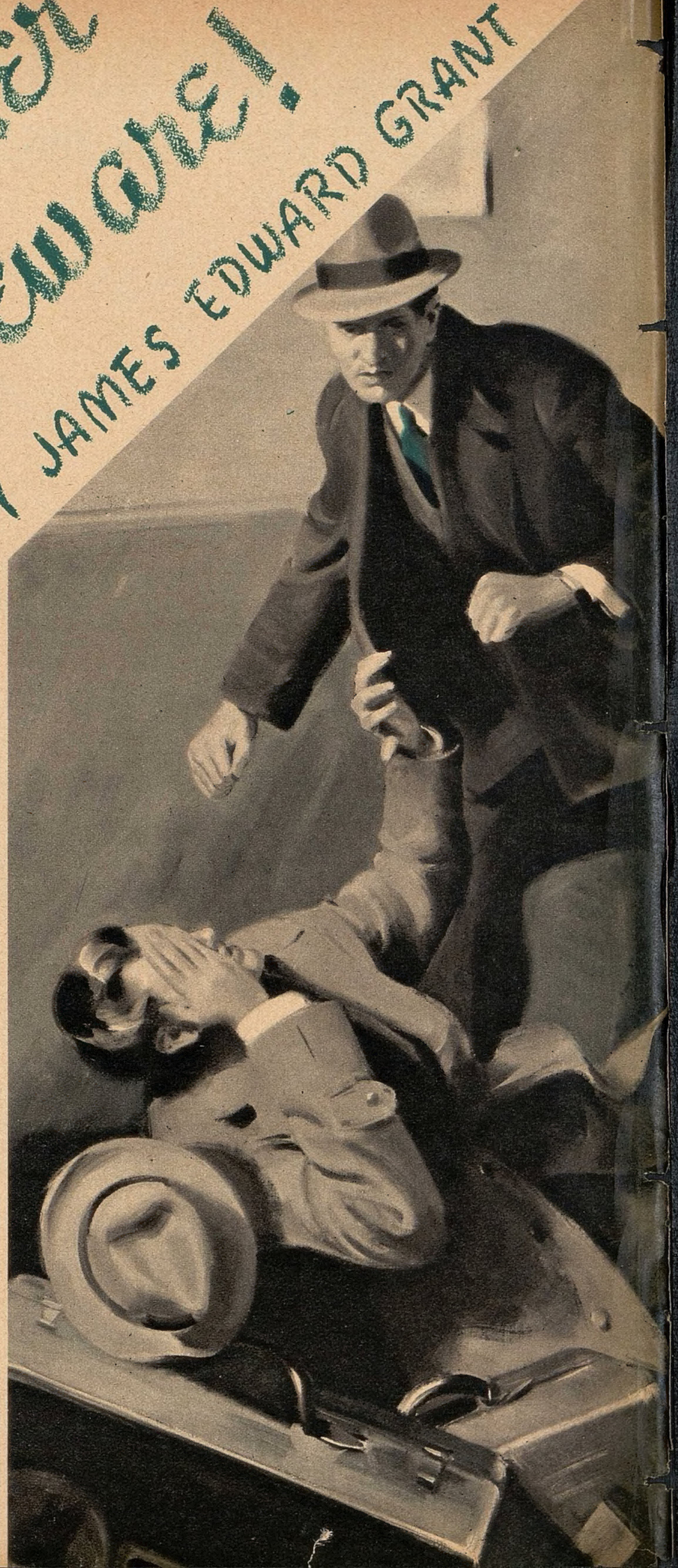
MOBILOIL AND MOBILGAS

SOCONY-VACUUM OIL COMPANY, INC.

Mobilgas Mobiloil

Sucker Beware!

BY JAMES EDWARD GRANT



ILLUSTRATED BY
JOSEPH NUSSDORF

READING TIME ● 22 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

PART I—CROSS AND DOUBLE-CROSS

MR. FRED PASTERN, Hay, Grain, and Feed, of Rockdale, Illinois, was, he saw, alone in the morgue-like waiting room of the depot, except for a lady six benches away. Her tiptilted hat made a perfect frame for the delicately oval face. Her complexion, even in the bad light of the station, was perfect. Mr. Pastern looked from small perfectly shod feet to trim ankles to graceful calves and imagined the rest.

Some figure, opined Mr. Pastern and raised his eyes again to her face.

He started in surprise. Could this be? Was the lady giving him the Eye? Mr. Pastern looked over his right shoulder. There was no one behind him, and when he looked back at the lady her eyelids drooped again. Suggestively. There was no doubt about it—she meant the Eye for him.

He walked across to where Nelda Bryant sat in well tailored elegance and dropped into the seat beside her. His voice sounded funny in his ears, but he said loudly enough, "Hello, honey. How about a bite to eat?"

The lady fastened stern, indomitable eyes upon him and said in accents cold and cultured, "Stop annoying me, or I'll call an officer."

Mr. Pastern swallowed thrice and finally sputtered feebly, "Why, lady, I—uh—I—you winked."

"You fool," Nelda said coldly. "I had a cinder in my eye." Her voice raised slightly. "Will you go, or must I call for help?"

A large heavy-shouldered man had come magically from nowhere and was even now bending a formidable look upon Mr. Pastern.

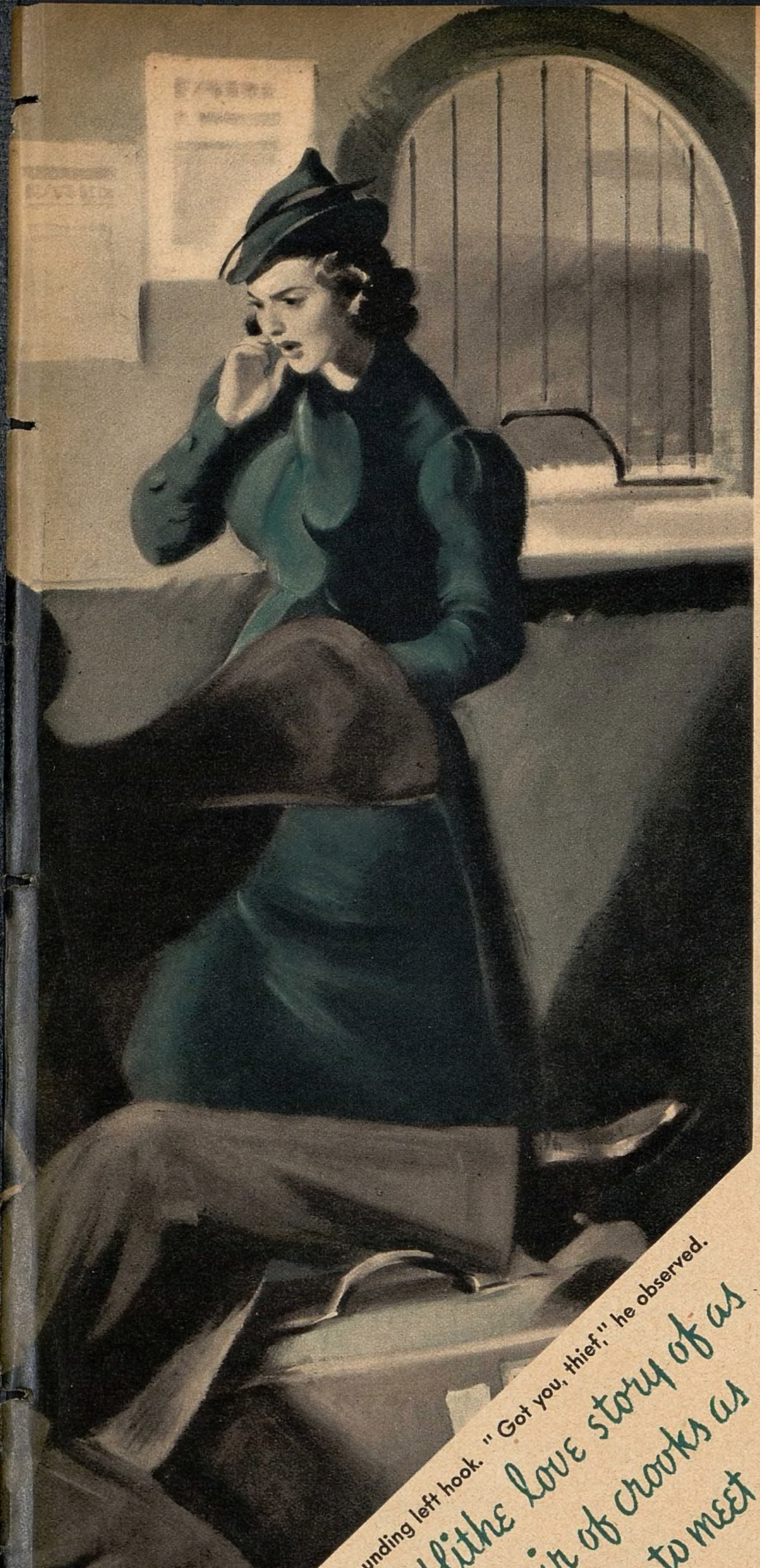
"Is this guy," he inquired in a rasping voice, "annoying you, miss?"

"Definitely," said Nelda.

"You mug," said the big man. "So you're the masher we've been getting all the squawks about?" He placed a heavy hand on Mr. Pastern's elbow. "This is a pinch, masher." He flipped back his lapel, revealing briefly something bright. "You're going to be under glass for quite a spell. Be at the Harrison Street police court at ten in the morning, lady," he instructed, tugging on Mr. Pastern's elbow.

"Wait a minute, officer," pleaded Mr. Pastern, hauling back. "Let's talk this over."

NELDA Bryant sat in a far corner of the waiting room, the high back of the bench concealing her from view, and casually blew smoke rings. Walt Marco came to sit beside her. They conversed



The young man hit him a resounding left hook. "Got you, thief," he observed.

Beginning the blithe love story of as engaging a pair of crooks as you are likely to meet

in the habitual manner of thieves, which is to say, there was nothing furtive about them to the eye, but any one five feet away could not have heard a word.

"I put him on the train for Rockville," Walt said.

"What did he come for?"

Walt sighed. "Buttons," he said sadly. "Buttons. A lousy thirty bucks."

Nelda ground her cigarette beneath her foot. "Fifteen apiece," she said. "Damn! We'll have to work again."

HE looked like an earnest and energetic bond salesman, the neat-headed young man who stood against the west wall of the depot waiting room. Average, middle class; and to Nelda this marked him as a target.

She smiled at him. "Pardon me, but could you tell me what time the train for Rockville leaves?"

The young man pushed a snap-brimmed hat back on a high forehead to reveal auburn curls. His gray-blue eyes took her in from toe tip to hatbrim, and he said in the cavalier manner, "Now, sweetheart, why do you want to go to Rockville when you could stay right here in Chi and eat chow mein with me? The name is Lawrence. But to you, sweetheart, it's Larry."

She had presence of mind to say frigidly, "I beg your pardon."

Walt Marco approached from the shadow of a pillar and laid a meaty hand on the young man's elbow. "Lady," said Walt formidably, "is this man annoying you?"

"He is. He was very impertinent."

"Well," began Walt, preparing to go into his speech, and then, surprisingly, "Oof!"

For the young man had dexterously thrust his index finger into Mr. Marco's eye. As the big man's hands involuntarily flew up to his face, the young man hit him a resounding left hook in the solar plexus.

"Got you, thief," he observed tersely. He put his hand in his hip pocket and flirted his eyes sideways to where Nelda had gone up on the balls of her feet. "I wouldn't run, sister," he said. "You can't outrun what I'll send after you."

She came down to stand flat on her feet.

The redheaded Larry eyed them with scornful disgust. "A swell pair of cheap chiselers," he said nastily. "Well, do you walk, or do I drag you?"

Walt said woefully, "Gees! A copper! What a break!"

"Did you think you could get away with this?" Larry inquired with acidulous amusement. "Your racket was old when the station was built. Start walking."

"Wait," said Walt. "Maybe we can get together."

Larry eyed him coldly. "Maybe we can," he said. "What are you holding besides your breath?"

"Sixty-five bucks," Walt told him.

Nelda snarled, "You heel! You said the sucker only came for thirty."

"Well," Larry said, "it isn't much. Not enough for two. But I'll let one of you go for sixty-five bucks. You can decide between you which one gets the pass and which one takes the fall."

"Me," said Walt instantly. "Hell, I'm the one giving you the dough, sergeant. I get the pass."

Nelda hissed something at him. Larry laughed aloud. "You kill me, doll," he said. "I'll bet you believe in Santa Claus. On the racket yourself, and expecting an even break from another thief!" He said to Walt, "Fold the dough and drop it on the floor."

Walt did. Larry stooped warily, watching them from the corner of his eye, picked up the money, and counted it.

He said coldly, "Move, rat. Don't run. Walk. To the nearest exit."

Leaving, Walt said, " What the hell! Juries are easier on dames."

Nelda looked up at the grinning redhead. " You make a pair," she said viciously. " A crosser and a crooked copper."

" This is marvelous," he said. " A con girl and she believes in the rules. Somebody'll break your heart some day, telling you that honesty isn't the best policy. . . . How is your name spelled on the blotter? "

" It isn't," she said.

He took her elbow. " It soon will be. But just for the sake of convenience I'll call you Dora the Dope. So come along, Dora the Dope, and maybe if you're real nice to me I'll buy you a feed before I put you under glass."

As she walked beside the redheaded young man, Nelda Bryant by no means felt the composure her outward air suggested. Inside she was quivering with fright. She had a sense of unreality. This just can't be. A girl can't make a jump like this in six months. But here she was. The steps were simple and progressive. The music teacher in Pleasantville had said she had a voice for popular songs. That led to a ticket to Chicago and a lot of high hopes. Then a booker's office, and singing in a place that called itself a cocktail lounge and was in reality a clip joint. As clip joints must in time, they had finally sheared the wrong sucker, and shortly the place was full of burly uniformed men who proceeded to chop it apart with fire axes. And Nelda was on the street.

And then came Walt, who had been the muscle-and-shoulder man in the clip joint; and Walt had an easy way of getting it and she had been eating doughnuts and coffee in a nickel place on Van Buren Street. And why shouldn't she give Walt's gag a try? A girl has to eat. And here she was walking beside a copper and tomorrow morning a judge would say three or six months, or maybe even a year. No, Nelda Bryant was not nearly so composed as she seemed.

JAMES EDWARD GRANT

knows rackets better than most writers. As a basis for his syndicated newspaper feature, It's a Racket, he has compiled data on more than three hundred different kinds. He has also handled the publicity in several sensational fraud exposes. His home is in Chicago.

CAMERA-EYE CAVANAUGH, detective, first class, had two claims to fame. He wore a twenty-six collar, and God, in a carefree moment, had left out his brain and installed in its place a card-index system. Each night his vast bulk surged through the Loop, and his camera eye picked out here a gun who was wanted in Memphis, there a forger who was sadly missed by the vigilant officers in Cincy.

Now, as he entered Hip Sing Low's, his mind was not on the evil men do. He was intent on chicken yakimi. Inside habit made him swing his ponderous head horizontally for a slow panoramic inspection of the restaurant. He sighed tragically, surged right oblique, and slumped into the seat beside Nelda.

The girl looked up at Detective Cavanaugh in surprise, but that gentleman was morosely eying the redheaded young man.

" This is a collar, Larry," the huge detective said gloomily. " Don't give me no trouble now. It's bad enough my dinnertime being upset."

The redhead looked surprised. " Why," he said and got no further. . . .

" I know, I know," Cavanaugh told him. " This is all a terrible mistake, and I've mistook you for a couple of other guys. Only I ain't." He recited dismally: " Larry Eagan, soft-song man outa New York. You beat a rap here in '31, when you clipped a loan shark for twenty-some-odd grand in a bond switch, and you beat another rap in Santa Barbara a year or so ago, and you gave back half the dough to a sucker in Miami last year and he didn't pros. And now you're wanted in Duluth for an iron-ore deal. You're twenty-nine years old and you weigh one eighty-five, and your eyes are blue-gray. And that red hair is natural and you never carry a gun and you're a loose spender and live in the best hotels and you got a scar on your left knee."

" Check," said Larry Eagan amiably, all the false innocence falling away. " Except for one thing: I surrendered last month on that rap in Duluth, and the sucker went to Europe rather than prosecute and look like the chump he was."

Nelda Bryant half rose, staring at Larry. " Good heavens! " she cried amazedly. " Are you a crook? "

Cavanaugh's enormous head came around to regard her disgustedly. He turned back to Larry. " Your jane puts on a good act, Eagan," he said morosely. " But who does she think I am—the sheriff of Hicksville? . . . Grab your hats, kids. We'll go down and see if you've cooled off in Duluth. You know," he said, sadly shaking his head, " I wouldn't put it past you to lie about that."

THEY unloaded in front of the MacBre Detective Bureau building. Cavanaugh wallowed up over the curb and waited until Larry paid the cab driver. A newsboy came around the cab and shoved a paper into Larry's hand saying, " Morning paper? "

" Sure," Larry said amiably.

He carelessly slipped the boy a bill and said something to him in a lower voice . . . something that the girl, standing beside Cavanaugh, could not hear.

Cavanaugh took them into an office with the legend " Inspector Brock, Commanding " stenciled on the glass. Brock was a ruddy-faced, silver-haired man of sixty or so. He spoke in a musical brogue.

" Why, Larry," he said, " I thought you agreed not to work my town any more."

" Hello, Joe," the redhead said. " I wasn't working. Just passing through."

" He's wanted in Duluth," Cavanaugh explained. " Sang some mooch a soft song about a mining lease." He jerked a fat thumb toward Nelda. " He's working with a jane now."

" Our pudgy friend jumps to conclusions," Larry chuckled. " I never saw the girl before tonight, and I was just conning her along for a laugh when Camera-Eye popped up. I surrendered on the beef in Duluth and squared it."

Brock pushed a button on his desk and spoke into the interoffice communicator: " Waxman . . . get the Bertillon on Lawrence Eagan."

Larry chuckled. " I've never been mugged. . . . Tell him to phone Duluth. They'll tell you it's all squared."

Brock laughed melodiously but without humor. He spoke to Cavanaugh: " He speaks right up, don't he? He tells me just what to do." He spoke again into the device: " Waxman, dig up a description of Eagan. We had a beef on him a couple of years ago, but it didn't jell. Put it on the teletype and shoot Duluth a special query."

He turned to Larry. " I guess I'll hold you a day or so and see what turns up."

" I'm not exactly Harry the Hophead, you know," Larry said. " I'm holding enough lettuce to hire plenty of lip. And there are rules about just how far a copper can push a citizen."

" Look," said Brock to Cavanaugh. " He's a citizen. . . . Ain't that nice? . . . Throw them in the basement."

The phone on his desk tinkled brightly. He picked it up, listened an instant, and whirled to glare at Cavanaugh. Into the phone he said, " How do I know? . . . I'm not told every time some rat is collared. . . . You don't have to tell me the law. . . . If we've got him, we'll free him or book him."

As he slammed the phone back on the hook, Larry grinned.

" You're a smart john," Brock said savagely to Cavanaugh. " What did he give you to let him phone? "

Cavanaugh's huge face was ludicrous. " I never let him phone. He never got a word with nobody—nobody at all . . ." He broke off suddenly and whirled on Larry. " The newsboy! . . . You told the newsboy to phone."

" Sure, you sap," Brock barked. " He told the newsboy Lonnie would give him something."

" Lonnie Weiss," Cavanaugh moaned. " The this-and-that."

" That's no way to speak of a prominent member of your local bar," Larry re-

(*Continued on page 12*)

DON'T SET THE BRAKES!

TWENTY years ago the United States government took over the American railroads as a war measure.

It gave those roads back to their owners in 1920—on the eve of a depression.

And it gave them back with operating costs thrown all out of balance with income under a law which put rigid limits on earnings but made no provision for future losses.

Then started an uphill job. Stretching ahead of railroad men and management were such tough problems as these:

They had to find ways to meet greatly increased operating costs with lagging revenues.

They had to repair and replace war-worn equipment.

They had to face new forms of competition.

They had to serve a nation increasing in population—extending its industrial frontiers—demanding better transportation than ever before.

And they had to operate under rules, regulations and restrictions more complex and bewildering than those imposed on any other business in America.

It was a job to test courage and challenge enterprise—but the railroads started the long slow climb.

Let us look now at the progress they have made: Great new locomotives have been developed—twice as able as the engines of 17 years ago.

Freight moves today 50% faster than in 1922.

Curves have been straightened — stronger bridges built — thousands of miles of heavier rails laid to make safe speed possible.

Safety has steadily advanced — for passengers and railroad employes — and the magnificent safety record of the railroads has won universal recognition.

Everyone is familiar with the streamlined trains, air conditioning, and all the other improvements pioneered for passenger comfort.

And the American railroads pay a tax bill of close to a million dollars a day.

When you sum up the record of American railroad progress in the face of all obstacles, it packs into this:

They deliver the finest railroad service in the world—so fine that delegations from foreign countries regularly visit America to study their methods.

They haul freight at the lowest railroad rates in the world—moving a ton a mile for an average revenue of less than one cent. Today's average freight revenue is 23½% lower than the peak of 1921, shortly after Government operation ended.

And with all this, *they pay the highest railroad wages in the world.*

Meanwhile the mountain of regulation has piled steadily higher—under state law as well as federal.

An immediate threat is the TRAIN-LIMIT-BILL in Congress — a bill to put an arbitrary limit on the length of freight trains and so to force the railroads to run more trains than are needed to handle the Nation's business. This "make-work" bill is proposed under the pretext of safety.

In face of the fact that the American railroads have reduced accidents to employes by three-fourths in the past fifteen years, the same years in which the railroads developed longer and faster trains for better service—

In face of the fact that the more trains you run the *greater* the chances of accident, especially at grade crossings—

In face of the fact that this one law would add more per year to the cost of railroad operation than the *total* cost of all air conditioning to date—*this bill has already passed the Senate.*

The harm of this legislation is measured in more than money-cost, great as that will be. It wipes out the major benefits of the fine new equipment, tracks and terminals the railroads have developed for handling freight today—*but more important still it stymies progress, and hamstrings future initiative, enterprise and invention.*

Do you want the advancement of the nation's basic transportation system brought to a standstill? If not—it's up to you!

Don't set the brakes on railroad progress!

ASSOCIATION OF
AMERICAN RAILROADS
WASHINGTON, D. C.

(Continued from page 10)

proved. He turned to Brock. "I was picked up at two thirty A. M., inspector. If I'm not on the street or booked on a definite charge by two thirty P. M., Lonnie will feel that my rights as a citizen have been outraged, and some judge is liable to agree with him. Especially if it's a judge who belongs to the same political clubs as Lonnie. . . . And Lonnie'll see to that."

The buzzer was singing. Brock flicked a lever and snarled, "Yes?"

A voice said, "Waxman. . . . Duluth don't want that Eagan. The rap was squared out of court."

Brock viciously snapped the lever to and rasped at Cavanaugh, "Bicycle them." He gave each an evil look. "If I ever lay eyes on either one of you, may God have mercy on your souls. I won't! Now get!"

Cavanaugh took them out into the anteroom. "Sit!" he told them.

They sat, and the fat detective went through a mysterious door. Larry handed Nelda a wad of money. "Look, kid," he said, "here's the dough I took from your yellow playmate. I just did it for a laugh, and I was just conning you along for a laugh. I'm sorry it turned out this way, but you can get off the bicycle somewhere and get in touch with your friends."

"The bicycle," she said; "what's that?"

"They'll put us on the next train and chase us away."

They sat for almost an hour and then Cavanaugh came back into the room and gestured. "Come on, you."

In the cab Larry chuckled. "This is marvelous," he told Cavanaugh. "You're putting me on a train with this girl—I never saw her before tonight. The Police Department is compounding a felony. . . . You're assisting in a violation of the Mann Act."

The fat man's piglike eyes gleamed. "You're a twisty son of a gun, Eagan. . . . I don't know why you're so set on your jane staying over in our hamlet; but it's no go. She rides that rattler with you." He grinned. "That was a cute one! But I'm just too smart for you."

SODA," Larry Eagan said to the porter. He took a bottle of Scotch from his bag, set it on the window ledge, sat back on the cushions of the drawing-room seat, and grinned at Nelda. When the porter closed the door, he spoke. "Dora the Dope," he said, "don't look so sad. . . . You can unload somewhere along the way and get on the telephone and your big yellow playmate can come to meet you."

"I'll unload somewhere," she said, "but I've had enough of Walt—the heel!—and I don't like the way you said playmate. He wasn't."

The porter brought the soda and went away with a bill in his hand. They had a drink, and she said, "This is the first time I've ridden in a drawing room."

He chuckled. "I'm strictly a drawing-room man," he said, "and the only reason I don't ride a private car is that it's too hard to make connections. I want all the cushions I can buy—to make up for the miles I've ridden the rods and the blind baggage."

She appraised him from the bench-made oxfords to the fine hat. "You don't look like you'd ever ridden except like this," she said.

He was talking idly, weighing her. Having weighed her, he came to a decision. He had eight thousand dollars in a money belt—there was no need for immediate financial maneuvers.

"Look, Dora," he said. "Did you ever drink champagne? Have you ever been in Havana? Did you ever have a box at the races?"

"No," she said. "The answer to all that is no."

"Well," he said genially, "I was just on my way to Havana. I have a box. . . . And there'll be plenty of champagne. What say?"

Her eyebrows came down to make a straight line. "No," she said. "The answer to all that is no."

"O. K." He shrugged amiably. "It was just a thought. Drink up anyway . . . and stop looking like Belinda the Beautiful Boilermaker. That door is open and all you have to do is yell."

"I wasn't going to yell." After a moment's silence she said, "Where is this train going?"

"St. Louis," he said; "but you're a sucker if you stay till then. Brock will teletype the johns there, and Missouri will be watching for us. Me, I'll take off at Bloomington or Peoria and change direction from there." He leaned forward and tapped her on the knee with the bottom of his glass. "Get off the racket, sister. Grab a tray and start lugging hash until you can get a sucker to put your name on a license and his name on a lease. Start a dressmaking shop or sell flowers on a corner. But get off the racket, because you're dumb."

"Flatterer," she said.

"I'm not clowning," he told her. "You were really surprised when the big red-faced guy gave you the X and left you looking at a rap—you figured he ought to give you an even break. That proves you're dumb, because nobody in this whole wide world will give you an even break. Well, your mother might, but she'd be the only one. And that would only prove she's a sucker. Get off the racket, Dora, because you're a cinch to be working in a laundry in a woman's icebox somewhere and hoping the parole board will be nice."

"Look," she said—"look who's talking."

He laughed aloud. "That's great," he chuckled. "That's great. You figuring yourself in my class. You're an amateur—a rank amateur, and I'm a professional. If I'd been in your spot, I'd have crossed the big guy before he knew what happened, and he'd have been holding the bag. Always get the edge on the other guy. . . . If you don't he'll have the edge on you."

"I've learned my lesson," she said.

"No," he told her, "you haven't learned a thing . . . and you probably never will, because you're soft, Dora, and soft people never learn."

"You," she said—"you're hard, I suppose?"

"Casehardened," he said, refilling both glasses. "I gave a guy a break just once. I learned."

"Well," she said, "I've carried a tray and I don't like it. You learned . . . why couldn't I?"

The Scotch was mellowing him. "Anything is possible," he admitted. He looked at her speculatively. "You're not bad-looking. . . . How'd you like to pick up ten grand, and not be looking the clink in the face while you do it?"

She said, "It sounds like good work, if you can get it."

He set his glass down decisively. "I think I'll give it a whirl. The split is fifty-fifty and all the touches will be big ones. Sound good?"

"Swell," she said, "but . . . I'm wondering if you'll turn out to be another Walt."

He gave her a level look. "Get this straight, Dora," he said. "Any time there's a bag and it's you or me going to be left holding it, you can gamble you'll have your hands full. I'm taking care of Larry Eagan. You take care of yourself. It's a hundred to one we can't get jammed up on this racket; but if we do, you want to start blocking because I'll be busy taking care of Larry."

"Nothing if not blunt," she said. "Tell me more."

"All you have to know so far," he said, "is that we're going to New York and spend a couple of grand on clothes for you . . . and photographs. Plenty of photographs—" He broke off to peer from the window. "Sun's coming up. Let's go out on the platform and watch it. I watch it come up whenever I get a chance. Just getting even for my old man."

"Getting even for your father?" she repeated, puzzled.

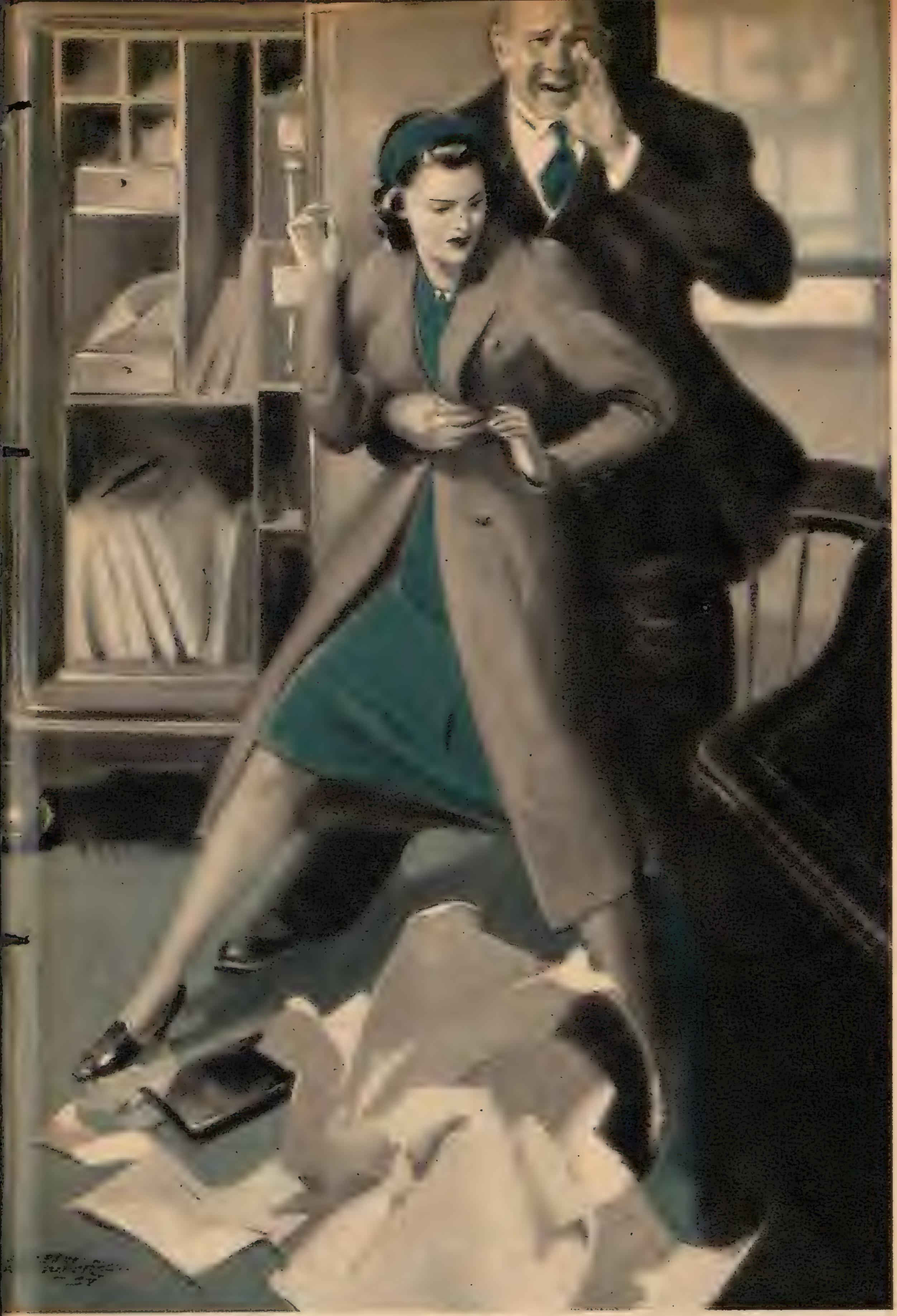
"Yeah. He never saw the sun. Went to work in the mines before it came up and stayed underground till after sundown. When I was twelve I figured I didn't want any of that. I took out with a passing carnival."

They went back through the curtained rows of berths and came out on to an observation platform behind which farms fled into the distance. A faint golden haze was beginning to brighten the fields and the rim of an orange globe hung on the eastern edge of the horizon.

"Imagine a guy crawling around in a hole in the ground all his life and never seeing that!" he said. "And for what? To keep a leaking roof over the heads of a flock of brats and put a few beans on the table. What a bum racket!"

"Your father," she said—"is he dead?"

His laughter held enthusiasm. "Nope. I've got him on



"Police!" bellowed Mr. Milburn. "Quick! Call the police."

a farm up in Connecticut. He's got a couple of cows and a flock of chickens, and he sits around in the sun all day."

She smiled. "Do you get a profit out of that?"

"Huh?" He turned and looked at her suspiciously. "What the hell! It only costs buttons, and I get plenty of laughs out of it." He seemed annoyed at the persistence of her smile. "And, anyway, it's a place for me to lay low when I want to rest . . . and, well, it's . . ."

She continued to smile as she interrupted gently. "I think I'll grab a nap," she said. "Good night, Mr. Case-hardened Guy."

MR. A. EDGAR MILBURN sat near his desk. He sat near, not up to it, for should he accidentally brush his pendulous tummy against it there was a possibility of smudging the white edging on his vest. And it cost six cents each time said edging was laundered. Therefore Mr. Milburn sat away—a penny saved is a penny earned. He revolved in his chair and looked through the clear glass of his office door. As Mr. Milburn looked, a young man came into Mr. Milburn's bank and spoke to the teller, who was also the whole staff. Having received directions, he came toward Mr. Milburn's office. He knocked and entered at Mr. Milburn's invitation.

"Mr. Milburn," he said, and extended a card engraved: "Captain Hugh Darling."

"Yes, Captain Darling?"

Larry Eagan—for it was none other, as the Mid-Victorian novelists used to say—reached into an inner pocket and drew forth a photograph which he handed to Mr. Milburn.

The photograph showed an extremely attractive young woman. Two lines of printing, bold in size, below the photo said:

TEN-THOUSAND-DOLLAR REWARD
COMMUNICATE WITH CAPTAIN HUGH DARLING

"Ten thousand," said Mr. Milburn in reverent tones. "She's a crook, hey?"

"One of the worst," stated Captain Darling firmly. "And at last reports she's working this territory. It's just possible that she might hit Milburnville."

"And if she does?"

"Grab her," the captain instructed. "Now, here's the way she'll work. . . ."

FOUR days later Mr. Milburn had an Exciting Adventure. He was sitting in his office, when the paying teller—who was also the mail clerk—ushered a lady back into his office. At sight of the lady, Mr. Milburn contracted with sudden tenseness. For this was the lady of the picture . . . . the lady of the phony travelers' checks. The lady of the Ten Thousand Dollars.

Mr. Milburn kept his paying teller there while the lady prettily told her tale. She told of her financial needs and, at Mr. Milburn's nod, she unwheeled her checkbook and filled out a five-hundred-dollar form.

Mr. Milburn handed her the five hundred dollars, though his hands were damp and clammy as he did so.

When the incriminating evidence was planted in her purse and as the lady rose, smiling sweetly, to thank Mr. Milburn for his kindness, then Mr. Milburn acted.

He bounded across the desk and laid violent hands on his visitor.

"Police!" bellowed Mr. Milburn vigorously. "Quick! Don't stand there like an idiot. . . . Call the police. I've got you my fine crook . . . and you're worth just ten thousand dollars to me."

Sad to say, but within ten hours Mr. Milburn's Exciting Adventure became a Woeful Experience.

"It's this way," his lawyer said: "The girl's got a perfect case. The check was perfectly good, and all her credentials are genuine. . . . It's an open-and-shut false arrest. I'd say settle at once. Charge it up to experience."

"Experience!" snorted Mr. Milburn. "At my age I won't live long enough to use twenty-five thousand dollars' worth."

SHE phoned from the lobby and then went up to Larry's suite in the Statler at St. Louis. He was sitting in the living room, a long, tall drink in his hand.

"My little collector," he said, handing her the glass. "Dip into this and tell me how much Mr. A. Edgar Milburn settled for."

She sat down and looked at him levelly. "Fifteen thousand dollars."

Will Nelda succeed in holding out on her clever partner to the tune of ten thousand dollars? In the coming installment of this sprightly tale of high—and shady—finance, she is due for a surprise. And so is Larry. Don't miss the second chapter. In next week's Liberty!

Passion Before Marriage

IS AMERICAN YOUTH SWING-TIMING TO HELL?

READING TIME ● 19 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

FRANKLY, Liberty has not believed the blasts which have been fired in recent months at American youth. It has believed, instead, in the rock-bottom soundness of our boys and girls, our young men and our young women. It still believes in them.

With the months, however, the clamor has become increasingly loud, the supporting statistics increasingly imposing, until even the most reluctant is forced to believe that the sexual behavior of some part, at least, of the present younger generation is quite different from that of its immediate predecessor.

The children of this generation, some authorities contend, are actually doing what alarmists accused that other generation of doing: "going the limit."

If you doubt it, say these experts, ask the contraceptive manufacturers how they have been able to build up almost overnight—well, over-generation, anyway—a furtive, undercover, illegal peddle into a $575,000,000 industry.

Ask the abortionists how they have been able suddenly to transform their illegal and disreputable practice into a $100,000,000 racket.

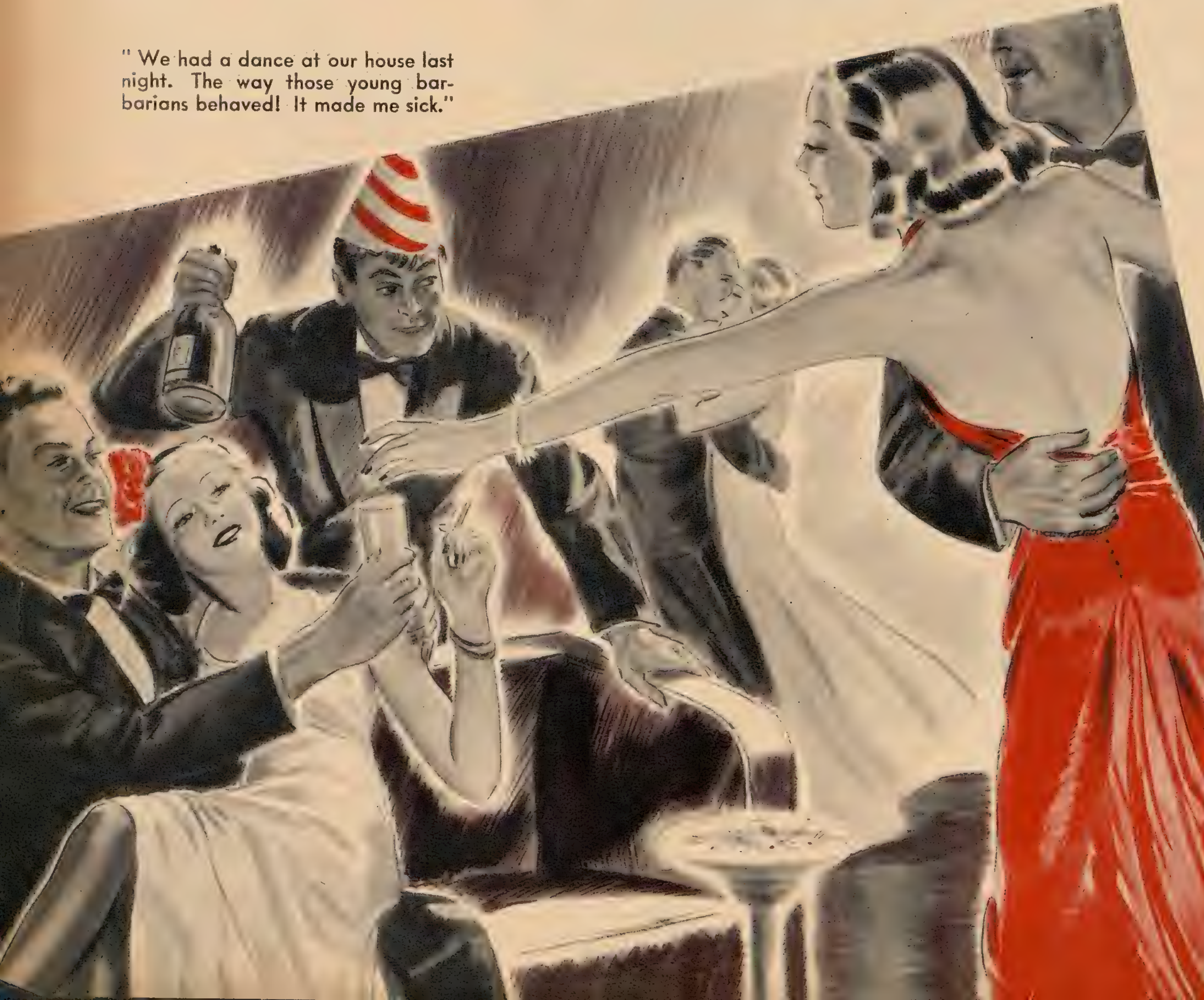
Ask the earnest students of social conditions how they have fared traveling around the country and backing young people up against the moral wall and asking them the most intimate questions about their private lives.

Ask the young people themselves.

Faced by these challenges from responsible sources, it is obvious that the immediate problem of youth and sex can no longer be neglected.

To meet it squarely, Liberty has been conducting an investigation of its own into some phases of this problem, from a new and somewhat different angle.

Mr. Frederick L. Collins of the Liberty staff has investigated a long but selected series of "case histories." He went not to dusty reports but to the people themselves. Out of many cases, he has selected here one extraordinarily fortunate group.



" We had a dance at our house last night. The way those young barbarians behaved! It made me sick."

For liberals with common sense! A frank and fearless examination of a challenging problem of today

BY FREDERICK L. COLLINS

In this series of articles he presents the sex problems of the day as he found them involved in the struggle of one man's family. You will find here these problems as they looked to father and daughter, mother and son, girl friends and boy friends.

Concentrated in the problems of this family and its friends are the problems that beset millions today.

That is why we feel that Mr. Collins' investigation, finally concentrated on this family, is unique and valuable.

He has been investigating beyond the investigations.

He has proceeded on the principle that emotional problems are seldom solved by mathematical calculations, and that it is unfair to convict a whole generation solely on evidence of this character.

In short, he has been looking not so much into tables of figures as into the minds and hearts of boys and girls, fathers and mothers, teachers and doctors, ministers of the gospel and keepers of the peace.

Now he is ready to tell what he found out.

I WAS sitting alone in the far corner of my favorite restaurant, ruminating on a first fortnight's work as a student of youth and sex.

In those two weeks I had completed an East Coast survey of premarital sex conditions which had taken me from Boston to Atlanta.

For a beginner, I had learned plenty.

But it was written in the book of fate that back in this familiar spot, surrounded by familiar folks, I was to get my first compelling "case history."

Now, a case history, as you well know, is the long story in the small type which we laymen skip when we read for the good of our souls an important work on a serious subject. It is usually replete with phrases like "socio-psychologic configurations" and "ideological over-compensations" and "clinical recommendations to recidivists."

Well, I can't write that kind of case history, and I shan't try. But I can tell what I saw and heard in that little restaurant in New York's East Fifties. And that simple account I now offer without apology as

CASE HISTORY NO. 1

"Gus," a familiar voice was saying, "you have kids, haven't you?"

"Yes, Mr. ———, two—a daughter seven and a son six," Gus' voice answered.

"Ah, born in the depression! I congratulate them. You've been too worried and probably too bad-tempered to be a 'good father' to them."

Gus laughed his silent restaurant-keeper's laugh—the kind that doesn't disturb the other customers.

"My mistake, Gus, was that I propagated in prosperity. I was the voice with the smile, the perpetual Santa Claus. I was a parental lollipop, Gus, a sucker on the end of a stick—and now look at me, alone and starving!"

It was obvious that my burbling and bumbling old friend, H. Terry ———, had been stood up.

The thing had happened before, and to younger and handsomer men than H. Terry. But never to an angrier one. For Terry ——— was not the kind of man who is ordinarily stood up.

At fifty-six he was that well filled, well groomed, florid type of buck about town who has bagged a bit at the eyes from nervous overwork and at the waist from muscular unemployment, but who has, on the whole, acquired his paunches without pulling his punches.

Only one woman in all his world would have dared to make a luncheon appointment with Terry ——— and not keep it, and that one, I well knew, was his eighteen-year-old daughter, Helen.

"Perhaps—" Gus' hand moved toward the menu card.

"Oh, no, Gus! It's only twenty-five minutes to two. You didn't think I was hungry, did you?"

Gus had another and better idea.

"A whisky sour, Mr. ———?"

"Of course."

But three sours, stretched over a half hour, failed to heal the open wounds on H. Terry's self-esteem. They merely loosed his tongue.

"You better be glad, Gus, that your kids are still kids. We had a dance at our house last night. I don't know why I say 'we.' My wife and I weren't allowed to have anything to do with it—except to pay for it, of course, and to go around digging lighted cigarettes out of the sofa cushions and picking up kicked-over highball glasses from the living-room floor. The place was a shambles after the last young ass and assess had taken their departure—without so much as a 'Thank you' or a 'Good-by,' of course.

"You wouldn't believe it, Gus, the way those young barbarians behaved. It made me sick to look at them—sprawled like crabs on lounges and chairs, spilling ashes on carpets and upholstery, girls showing all the legs they had and talking about things even boys didn't mention in my time except down behind the barn. Why, one of those little snippenses actually said—"

As the tirade veered to the topic in which I was so deeply interested, I moved out from the protection of the latticed screen between H. Terry and myself.

"Don't tell me, don't tell me—let me guess!" I interrupted.

"I'll bet you couldn't guess this one," stormed H. Terry, without other greeting.

"Sure I can. It had something to do with sex."

"You're damn right it did—and so did everything else they said. Gus, get us two whisky sours."

I said nothing. I knew that I would hear it all sooner or later. I always did—usually from both sides—because I was that convenient receptacle for family confidences, a man old enough in years to understand the elders and, I hope, young enough in ideas to try to understand the youngsters.

"I don't know what the younger generation is coming to," he began.

"And I don't know what the older generation would do if they couldn't 'view with alarm,'" I ventured.

"Well, you must admit that this present bunch is nothing to 'point with pride' to. Take this morning: I am all dressed and breakfasted and ready to be driven down to my regular train, when the chauffeur comes up and says the car isn't in the garage. I storm around, and when I don't find anybody that knows anything about it, I notify the police. They put out a six-state alarm. By this time my train has gone. I have to hire a taxi, spend six dollars bumping over the road into town—and even then I miss my first appointment."

"And what has all that to do with the younger generation?"

"This: my beloved daughter Helen had, without asking me or even *telling* me, loaned my car to one of those bleating baboons to get his precious carcass back to town before dawn."

I did my best to suppress a smile. After the stories I had listened to these past two weeks, H. Terry's parental troubles seemed trivial indeed.

"And now the same young lady stands me up for luncheon. That's what these young barbarians call manners."

"I did hear that Emily Post has had to get out a new book," I said in an attempt to dispel the gloom.

"It's all right for you to laugh. You're not the child's father. But here am I, H. Terry ———, free, white, and over twenty-one—"

"That's what's the trouble with you."

"What's the trouble with me? What do you mean?"

“You’re over twenty-one. You just don’t exist for Helen, or Jack either, right now, any more than traffic signals do, or the problem of old-age security. But give ’em time. They’ll appreciate your incomparable virtues later on.”

“You *are* an optimist!”

“Not necessarily; but when I see these modern kids high-hatting their parents, I always remember what Mark Twain said about his father. When he, Mark, was fourteen, his father was so ignorant he could hardly stand having him around; but when he got to be twenty-one, he was astonished at how much the old man had learned in seven years.”

There was no chance to carry the argument further—for something very like a cyclone had just blown in.

“Hello, you two! Am I late? Couldn’t help it. Had to air out the boy friend. You know Hank Street, don’t you? Well, you ought to have seen him when I poured him into the old bus at three this morning—”

“At three this morning? You—”

“Sure. You didn’t think I’d trust him to drive himself, the way he was last night—and now look at him, a fine figure of a modern young man!”

“You mean to say you’ve been out all night with this—”

“Not all night, dad. Only since three o’clock. And the Hunk, here, was all right after he sobered off. A couple of plates of hot cakes and a cup of coffee somewhere up near Albany, and he perked up no end. He drove all the way back—and he’s a swell driver, dad. He gets a lot more out of the old covered wagon than you do.”

What of youth in high school? Is it true, as some investigators insist, that sexual demoralization in these public schools may be even worse than it is said to be in colleges? If so, what sort of influence are the teachers exerting? The parents? On all this Mr. Collins will report frankly in an early issue of Liberty.

H. Terry had made a fair job of controlling himself throughout this amazing recital. Now I expected the explosion. But I was wrong. I had not counted on the extraordinary deference of American parents—there is no other word for it—toward the children they bring into the world. It would be laughable if it weren’t so pathetic—and so desperately bad for the kids.

The man who had been a roaring lion before this young feminine Clyde Beatty arrived had become the tame cat he was expected to be. “I dare say!” was all he could manage to say to a daughter who had been careening around the country half the night in the family car with a drunken hulk of a youth beside her.

“Cigarettes, anybody?” continued the lion tamer. I produced a packet. “Good! Cig, Hank? That’s a boy. They’re free, you know. And by the way, dad, we’re leaving the car here for you. We don’t need it any more.”

I happened to know that H. Terry loathed driving a car in city traffic.

GOOD morning, Miss ———. An old-fashioned?” asked Gus, with his lowest bow.

“Absolutely. Make it two—one for the child here. Mine with Scotch, you know.”

“Certainly, Miss ———.”

“Well, Gus, what’s decent to eat? No use asking dad. He’s got a liver. How *is* your liver, H. Terry? You should watch your step, old boy. Change of life and what have you. Tut-tut! Bad father mustn’t scold Little Nell. Scallops, did you say? That’s fine for me. The Hunk will have a steak. And we’ll both have hors d’oeuvres. Make it the whole tray, Gus, and keep wheeling it up. I’m on a diet. So is the boy friend—a diet of old-fashioneds and steaks when he isn’t paying the check, which seems to be always, when I’m around.”

The Hunk grinned fatuously and sank his proboscis into his cocktail glass. Meanwhile his youthful meal ticket turned to her father and me.

“Well,” she said, “what do you know?”

Her question was, of course, strictly rhetorical. We were not expected to regale her with any bits of knowledge which we might have retained from our mature experiences. In fact, if we had offered them, she would not have heard them; for she plunged into a conversation with the Hunk which lasted throughout the meal and consisted chiefly of “hooey,” “lousy,” “O. K.,” “swell,” “terrific,” “so what?” and “aw, nuts!”

The Hunk, who had not said a word up to this time, suddenly became a facile conversationalist, and apparently a hugely humorous one, for both he and Helen laughed almost continuously at his sallies. H. Terry and I made a few passes at conversation, then gave up.

Personally, I didn’t mind just sitting and observing the younger generation in action. That was, at the moment, my business. But I couldn’t help thinking how unfair it was to H. Terry that he should be so pointedly excluded from the conversation at his own table.

WHEN they left, which was the minute they finished eating, H. Terry and I gave attention to putting out the four funeral pyres which were still rising from dying but not yet dead cigarettes which the chief mourners had not bothered to bury. The space around Helen’s plate looked like the Field of Waterloo after Blücher brought up his artillery. There was also one burned hole in Gus’ linen to keep bright the memory of the Hunk.

“What’s this, Gus?” asked H. Terry, pointing to a penciled-in item on his check.

Gus threw me a look which suggested that the worst was yet to come.

“Miss Helen,” he whispered over H. Terry’s shoulder, “stopped at the desk on her way out.”

I was genuinely sorry for my old friend. He was a fool, of course, to let his children ride over him the way they did, but there seem to be a lot of fools like that nowadays. He *had* been a pretty good sport about things, and I knew he would gladly have given the ten bucks to Helen if she had asked for them. The humiliating part was that she hadn’t bothered to ask.

I tried to make light of it, and quoted something about all youngsters these days being “gimme pigs.” His smile was a bit wan.

“Look here, H. T.,” I continued seriously. “You’ve had a pretty raw deal today. You don’t need to pretend with an old friend. If Helen had been my daughter, I’d have laid her across the table and applied the palm of the hand where it would have done the most good. But”—and I paused for the full effect—“it might be worse.”

“What do you mean, it might be worse?”

“I’ll tell you. Helen is going through a trying period. She’s pretty hard to take, I know. She does foolish things, dangerous things. And yet, H. T., you didn’t believe for a moment—it didn’t even occur to you, did it?—that Helen had been doing anything wrong—sexually, I mean—with this lout Hank Street?”

“Of course it didn’t occur to me. Helen is as sound as a nut morally. I’d take my oath on it.”

“So would I. That’s why I’m telling you it might be worse—and now I’m going to prove it to you.”

Briefly I told him the story of my two-weeks journey on the trail of youth and sex. I spared him nothing. Consciously I piled horror on horror to take his mind off his own troubles. It worked.

“Thank God,” he murmured, “that my daughter is sound!”

We were in the car before H. Terry discovered that Helen had left it locked and had apparently walked off with the key.

“Maybe it’s in here,” he said, producing a foolish little feminine pocketbook which had been tucked rakishly between the seat and the back, and beginning to paw awkwardly into it with his clumsy masculine fingers.

As he did so, an object slipped out of the open bag on to the seat between us—an object which any man would immediately recognize.

H. Terry, busy with his search, didn’t notice it.

“Good girl!” he cried, coming up with the key.

“Well,” I thought to myself, “anyway, she’s careful.”

END OF CASE HISTORY NO. 1

My first thought on emerging from this experience was to reach for whatever is the modern equivalent of the old-fashioned horsewhip.

I had other thoughts, too—bitter thoughts about the younger generation. But before H. Terry got the motor started I had pinched myself mentally, as I always do when engaged on any sort of "moral" investigation, to make sure that I was being fair to the subjects under the microscope.

In this case especially, when the specimens on the pins were of my own kind, some of them of my own blood, I must be slow to believe even the evidence of my eyes.

After all, I had to remember, depression youngsters have been in a tough spot. Recovery youngsters are still in it.

Both are suffering from the lengthening interval between the coming of the desire to make love and the opportunity to do so in the married state.

"Hello! Am I late? Had to air out the boy friend."

We hear oldsters say that they held their passions in check until they were married, so why shouldn't young people today do the same thing? The answer is easy: they should. But the doing of it isn't so easy for them as it was for their parents or grandparents.

It is one thing to resist normal sexual tension from fourteen or fifteen until eighteen or twenty. It is another thing to hold in until twenty-five or thirty.

Not that we can for a moment condone premarital sexuality. We who have emerged from the troubled period of adolescence know well the moral and social implications of promiscuity. We have observed the baneful physical effects, and the even more baneful psychic effects, which follow in its wake.

BUT we cannot blind ourselves to the fact that the average depression-bred lad sincerely fears he may not earn enough money to marry until he is too old to enjoy to the full the sexual side of married life.

Girls, whose expectation of sexual opportunity is relatively brief, are especially susceptible to this fear of growing old without fulfillment. The realistic maiden of the present day may not sing with the poet:

> Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,
>   Old Time is still a-flying,
> And this same flower that smiles today
>   Tomorrow will be dying.

But she may be actuated by the same sentiments when she exclaims, "This is a lousy world! So what?"

We cannot forget, either, that this "So what?" attitude toward life, which is the herd mark of depression-bred youth, has been, like most brandings, inflicted by others.

These others are connoisseurs of tender flesh. Whether they skulk in the alleys of Communism or march boldly up the Unter den Lindens of Fascism, they envisage only one victim to sacrifice on the altars of their ambition.

That victim is Youth.

With glee they observed the open wounds of the children of the depression. Gloating, they poured into those wounds the poison of their propaganda. In Germany, in Italy, the Fascist poison prevailed; in Russia and—although, of course, to a much lesser degree—in our own country, it is the ptomaine of Communism which has contaminated the blood stream of youth.

This is not a political discussion. Happily, Communism in America as a political factor is still negligible; but as a social and spiritual factor—as a destroyer of religion, ethics, idealism, and beauty—it is already Gargantuan.

The young man or woman who falls even vaguely and tentatively under the influence of its dogma has nothing left to believe.

If there has been a wholesale breakdown of civilized conventions in sexual conduct among American youth, the major responsibility can be laid squarely on the red doorstep of Communism.

But regardless of the cause, the effect, according to the best available figures, is cataclysmic. We are told that out of 1,000 college students nearly 25 per cent of the girls and over 50 per cent of the boys admitted that they had "gone the limit."

PERHAPS we should be shocked by this youthful frankness; but we shouldn't be surprised. It was Bernard Shaw, wasn't it, who said that the young people nowadays "would talk about anything, and wouldn't talk about anything else"?

First off, the smaller percentage of girls who admit they have "gone wrong"—all of these figures presented by the bookkeepers of morality are subject to rectification both for boastfulness and discretion!—offers comfort to those of us who like to believe that the female of the species is more godly than the male.

But our sociological friends point out that boys had a head start of several centuries in the promiscuity stakes, and that the feminine 25 per cent which has actually gone all the way does not begin to represent the number of girls who would be willing to do so if urged, or who have already surrendered themselves to every sex intimacy except the final act.

In that group of 1,000, 50 per cent of the girls who had not yet "gone the limit" said they would do so under certain circumstances; 33⅓ per cent said that they refrained only from fear of pregnancy; nearly 20 per cent said that they were only technical virgins—whatever that may mean; few, if any, condemned sexual promiscuity in others.

And now in my own circle I had found what looked like indisputable evidence that *some* of these things were true. No matter how sympathetic I was with youth and its special problems, I was forced to admit that sex had once more, as our dear Victorian parents used to say, "reared its ugly head."

How long had the rearing been going on?

How far had it gone?

I could not answer these questions then; but, as I dropped into the gutter the object which I had instinctively concealed from the eyes of that foolish but trusting father, I knew that my next interview would be with Miss Helen ———, or the Hunk.

What I did not know was that Youth would tell me *its* side of the passion-before-marriage story in words which I, as an impartial investigator, will never forget!

THE END

A Liberty Program for *National Defense*

BY LT. GEN. ROBERT LEE BULLARD, U.S.A., Retired

READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

LIBERTY'S NATIONAL DEFENSE PROGRAM

1. A regular army of at least 200,000.
2. Increase the National Guard to 250,000 or 300,000.
3. Train and maintain an officers' reserve of 120,000.
4. In ALL increases in forces available for quick defense enroll men having mechanical ability and speed the training of all men in service to fight with the machines of the war of tomorrow.
5. Double the size of our air force. Give us the protection of 4,000 modern fighting planes.
6. Mechanize at least one full division for regular army and one for National Guard. Modernize all organizations and equipment of both regular army and National Guards.

These are some of our immediate defense needs, because—
Today war decisions are made quickly and secretly;
War is launched at incredible speed, unannounced; and—
Modern war will not wait while we prepare.

WHAT should every American know about national defense?

Look abroad. War, and the threat of war, loose in the world. Three wars have broken out, undeclared. Great Powers, in frenzied haste, have increased armies and armaments.

Conviction grows that another world war may mean the doom of civilization. Leaders *fear* the consequences. Dictators bluster and retreat. Statesmen seek one pacific formula after another. Nevertheless, the danger does not seem to diminish.

Whole nations must be mobilized today behind war. The war of tomorrow will not be confined to battle fronts. It will strike at the vitals of the enemy nation. It will try to destroy the enemy's morale, his *will to fight*. It seems obvious that one objective of Japan's widespread air attacks in China is just that.

Whatever we thought about defense a decade ago, or even a year ago, is now obsolete. In the face of such a world—despite our geographic isolation and our determination to remain at peace—we are not safe enough with an army air power which ranks seventh and a military establishment which rates us seventeenth among nations.

Look abroad at the wars upon three continents—in Ethiopia, Spain, and China—and another lesson stands clear. One word tells it: *Speed.*

Scarcely had Colonel Lindbergh declared, in Berlin, that the airplane had become the paramount weapon of war when events emphasized his point. In Spain almost invariably air assault leads ground attack and victory sways with air supremacy. A year or more of fighting had passed before we heard of any really effective land defense against airplanes. Now batteries of a new type of German antiaircraft guns have been reported accurate in their fire against 200-m. p. h. Red planes—up to 12,000 feet altitude. Everywhere defense against airplanes lags far behind their power of attack.

But it is in China that the widest war use of planes has been most vividly demonstrated. Planes have scouted and harassed the enemy like cavalry. Almost like shock troops, they have led infantry advances. Their machine-gun strafing has prepared the way for infantry capture of strongly entrenched positions. When floods prevented bringing field guns forward, bomb-laden Japanese planes took over the artillery function and the invaders' advance was not delayed. On many other occasions planes became long-range artillery. Probably only Chiang Kai-shek and his immediate staff know fully the extent to which troop transport and supply were crippled and delayed by the bombings of railways, bridges, and cities.

Bear in mind that Hankow, China's inland Chicago, was attacked during thousand-mile flights. So our own Chicago can be attacked from beyond our coast lines.

A REGULAR ARMY OF AT LEAST 200,000!

Another lesson from China—and from the other wars and every war game—is the urgent need for motorization, mechanization, modernization of land troops.

In Liberty about a year ago I stated that our Midwest maneuvers of 1936 proved theoretically that a mechanized force could whip six to ten times its number of troops armed and equipped as has been the standard in our army. In China, there seems to be reason for believing, Japan's mechanized forces, led and supported by a superior air service, have often driven before them in defeat *ten to twenty times* their number, soldiers of an old-fashioned army.

Here are facts which every American should know . . . The things the horrors of war today teach us we need for peace

Our own war maneuvers proved in theory that it is untrue that we are safe from attack because no nation can transport a million men across an ocean for invasion. There is other cumulative evidence that an enemy intensively equipped with all the mechanisms of the "war of tomorrow"—these including a great air force—can invade the United States, using perhaps no more than two or three divisions. There is grave doubt whether such a defense force as we can muster quickly could repel such an invasion. But there is our navy? Yes. However, it might be in the wrong ocean—and the Panama Canal crippled and useless.

These are hard truths for consideration when you think about national defense today. Clearly, we must estimate our preparedness—and our safety, should surprise war come—in terms of what we have and what we lack in the way of the most modern equipment for war. Suppose we look at our situation:

Airplanes: For the biggest airplane maneuvers we have ever had, last summer, we mobilized but 350 first-line fighting planes. We have on paper an army air strength which is much more impressive, but a very large proportion of our planes are either obsolete, held to fixed duties, or training types. For a dozen years we have resolved officially, at intervals, to build up our air strength; but as a general rule it has been put off "until next year." We have recently been ordering more planes of modern *fighting* types than ever before; but even this will leave us far behind what we need for safety.

DOUBLE THE SIZE OF OUR AIR FORCE!

Tanks: After experimenting many years with different types of design, we have lately been ordering a few. However, if as many as twenty tanks appear in one of our war games, this is regarded as a noteworthy demonstration. Other leading nations count their tanks in hundreds. To familiarize our regulars and guardsmen at least with what a tank looks like, we have often moved our "samples" from one maneuver area to another. In some sham battles the presence of tanks is merely "represented." Of effective tanks we probably have enough to equip one or two regiments, and the situation regarding armored cars is about the same.

These are weapons which cannot be supplied overnight. And if they could be, they would be relatively useless. It is true of all types of modern war machines that you must have them before need arises; because some men must be taught how to fight with them and all other troops must learn how to co-operate.

Artillery: "Steps are being taken," said an annual report of the Secretary of War, "looking to the gradual transformation of our Field Artillery from horse-drawn to motor-drawn." Well, it has been gradual indeed. Our artillery is very largely of World War vintage. It would presumably take us at least eighteen months to equip ourselves with modern artillery for a major war.

Certain new guns greatly superior in range have been designed, but of these we do not even have enough to give small units tactical training in their use. And at least it should be possible for us to move such artillery as we have to a point of need at the speed of this motor age.

Antiaircraft: Here again is a weapon—the importance of which increases almost hour by hour—of which we have so few units that these have been moved quickly from one "war zone" to another in order to stage mimic defense. We have designed and built a very few of a superior antiaircraft gun. There are rumors of perhaps a couple for New York City and a couple for the Panama Canal. As to antiaircraft guns of all types, we are said to have enough for only about five batteries.

The story seems about the same for mobile machine guns, antitank guns, and the semiautomatic rifle.

Motorization: We hear that our regular army and National Guard are about 75 per cent motorized. If so, it seems singular that, in the account of one maneuver which I recall, a unit which was reputed to be in a fairly advanced stage of general modernization could carry all of its men in a hundred-mile raid only if all its food supplies were dumped and left behind. On other occasions taxicabs have been used to carry troops to the scene of maneuvers. In October we tested in Texas a new so-called "streamlined" division. It is rather startling to learn from an official release that even this division had only enough vehicles assigned to it to carry all its men in peacetime conditions. In wartime, carrying munitions, the motor equipment would have been enough to move only about half the division.

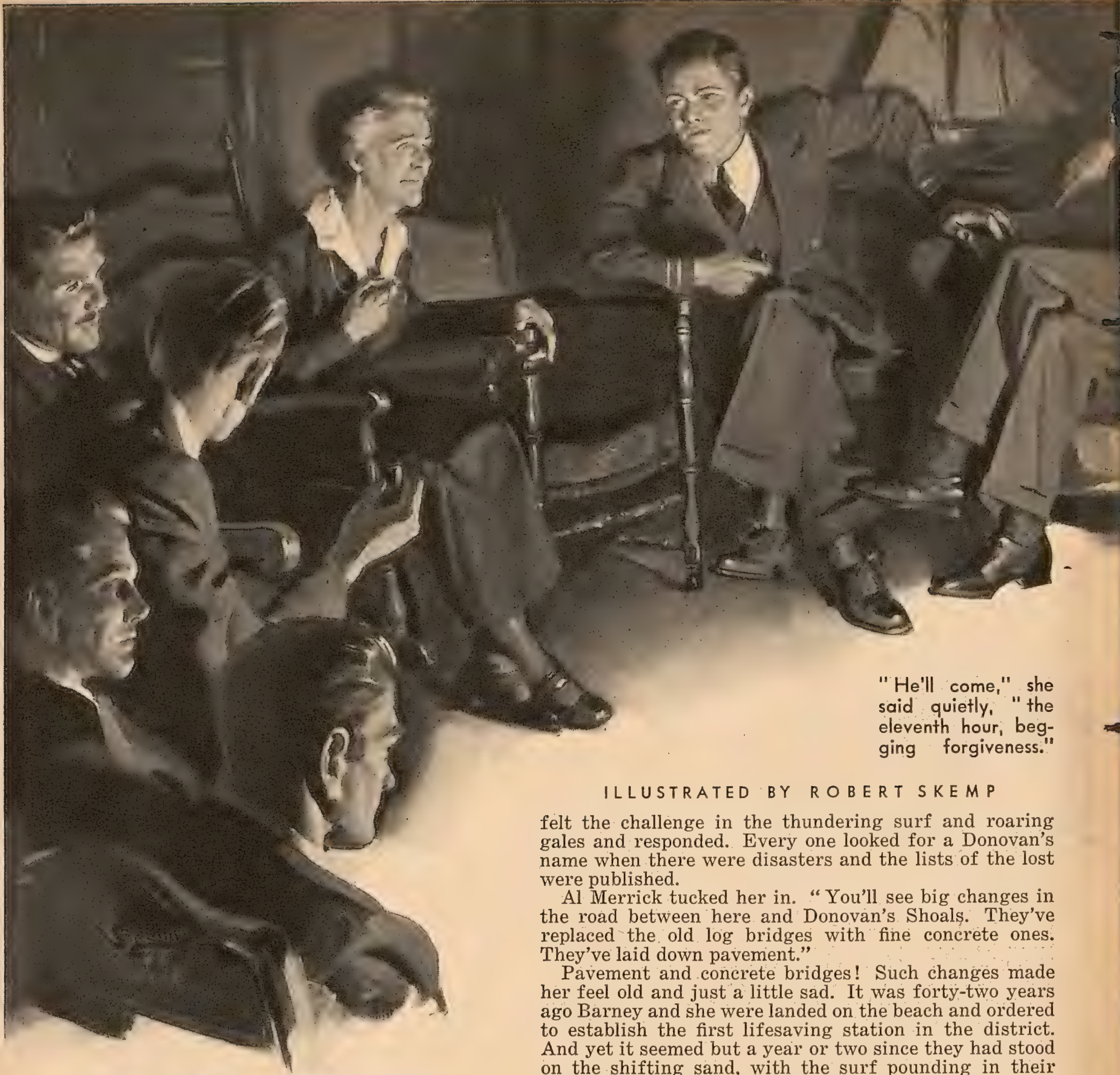
Mechanization: My own conviction has been that the entire force which we can mobilize quickly for defense—regulars and guardsmen, numbering about 350,000—probably is less than 10 per cent mechanized; and if you consider the regular army as a land force alone and do not include the Air Corps, then our regular army is less than 5 per cent mechanized. Similarly considered, the National Guard is less than 1 per cent mechanized. The army, the Guard, and the Air Corps, as a whole, is about 10 per cent mechanized.

MECHANIZE AND MODERNIZE!

Liberty has presented to me its program for national defense, outlined herewith. I endorse this program and urge it as the course we *must* follow.

THE END

Note: The views and opinions in this article are not stated as those of the War Department or officials thereof but as the writer's.



"He'll come," she said quietly, "the eleventh hour, begging forgiveness."

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT SKEMP

READING TIME ● 21 MINUTES 56 SECONDS

BEHIND her, clerks were wrapping the various ingredients Kitty Donovan had selected for the first Thanksgiving dinner she would prepare for her boys in five years. Almost reverently a thirty-pound turkey was placed before her. She tested the softness of the breastbone and beamed her approval. "He'll do," she declared. Several minutes later she hurried to the stage, followed by a safari of clerks bearing the turkey, a mighty pumpkin, and less weighty items.

"Thank you for waiting, Al," Kitty Donovan said to the beaming stage driver. "Do you suppose you've room for my boys' dinner?"

"All the room in the world," Al Merrick replied, as he distributed the packages on the empty seats. He looked at her hair and thought of charcoal touched with a light frost, and he noticed her face was aglow with health and excitement. There were laugh lines and worry lines, though the former predominated. And this puzzled Al, for every one in the region knew she was afraid of the sea. Every one knew, too, the sea had won her older boys, who loved it, but she had denied it her younger boys—who loved it. Only Tim, her baby, had felt the challenge in the thundering surf and roaring gales and responded. Every one looked for a Donovan's name when there were disasters and the lists of the lost were published.

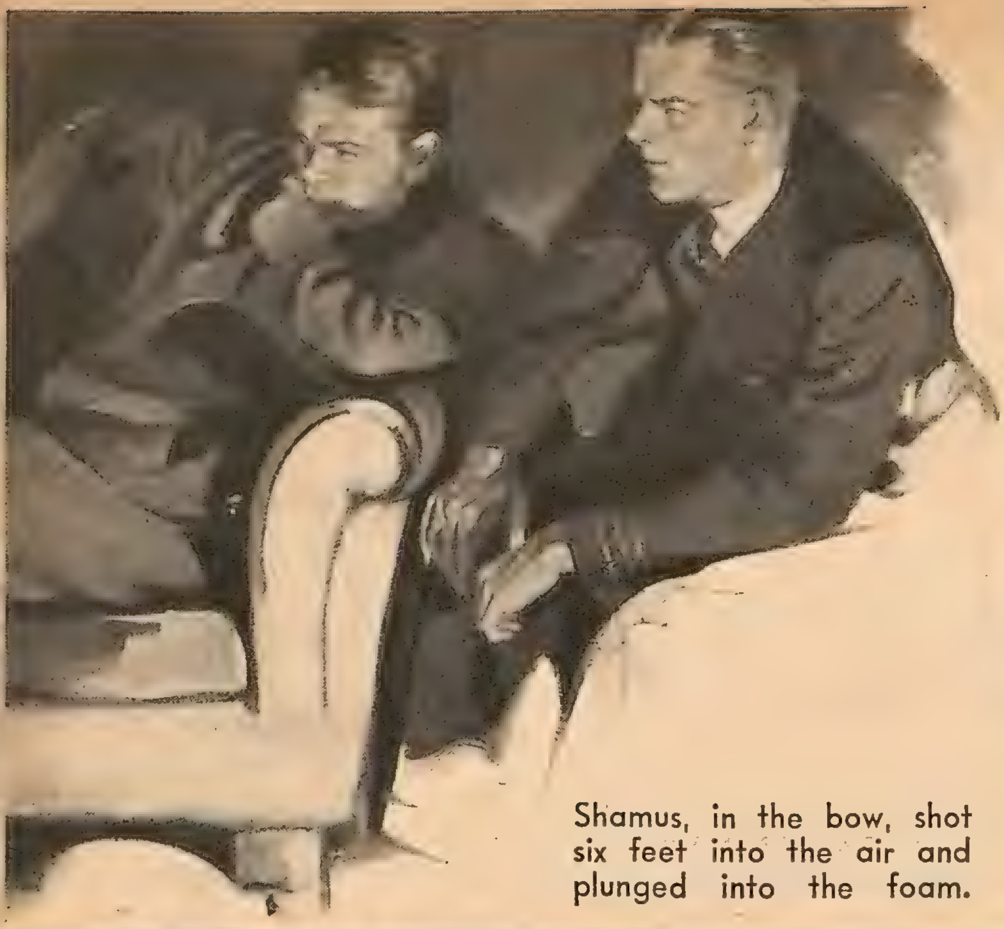
Al Merrick tucked her in. "You'll see big changes in the road between here and Donovan's Shoals. They've replaced the old log bridges with fine concrete ones. They've laid down pavement."

Pavement and concrete bridges! Such changes made her feel old and just a little sad. It was forty-two years ago Barney and she were landed on the beach and ordered to establish the first lifesaving station in the district. And yet it seemed but a year or two since they had stood on the shifting sand, with the surf pounding in their ears, and looked at the great fir forest crowning the ramparts of a continent.

"We'll stake out a homestead," Barney had said to his bride. "It's fine soil, and some day we'll sell the timber for a good price. And"—she remembered the gentleness in his blue eyes as he added—"it'll be a fine place to raise our boys."

She had said, "I love boys," and impulsively kissed him. Then he had said, "Then, Kitty darlin', we'll have enough of 'em to man a surfboat." And there had been more than a little of the Old Nick in his eyes when he had said it. Unconsciously he had added something springing from the practical side of his calling, yet it struck a terror to her heart that returned again and again. "But we'll never let 'em take the boat through the surf all at once—'tis dangerous business, putting all your eggs in one basket."

And enough boys had come to them to man a surfboat—eight. And often they had pulled together, with Barney Donovan at the steering oar, but they never went through the surf. One and sometimes two Donovan boys were included in a surfboat's crew when it fought the mighty seas pounding the stretch of beach that had eventually been named Donovan Shoals, but never more.

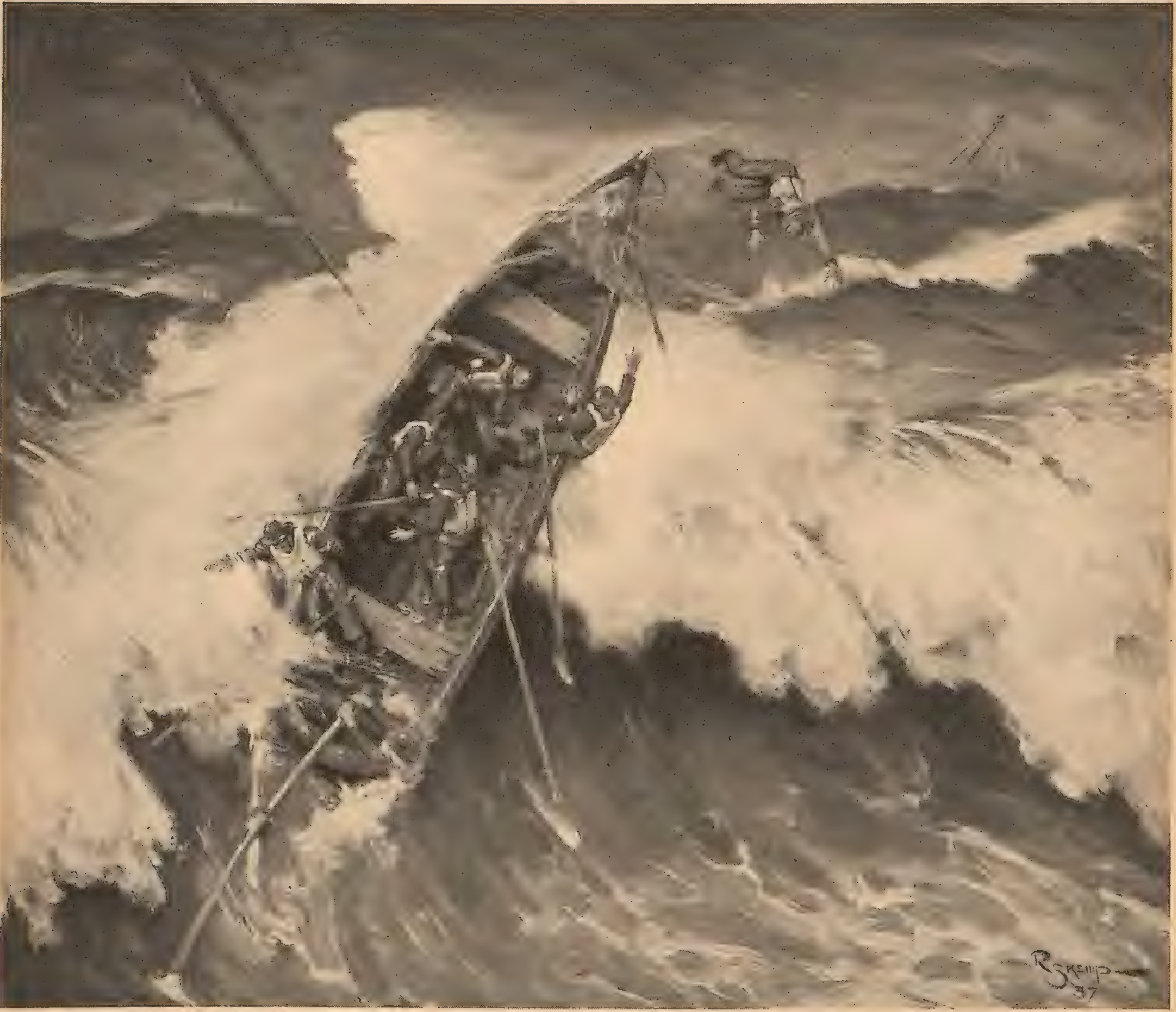


Shamus, in the bow, shot six feet into the air and plunged into the foam.

THE DONOVANS LICK THE SEA

BY FRANK RICHARDSON PIERCE

A tense, gripping tale of a perilous Thanksgiving, courage in men's hearts, and a woman's awakening from fear



She wanted to ask Merrick how many of her sons had arrived, but she was afraid of the answer. She liked to believe the eight were there waiting for her, waiting to gather noisily around the old table and to sleep in their old beds.

"Has the place changed much, Al?"

"Some Seattle folks have built cottages along the beach," he answered. "But the old Donovan place, as it is called, is the same. They have electric lights and even a telephone in some of the places. The old-timers are sorry you left the country when Barney died."

"They know how I feared the sea," she answered; "but in the years I lived there the roots went pretty deep, Al, pretty deep. And I guess when I pulled myself from the old place the taproot never quite broke off. I wish I could live there and love the sea as Barney loved it, as . . . my boys love it."

When they broke through the timber and the sea lay before them, he saw her start as the wild beauty of three lines of surf struck the homing chord in her breast. Then she winced.

"There it is, Al, with all of its beauty and terrible power," she said. She spoke as if she were short of breath. "It never changes. When it seems calm it is only disarming poor mortals." She turned around suddenly and looked at the mountains lifting abruptly from the great sweep of green forest. They were so clear and calm. "Now we'll go, Al," she said.

He had heard his mother tell of Kitty Donovan's dread of the surf, but this was the first time he had seen the fear on her face. It was a sight that sickened him. He said, "It's a stirring sight, Mother Donovan, and I might say something—if you won't think me bold and impudent—that might help some."

"You always were one to think of the other fellow, Al," she answered. "And I know whatever you say will help."

"It's this," he answered. "The Donovans have always whipped the sea. When I was a little boy I heard Barney tell that to his boys over and over again. And it is true."

"He told it to me over and over again," she answered, "but I never could be sure."

Al Merrick released the brake, engaged second gear, and began the descent down the steep winding road to the beach. The old place lay ahead with its hewn timbers defying the inroads of time, its mossy cedar shakes, smoking chimneys, and fruit trees with their trunks covered with lichens. There was a mellowness and permanence about it all only time can give—an atmosphere of final refuge.

Her eyes, bright with anticipation, danced from one familiar object to another. The door burst open, as it had countless times, and her boys spilled down the hewn steps like a flood. Terry Donovan, her firstborn, was in the lead and he was whooping at the top of his leather lungs. "And him forty years old and the commander of a coast guard cutter!" she exclaimed. "In all my born days I never did see such carryings-on. Won't he ever grow up?" she asked herself happily, and she hoped he wouldn't.

BEHIND him lumbered two-hundred-and-thirty-pound Dennis who was clumsy until he manned a surfboat oar, and then you only thought of power. He commanded a lifesaving station. And then Shamus and Rory, who were officers on passenger liners. She counted them—seven. Tim, her baby, was missing. Tim who was like his father, eager for life and adventure. Tim who stalked where angels feared to tread and who only learned at the cost of bitter experience. Tim . . .

She jumped from the stage into Terry's arms, and the big shouting men gently mobbed her. They set her down at last, breathless, with her hat over one eye.

"Help Al with the Thanksgiving dinner," she said. "The poor boy has already fallen behind his schedule on my account."

They carried the packages as well as her bags to the house, where old Roaring Bill Martin stood shaking with age and excitement. He had taught Barney Donovan what he knew about handling a surfboat, and was now acting as caretaker for the homestead and living on a well earned government pension. "We're glad you're back, Kitty," he said. "The place has been like a tomb without you. We hope you'll never leave again." He regarded her with shrewd fading blue eyes. "There's no other place you can call home."

"The roots go pretty deep, Bill," she answered. "Where's Vera? Is she married yet?"

The old surfman's face flushed with pride. "She's been a good daughter and she'll make a good wife if that . . ."

He choked back the bitterness that always touched his words when he mentioned Tim Donovan. With a dozen steady men at Vera's feet, Tim had ridden over them roughshod, stormed the girl's heart, then blithely gone forth to conquer the world.

Old Roaring Bill did not need to finish. "Tim is quite a trial at times, Bill," Kitty said with a hint of her weariness, "and Vera is loyal. Barney was a trial, but well worth waiting for when he cooled off and the temper in the steel of him came to the surface." She laid her hand lightly on Martin's muscular arm and stepped briskly into the kitchen. "I thought I'd find you here, Vera," she said. She closed the door and kissed the girl, then held her at arm's length.

VERA was slim, dark, and lovely, with plenty of character in her face and a touch of suffering that didn't belong there. "My dear," Kitty Donovan said gently, "how long since he's written?"

"Eight months," the girl answered in a low voice. "He wrote from some place in China. I couldn't find it on the map. If I only was sure . . ."

"Yes, of course, if you only knew he was safe," Kitty Donovan finished, when the girl faltered. "But I am sure he is all right," she hurried on, lest her face betray her own faltering doubts. "What did he write from this place in China?"

"There was some forbidden temple he had wanted to see ever since he was a little boy," Vera answered. "His only chance of seeing it was to join a bandit band. He joined."

Tim being Tim, there was a possibility he lay in an unmarked grave or was a general in the Chinese army with a half dozen wives and no end of dancing girls and eunuchs. Yes, there would be eunuchs. They would appeal to Tim's sense of drama and lend the final artistic touch to a perfect situation.

"It isn't best to think," Vera said, catching something in Kitty Donovan's face. "Let's . . . let's look at this kitchen. When they brought electricity here, dad bought me a range."

The boys came in at that moment and heaped packages all over the kitchen tables. "What'll we do with the turk, ma?" Terry asked. "Put him in the cooler?"

"Yes," she answered. "And, Dennis, take that sack of spuds down-cellar. Shamus, the sack you are carrying is stale bread for the stuffing. How Tim does love stuffing!" Odd, she thought, how Tim intruded, even in moments of excitement like this. "Rory, you might just as well put on an apron and start cutting up the punkin. In the morning, Terry, your job is to go over the turkey and make sure there are no pinfeathers."

Roaring Bill—his approach heralded by the robust odors of his pipe—poked his head through the door. "Shall I put another log on the fire, Kitty?"

"Two of 'em," she answered. "We've so much to talk about when the evening's work is over."

Dan, next to the youngest, prowled through the pantry and returned with a wedge of wild-blackberry pie and a stampede followed.

They drifted into the living room where nine chairs were grouped around the open fire. A creaky rocking chair which *crawled* as the occupant rocked stood in the center. It had been Ma's Chair forty years. She sat down with a comfortable sigh, and her boys overflowed on either side of her until but one chair was empty. Unobtrusively Terry started to remove it.

"Leave it there, Terry," she said quietly. "He'll come, the eleventh hour, grinning sheepishly and his eyes begging forgiveness."

"Damn him," Dennis growled under his breath.

A gust of wind sucked smoke from the chimney and the fire blazed until flame whipped up the flue in a solid sheet. "We're in for a gale of wind," Terry predicted. His father had said that a thousand times, sitting before the same fireplace, Kitty Donovan recalled.

Shamus nodded. "I heard a storm warning come over the radio an hour ago," he said. "Small craft were ordered into the nearest port, and steamers were advised to stand well out to sea."

"We always get bad blows this time of year," Rory added. "But it's snug here. Let 'er blow. We've got plenty to be thankful for, with ma back." He turned to her impulsively. "Golly, ma, I wish you could lick this fear-of-the-surf complex. We'd like to come home oftener—run down when our ships are on the Sound. But it's no fun if you aren't here. I'd even lay over a trip once in a while."

"I know," Kitty Donovan answered. "It is silly, but it is so real. . . ."

It was midnight when they had finished talking. The fire had died low and the glow in the boys' pipes was lower.

"Well," Kitty sighed, "as your pa used to say, the sandman is here and it's time you climbed Wooden Hill"—she waved her hand toward the stairs—"and turned in. If you don't mind, I'll sit here a little while and think . . . think how much I have to be thankful for. I am the happiest mother in the world."

"And think about Tim, damn him," Dennis growled under his breath.

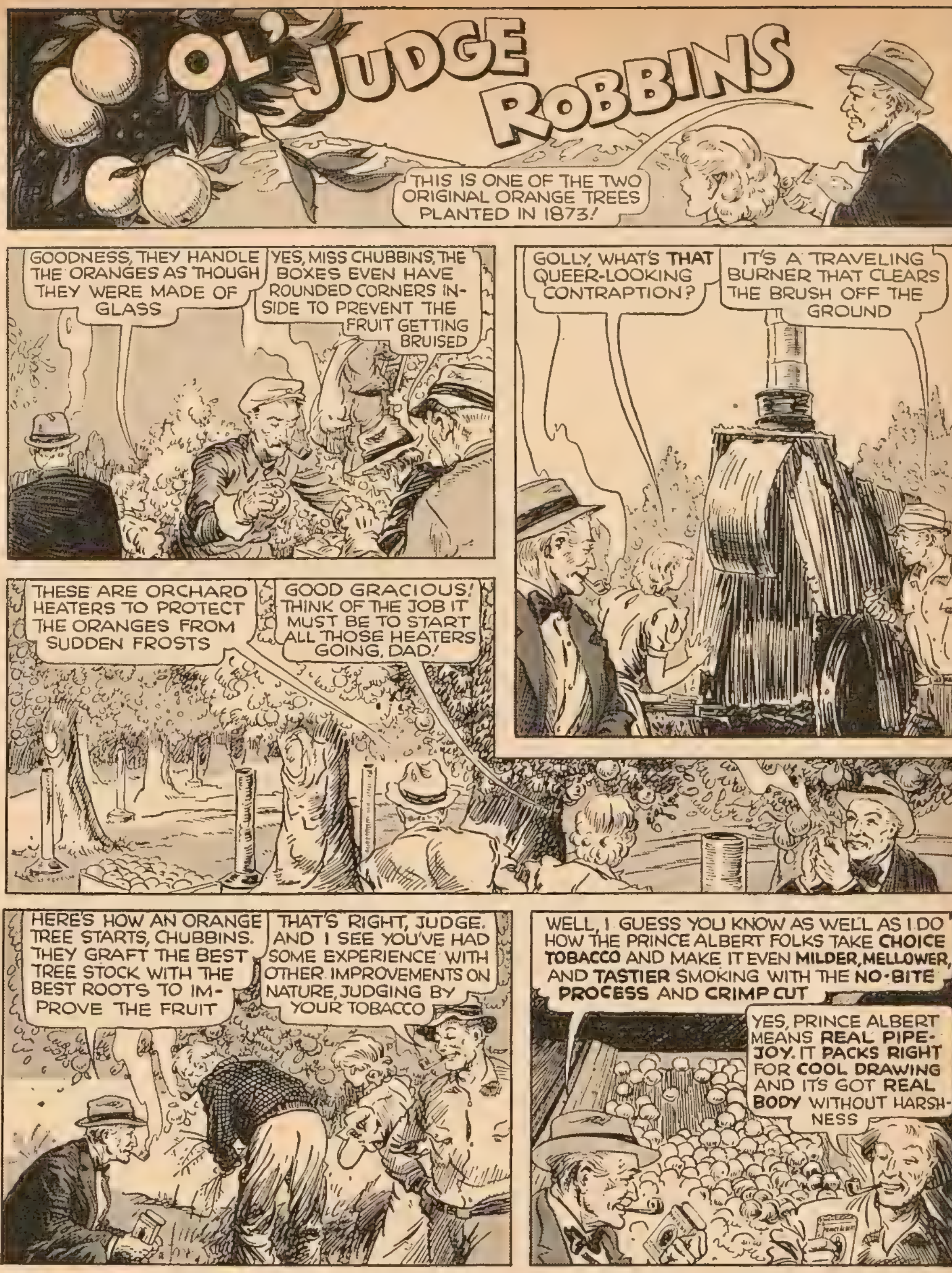
They heard her come up the stairs an hour later, and because her step was weary they guessed her thoughts alone by the dead fire had been weary. She stopped at each door, listened a moment, then went in. Shamus heard her coming and kicked off the covers, pretending to be sleeping deeply. He nudged Rory to be quiet. She came in, tucked them in carefully, brushed their foreheads with her lips, and softly left.

"She was crying, Shamus," Rory whispered; "a tear splashed on my cheek as she kissed me. She's given up hope . . . about Tim."

"I don't think so," Shamus answered. "I've never known ma to give up all hope."

They awakened to the odor of sizzling bacon and a roaring gale. Terry walked to the window and adjusted a pair of binoculars to his eyes. "There's a steamer well offshore," he reported in a professional tone, "and . . . hello, there's a fellow with his hands full—a little two-masted schooner. He's showing about enough sail to dust a fiddle and that seems in a fair way to take his sticks out."

Dennis took the binoculars. "He'd better stand out," he said. "If he got into trouble he'd be in the outer surf line before help could come up from the lifesaving station. Hmmmmm! He handles her like he knew his business."



OL' JUDGE ROBBINS
THIS IS ONE OF THE TWO ORIGINAL ORANGE TREES PLANTED IN 1873!
GOODNESS, THEY HANDLE THE ORANGES AS THOUGH THEY WERE MADE OF GLASS
YES, MISS CHUBBINS, THE BOXES EVEN HAVE ROUNDED CORNERS INSIDE TO PREVENT THE FRUIT GETTING BRUISED
GOLLY, WHAT'S THAT QUEER-LOOKING CONTRAPTION?
IT'S A TRAVELING BURNER THAT CLEARS THE BRUSH OFF THE GROUND
THESE ARE ORCHARD HEATERS TO PROTECT THE ORANGES FROM SUDDEN FROSTS
GOOD GRACIOUS! THINK OF THE JOB IT MUST BE TO START ALL THOSE HEATERS GOING, DAD!
HERE'S HOW AN ORANGE TREE STARTS, CHUBBINS. THEY GRAFT THE BEST TREE STOCK WITH THE BEST ROOTS TO IMPROVE THE FRUIT
THAT'S RIGHT, JUDGE. AND I SEE YOU'VE HAD SOME EXPERIENCE WITH OTHER IMPROVEMENTS ON NATURE, JUDGING BY YOUR TOBACCO
WELL, I GUESS YOU KNOW AS WELL AS I DO HOW THE PRINCE ALBERT FOLKS TAKE CHOICE TOBACCO AND MAKE IT EVEN MILDER, MELLOWER, AND TASTIER SMOKING WITH THE NO-BITE PROCESS AND CRIMP CUT
YES, PRINCE ALBERT MEANS REAL PIPE-JOY. IT PACKS RIGHT FOR COOL DRAWING AND IT'S GOT REAL BODY WITHOUT HARSHNESS

"MADE TO ORDER FOR US"—
SAY EACH OF THE 3 LEADING GROUPS OF PIPE-SMOKERS ABOUT
P.A.

JUST STARTING—
MY TONGUE IS MIGHTY THANKFUL FOR **EXTRA-MILD** PRINCE ALBERT. P.A. IS **NO-BITE PROCESSED!**

REGULARS—
'COURSE I WANT **MILD** SMOKES. BUT IT'S PRINCE ALBERT'S **FULL, RICH TASTE** WITHOUT HARSHNESS THAT I GO FOR MOST!

NOW AND THEN—
I CAN ALWAYS COUNT ON CRIMP CUT P.A. FOR A **SMOOTH, COOL SMOKE.** THERE ARE NO GAPS IN MY PIPE PLEASURE NOW

SO MILD!
PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO
THE BIG 2 OUNCE RED TIN

DON'T PAY IF NOT DELIGHTED

Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (*Signed*) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

Copyright, 1937, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.

PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

They flowed down the stairs to breakfast, ate slowly, with much conversation, and then scattered over the homestead and sought out familiar scenes. Kitty called them shortly before noon. “All hands turn to and help with the dinner,” she directed. “There's the turkey to fix, spuds to peel, and the Lord only knows what else.”

“It looks as if we'd have to lash down that turk's legs before we can get him into the oven,” Terry said. Then he went about the business of hauling down and securing the legs. It was a seamanlike job, including knots that would have startled a chef. They slid the roaster into the oven with a quarter inch to spare all around.

Some time later, when Kitty Donovan was basting the turkey, she heard Rory shout, “That fellow in the schooner is coming over the shoals!”

“The fool!” Dennis roared, and he swore lustily. They ran to the low bluff above the homestead where surfmen in the past had worn a hard path on their patrols. The schooner appeared to be standing on end, completely out of control, but as they watched, the seven Donovans realized the craft was very much under control. She was riding on the crest of a great green sea like a white water bird. It wouldn't have surprised them much if she had taken off and soared ashore. “The fool!” Dennis repeated, but there was profound admiration in his voice. “Probably a South Seas trader who's taken many a schooner over reefs and into some lagoon. But he don't know Donovan Shoals!”

The wave broke and spray piled up until only the masts and scant triangles of canvas were visible. The masts pitched and snapped violently, and suddenly the outer surf line lay astern and the schooner rode in deeper water. They could see the helmsman's yellow oilskins glistening in the bright sunlight.

Kitty Donovan joined her sons and, bracing her body against the wind, looked seaward. She knew as much about the surf as they. “Two more lines to go through,” she said; “if he can clear the middle one he has a chance.”

“I'll telephone the lifesaving station,” Dennis said. “They can bring up a gun and shoot a line aboard if he strands . . . in the first line of surf.”

“I telephoned,” Kitty Donovan said. “There's a steamer ashore thirty miles south. They're standing by. And listen, Dennis Donovan—and that goes for all of you. I asked if any of my boys were needed, and they said no. So don't get the idea you're going down the coast and spoil my Thanksgiving. I'd have been up sooner and told you, only I had to baste the turkey.” She looked at the schooner, hesitated, then hurried back to the kitchen.

“It's sure swell to have her here,” Shamus said. “I wish we could talk her into staying. This is her home . . . damn it!”

The others nodded, their eyes on the schooner. She was dragging something astern to check her progress until another giant sea moved shoreward. They saw it lift against the horizon a moment later, roar over the outer shoals, then leap at the schooner. The helmsman cut a line extending over the rail and braced himself. They could see he was lashed to the wheel and that he was a big man.

Halfway across the middle shoals the wave broke. The schooner dropped violently, struck, lifted, moved fifty yards, and struck again. Her foremast snapped off ten feet abovedeck and went over the side. The next sea swept completely over the stranded craft. She moved a few feet ahead. “That fellow's done for,” Dennis said. “Poor devil!”

The wave swept on and another lifted beyond the outer surf line. For a few moments the schooner's small deckhouse was visible in a tangle of sheets, stays, and such deck gear as had not gone adrift. The oilskin-clad figure emerged from the debris and scrambled up the ratlines and lashed himself to the rigging. The next sea pounded the craft and more wreckage floated away.

Six Donovans looked at Dennis, then at the yellow figure glistening in the sunlight.

FRANK RICHARDSON PIERCE

has well over a thousand serials and short stories to his credit, some of them under the pen name Seth Ranger. Besides traveling to out-of-the-way places, he likes to swim, golf, and ski near his home on the shore of Lake Washington, near Seattle.

“We might get through,” Terry said, “only . . . ma!”

“All her eggs in one basket!” Shamus said. “Pa once said something like that, and it's been with her ever since. And now the time has come.”

“Why couldn't it have happened after dinner?” Rory muttered. “At least she'd have had that.”

With one accord they started moving along the path to the point where it led to the beach. Terry stopped and pointed. The man on the wreck was waving them back, ordering them not to take the risk. “Only one man would know why we're here,” Terry said. “Only one would want us to stay on the beach . . . Tim!”

As they watched, the figure's arms lifted above his head and hand clasped hand in a farewell gesture. “That's Tim,” Shamus said. “He used to do that when he went up the creek fishing, as a little shaver.”

Terry led them to the house, and Kitty Donovan met them as they ran into the back yard. “I was afraid he would strike,” she said. “He was a reckless young fool to try it, but I can't forget my Tim is cut from the same piece of cloth.” Her words were brave, but her face was white and her eyes were bright with fear.

Terry moistened his lips. “The surfboat pa built for us boys is in good shape. I looked at it yesterday,” he said. “Roaring Bill says he overhauls the gear regularly. And we *know* the boat. Now, ma, don't worry.”

“Me worry? Of course not!” she managed to say. “It's just a routine job, as your father used to call them.” She tried not to remember the disasters to surfmen during Barney Donovan's “routine jobs.”

They ran upstairs and in a surprisingly short time returned, wearing oilskins and life jackets. Kitty Donovan fought down an impulse to kiss each of them, because she didn't want them to feel she doubted the outcome. Yet she knew Donovan Shoals; knew they might never return alive, vigorous and smiling. “Now be off with yez,” she said, her speech touched with brogue, as sometimes happened in moments of extreme happiness or at times like this. “I'll keep the turkey hot.” She almost pushed Rory, the last one, through the door and closed it. She was afraid she would break.

She looked at the nine chairs grouped about the fireplace and her gaze lingered on the one Tim had failed to fill. Perhaps if . . . if . . . well, then Tim would be left. She wondered why such thoughts came to torture her at this hour.

Kitty Donovan paced the room for several minutes, then went into the kitchen. “Vera,” she said, “the boys are going out. Dinner will be . . . will be delayed. Turn the oven low.”

“I've already turned the oven low, Mrs. Donovan,” the girl answered.

Kitty Donovan stood still in the center of the kitchen, trying to decide what to do, and the tragedy in her face hurt Vera all over. “We might polish the silver,” the girl said desperately, “or wash the dishes.”

Kitty Donovan kissed her. “You're a sweet child and thoughtful,” she said, looking at the nicely polished silver. “And the dishes were washed as we used them. Vera, I can't stay here and wait. I'm going to the beach.”

The boys were waist-deep in water when she arrived, driving the surfboat through the boiling sea. Above the roar of wind and thundering seas she heard Dennis shout an order. The seven leaped aboard and grasped the oars. Dennis caught the steering oar and pulled hard, swinging the stern around and letting the bow slice through the next sea.

Barney would have liked the way they handled the boat, Kitty Donovan thought. He seemed closer to her now than he had been since his death. Barney handled a steering oar the way Dennis was doing. Beyond him she could see the wreck pounding and the figure lashed to the mast. Some of the stays had carried away and the mast swayed dangerously as the schooner shifted under the impact of each sea.

A green sea lifted a mile offshore and cleared the outer shoals without completely breaking. Kitty Donovan held her breath while it rolled toward the wreck. She saw it break, and the spray and blowing water passed completely over the masthead. The lone figure vanished and the sea came on, caught the surfboat and hurled it backward. Shamus, in the bow, shot six feet into the air and plunged into the foam. The boat rolled over and struck the beach.

Kitty Donovan counted the heads as they came to the surface. " Five . . . six . . . six. Where's Rory? Where's Rory? " Rory's head appeared slowly, and she saw Dennis hold up his chin. Rory shook his head and began swimming. They stumbled ashore and began picking up the oars.

Terry cupped his hands to his mouth. " We're all right, ma," he bellowed. " Rory only got a crack on the head."

They righted the boat, waited for the water to surge back, then ran it out. Again they piled aboard and manned the oars. They drove through the inner surf and waited, maintaining headway until the waves lessened in force, then they began the final dash.

" That mast is splintering," Dennis yelled at them. " We've got to do it this time. Damned wreck isn't large enough to give us any kind of a lee."

" It's Tim, isn't it? " Terry asked.

" Yeah! Lay into it! " Dennis roared. " Here comes a breaker."

The wind, carrying sheets of solid water, smashed it against their straining backs and drove into Dennis' eyes until he could barely make out the wreck. He saw Tim slash the lashings, then shed his coat and boots. He pitched outward in a beautiful dive just before the sea hit. It lifted the wreck and turned it over, and ten seconds later a ton of solid water crashed down on to the lifeboat.

The downward surge of the breaking sea drove boat and crew deep. The boat came slowly to the surface, keel upward. The crest of the sea hid the scene from Kitty Donovan, and Terry, fighting for his life, was glad. He broke water, exhausted. Only five heads bobbed about him.

Stronger even than the storm was the iron of old Barney's training and discipline. Terry swam to the boat and presently Tim was beside him—Tim, whose eyes revealed recklessness well chastened. Dennis came next, and the three grasped lines and turned the boat over. Terry and Tim boosted Dennis aboard and he turned and pulled them over the side. Others came up, clinging to oars, fighting the sea as they had done since boyhood.

" Rory and Shamus are missing," Dennis said.

" You shouldn't have come," Tim said. " I didn't want you to risk it. Thought I could sail her over the shoals. Didn't want to be late for . . . dinner."

Dennis looked into Tim's eyes and his own hard ones softened. Men are that way toward baby brothers. " Man the stroke oar . . . swab! " His voice was touched with affection. " Rory and Shamus are ahead. The sea might lick seven of us, but it's no match for eight Donovans in one boat."

They picked up Rory and Shamus and rode the storm to the beach.

Tim jumped out grinning. " Hello, ma," he said huskily. " Sorry I'm late. Hope the dinner didn't burn."

" Tim! " Kitty Donovan exclaimed. " Tim! It is Tim! You deserve a tanning with the razor strap. You . . ." And then she was in his drenched arms. " If I'd have known all eight of my boys were . . . out there, I never could have stood it."

" It's a long story," he said. " I got to Dutch Harbor, Alaska, from the Orient and thought I'd catch the Nome liner Victoria home. Missed her. Had to buy that little pleasure schooner and sail her alone."

His right arm was about his mother. His left went around Vera as she hurried up, and tightened as if it were there for all time to come.

Kitty Donovan looked at the sea and breathed deeply. She had seen all of her boys in one boat. The nightmare was over and this was the awakening, an awakening of bright sunlight, a big house that had always been home—and would always be home—standing stanch in the storm. The tread of her sturdy sons was in her ears.

THE END

I SEE A DARK MAN GOING OUT OF YOUR LIFE!
THAT NIGHT
THAT FORTUNE TELLER WAS CERTAINLY RIGHT ABOUT THAT DARK HAIRED MAN, SUE! I HAVEN'T SEEN TOM IN WEEKS!
I THINK I KNOW WHY, ANN! AND IF YOU'LL TAKE SOME SISTERLY ADVICE, YOU'LL SEE DR. LANE ABOUT YOUR BREATH!
ANN, TESTS PROVE THAT 76% OF ALL PEOPLE OVER THE AGE OF 17 HAVE BAD BREATH. AND TESTS ALSO PROVE THAT MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH. LET ME TELL YOU...
THEN...THANKS TO COLGATE'S
NOW—NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HER SPARKLING SMILE!
...AND NO TOOTHPASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH AS BRIGHT AND CLEAN AS COLGATE'S!
Good Housekeeping Bureau
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
20¢ LARGE SIZE
Giant Size, over twice as much, 35¢

"HOW COLGATE DENTAL CREAM COMBATS BAD BREATH"

"I advise Colgate Dental Cream. Its special *penetrating* foam removes the *cause*—the decaying food deposits in hidden crevices between your teeth which are the source of most bad breath . . . of dull, dingy teeth . . . and of much tooth decay. At the same time, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent cleans and brightens the enamel — makes your teeth sparkle."

TOMORROW IN SHANGHAI

READING TIME ● 17 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

At nightfall in Shanghai, under Japanese bombardment, Roger, a lieutenant in the United States navy, goes to the Martinique Hotel to be married. Long engaged, he and Denise have not seen each other in years. Immediately after the ceremony she is to leave for "the States" on the China Clipper—and in her traveling bag are to go Roger's plans of an airplane that can be carried by a submarine. These plans must reach Washington. Foreign Powers know they exist; secret agents presumably are after them. Roger has them inside his leggings. Ostensibly, his marriage is his only reason for coming ashore at Shanghai and going to the Martinique. The marine who is with him as guard hates having to go into that particular hotel. He has an ex-wife living there, and she wants alimony.

Also at the Martinique is William Stone, American newspaper correspondent—and spy in foreign pay. He is there to get those airplane plans. It happens that he knew Denise before Roger did, and still loves her. She has phoned him to meet her and Roger in the hotel's new dining room, which, on account of the bombings, is in the basement.

In the nearly empty dining room the marine's ex-wife sets upon him. Roger, waiting for Denise, feels drawn to the entertainer at the piano—a beautiful sad-eyed girl, playing beautifully as if to soothe herself. He talks with her. His mood responds to hers. He learns her name: Alicia.

Denise comes down with Stone. She has reserved a table for three. The situation between the two men is becoming strained when a big richly dressed filthy Russian enters. Stone identifies him as a war lord—*the* war lord. Alicia joins him at his table; he takes her hand. Roger, finding this more than he can watch with composure, excuses himself and wanders upstairs—just as bombs begin falling.

Alicia follows Roger, to say good-by to him. She is going away with the Russian; loathes the prospect, but is ready for any escape from this hopeless hell. As for Roger—he is about to be married, isn't he? He assents, and they return, to find the dining room deserted. Every one else is now in a separate underground bombproof room.

There Denise has been confessing to Stone that, though she did come out to China to marry Roger, "I knew I would see *you*, Bill . . . oh, God!" Stone suddenly remembers about the airplane plans. He goes back to the dining room, opens the door quietly, sees Alicia at the piano and Roger sitting at her feet. He lifts his automatic pistol.

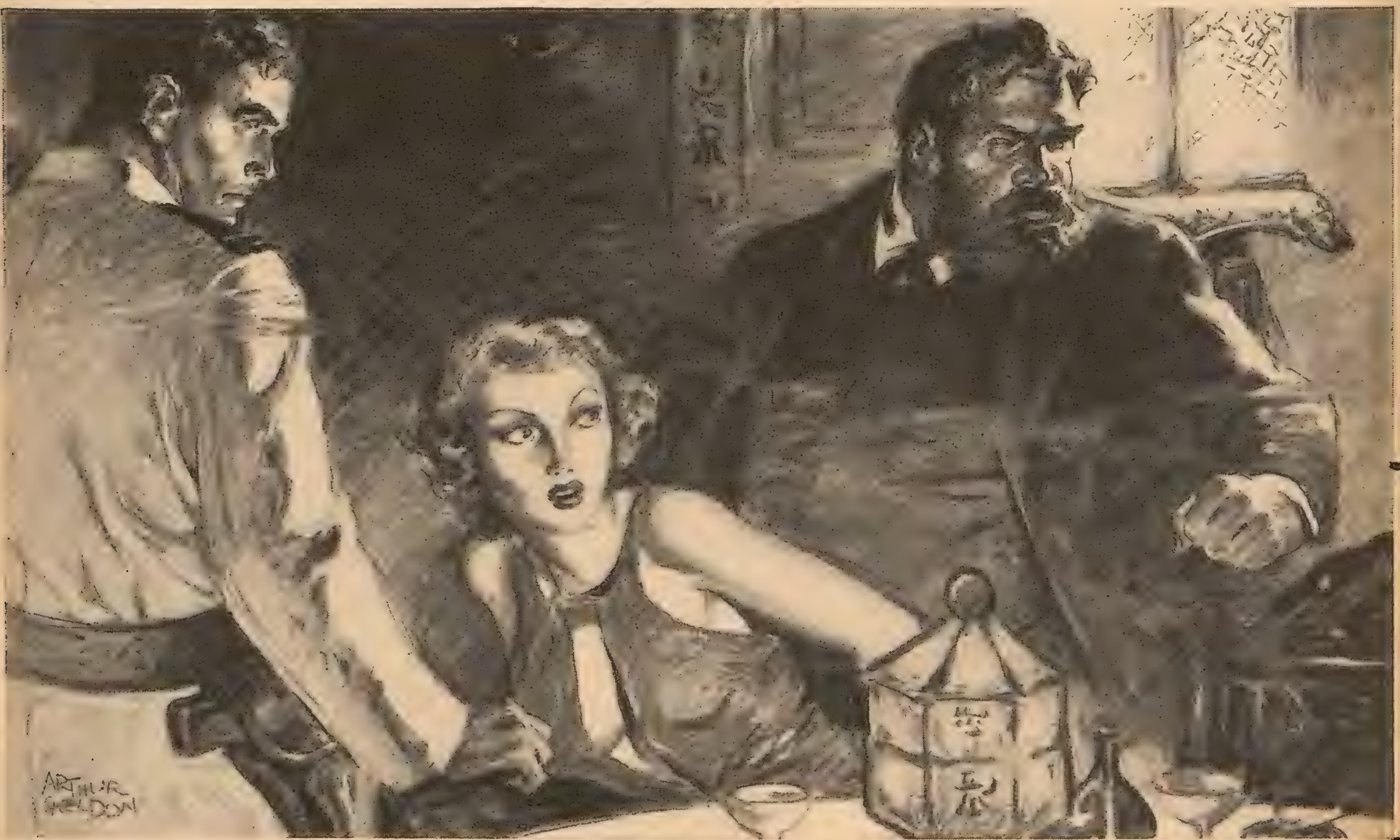
PART TWO—A SHOT IN THE DARK

But something came over William Stone and his finger moved no farther than the trigger.

His mission was not murder—though it included murder; it was to get the plans. What, then, if he killed Roger now and found that he had hidden them? What if he had given them to the marine that he had brought with him to the Martinique? What if they were upstairs?

William Stone knew the channels along which the minds of naval officers ran, and he knew, or thought he did, that Roger would hand over the plans, thinking to catch him off guard a few moments later, or to follow him. Roger must not know he was to die. He might get desperate then. The thing to do, obviously, was to hold him up. A fast, clean hold-up. Then murder. Murder afterward. . . .

In Roger's mind, as he sat there listening to Alicia at the piano, was Denise. Three and a half years had



"You stayed here making war so that we—the Chinese—die.

New thrills in a vividly exciting, up-to-the-minute novel—A tale of love and terror and war in 1937

BY STEVE FISHER

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR SHELDON

made a lot of difference in him. Not in her. She was the same. It was in him. China had matured and made a man of him. He knew values and he knew people. And because the youth he had been three and a half years ago loved Denise he had imagined the man that he was now loved her. But that was a mistake. He knew it quite honestly, but he didn't know what he could do about it.

It was this that was in Roger's mind when he heard the voice; when he looked up at the slim figure of William Stone and saw the gun in his hand, and heard him say:

"All right, Roger. You know what I want, and let's have no fooling about it."

He rose, saying, "Are you crazy? What do you mean?"

Alicia turned and watched.

"I want the plans for that submarine folding plane."

"Don't be a clown. I came here to be married and I—"

"Listen," snapped Stone. "Either I get those plans or I kill you now. You came here to be married because it's part of your government assignment, to cover up the real reason for your being in Shanghai. The real reason is to deliver the plans to the China Clipper."

Roger laughed and said, "My God, but you're bright. How did you ever find out such a thing?"

"Never mind stalling."

Roger lit a cigarette. He knew from the way the man held his gun that he was a coward; and this being so, if he moved any closer to him he would be shot.

"All right," said Roger. "And suppose that I refuse to—"

"Listen," rasped Stone. "I've had enough of—"

"How long have you been doing things like this?"

"Long enough to know how."

"And after I give the plans to you . . . ?"

"I'll get out. I'm getting out of the country."

Roger saw a figure coming down the basement stairway. He said, "All right. I'm not anxious to die, and . . ." He waited, looking past Stone, looking obviously now, so that Stone would be aware that some one was behind him.

The man on the stairs came down into the basement. Stone heard his footsteps and turned.

"Who are you?"

"I—" the man said, "—I am a man of God. I—"

Roger moved slowly. Stone suddenly whirled. "Listen, none of that—" And Roger lunged at him. He lunged as the gun went off, and when the explosion sounded he was conscious of the bullet crashing into the floor, and of his hands on Stone's wrist, pressing downward; of his shoulder butting against Stone's stomach.

The gun dropped to the floor. He kicked it to one side, backed, waited. The minister was standing stock-still. Alicia had not moved.

Stone's rage was like a trapped animal's. He sprang forward. Roger's fists slammed against his jaw and into his body. He fell, and lay there.

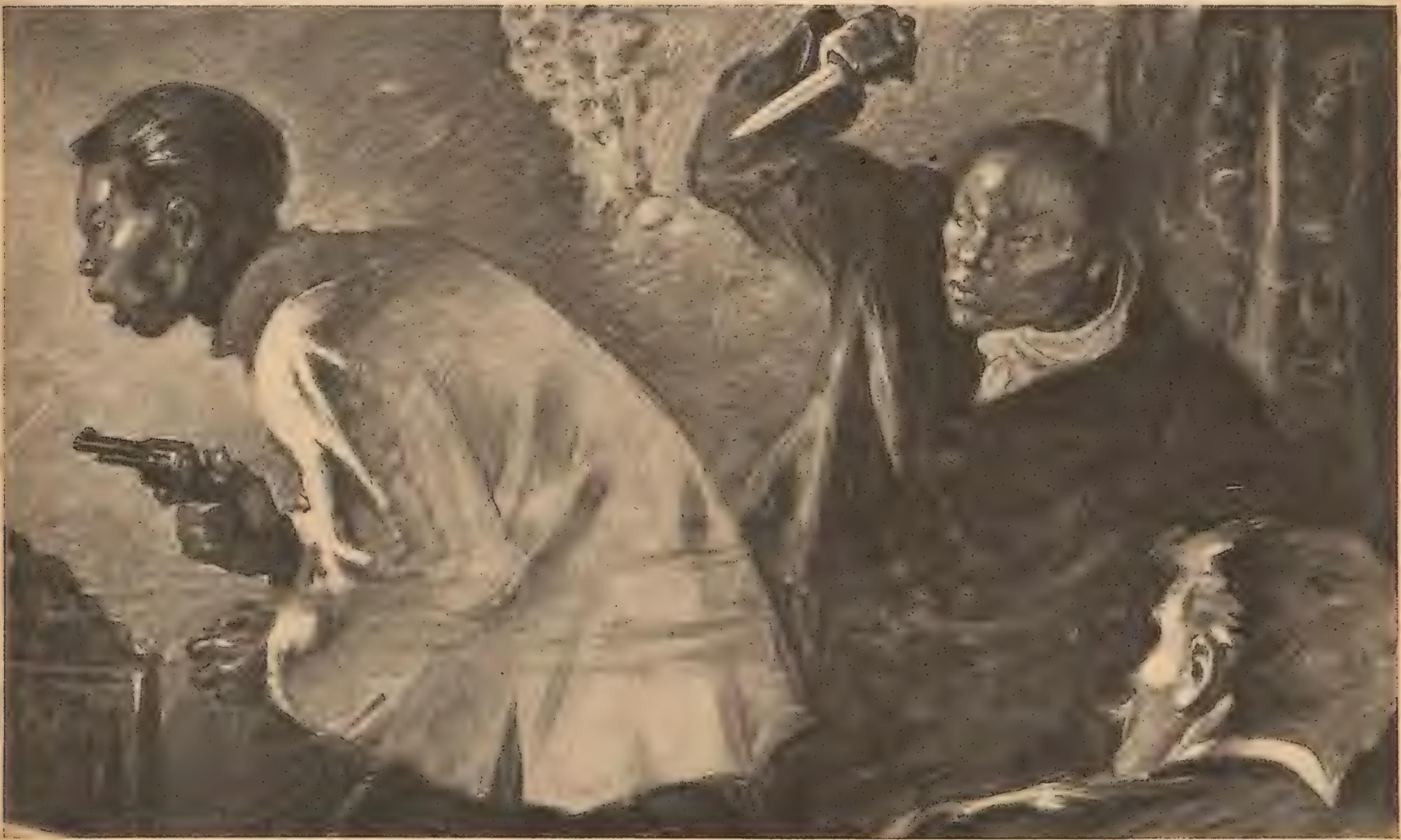
Roger looked up. "You are prompt, mister."

"I was told to be here at eleven," said the minister. He had in his hand an umbrella and a Bible.

"It's just eleven now," Roger said. "You're on time."

"You came for the wedding?" asked Alicia.

"Yes," said the missionary; "for the wedding. I was very much afraid that I wouldn't be able to make it. There was some action here a few minutes ago. But it seems to have shifted. The streets are clear." He adjusted his spectacles. "It is unfortunate you knocked this man unconscious. You will have to have a witness."



You, a foreign war lord, running a part of what is China!"

AVIATORS CAN
Fly Blind
...BUT YOU CAN'T
DRIVE THAT WAY
ARVIN REMOVES
WINDSHIELD
BLINDNESS

DEFROSTS THE WINDSHIELD

Cyclonic-Power Defroster System spreads a blast of warm air over windshield to keep it free of ice, snow, steam.

CIRCULATES MORE HEAT

New high-heat-wave radiator and powerful motor-fan unit circulates over 50% more heat throughout the car.

WARMS THE FEET

Foot-warmer outlets drive a portion of heat downward in opposite directions for extra comfort.

It's more than a car heater—The new built-in Arvin System does a 3-way job of defrosting, foot-warming *and* circulating more heat throughout your car. Special Duo-Flow model for Ford V-8, Tailor-Fit models for General Motors and Chrysler-built cars. Model shown, $15.95, with two defroster and two foot-warmer outlets. Defroster fittings slightly extra.

Genuine Arvins for all cars as low as $9.95

NOBLITT-SPARKS INDUSTRIES, Inc., Columbus, Indiana
Makers of Arvin Phantom Filter Radios for Car and Home

Dole Thermostats Assure Maximum Heater Efficiency

Triple Duty ARVIN
CAR HEATING SYSTEM
with Cyclonic-Power Defroster

"Ah," Alicia breathed, and there was a faint smile on her face. "You are kind. But it is not our marriage." She looked at Roger, and he dropped his eyes and gulped.

"No," he said; "it's— Well, the door to that room is unlocked now. I'll get them. Stone unlocked it when he came in."

DURING the confusion of the next few minutes he was sick with despair. For Stone had reminded him that marrying Denise was government duty . . . more than anything else. It was in the plan that had been approved and given him to carry out, and he could do nothing but carry it out. And now he loved Alicia.

He kept thinking of this as the crowd came in from the bombproof room: the maître d'hôtel, the waiters, Denise, the marine and his ex-wife, the British business man, the Russian who took immediate possession of Alicia, and the Chinese student. He saw these people come in, he saw the service resumed after a fashion. Yet all the time he was thinking of Alicia, and that he *must* marry Denise, and that there was nothing more important than getting the plans out of war-torn China.

The others were at their tables. Stone had regained consciousness and sat in a chair against the wall.

"Don't let him out of your sight," Roger told the marine. "He's dangerous."

"Don't worry," said the marine. "You can trust me."

Roger looked at Stone. "You're under arrest, you know. You'll go back aboard ship with us."

"I had gathered that," Stone said coldly, but he did not look up.

Then Denise was there, demanding, "What did he do?"

"He's a spy," said Roger.

She looked at Stone, who was looking past her; then at Roger. She seemed suddenly a little hysterical.

"A spy! He's a spy. Will you tell me, Roger—*please* tell me—what it matters in this war what a man is? In this killing and—"

Roger whirled. "It doesn't matter. If you want him you can have him. He's there. He's yours. Or he'll be yours when we get through with him!"

She moved back a step. "I didn't mean—that is, I—well, I hate to see him—"

"Do you still want to marry *me?*" said Roger.

"Why, yes. Yes, of course. Why, I—"

"You're *sure* you want to marry me?"

"Of course I'm sure."

He nodded, said, "All right," turned to look for the minister. His eyes swept past Alicia, but came back. Alicia, with her flaxen hair, going away with a fat Russian war lord to be his mistress.

He looked on, beyond her, and saw the missionary.

"We're ready for the wedding," he said.

EVERYTHING was moving in a whirl now. There was Alicia sitting at a table with the big Russian, an incredible hurt burning in her eyes. There was Alicia, and she was both pain and agonizing sorrow in his heart. Good-by, Alicia . . . good-by, darling. . . .

"*Wilt thou have this woman to thy wedded wife* . . ."

He was looking at Alicia; he was not even conscious of Denise, whose hand trembled in his; but he was aware of the rest of the room. . . .

"*—in sickness and in health; and, forsaking all others* . . ."

He saw the Chinese student watching not him but the Russian; he saw the British business man sitting with a pony of whisky in front of him. And he saw the hotel bellboy who came down the steps into the basement with baggage, and saw the maître d'hôtel talking to the bellboy. He knew from this that the trouble was coming back—that they were going to advise every one to get out of the place at once. It would be impossible even to allow the guests to return to their rooms. So they were bringing down the luggage. . . .

"*—so long as ye both shall live?*"

Roger heard himself saying, "I do," and then he was fumbling with the ring. He was still looking at Alicia, wondering if she would cry. He caught her gaze and held it. . . .

"*—have this man to thy wedded husband, to live together* . . ."

A bomb outside; the walls of the basement shuddered, and he knew the attack had returned, but he didn't care. The marine kept talking to his blonde ex-wife but watching William Stone. Stone had not once moved. The bellboy returned with more luggage. The Russian was getting up now.

"*—I pronounce that they are man and wife.* . . ."

Denise looked up at Roger, and he touched her shoulders with trembling hands and said, "I think your bag is over there. You've got to get out of here now."

"You're coming with me, aren't you?"

"I'll see that you get to the Clipper safely. But we've got to go now. Later there won't be a chance."

He handed the minister his fee, and then he went to the maître d'hôtel and asked him to point out Denise's bag. She followed him across the room. He was leaning over the bag when another bomb crashed. The lights flickered this time and became dimmer. A harsh voice boomed out through the room.

"The pigs have started again, and this'll be the end!" the Russian shouted. "I'll personally escort any one to safety who wants to be escorted. It's because of *me* the Japs are concentrating on this place." He picked up a glass from his table, drank the liquid in it. "I've given them a lot of trouble, and I'm going to give them a lot more before this war is through. We're going to drive the slant-eyed mongrels into the streets and rip the guts out of every one of them! That's what we're going to do. Only everybody had better get out of here. I own this hotel, and they found that out tonight and think it's a spy headquarters. I own the hotel. That's why you have the service you have through a war. So that *I* can be accommodated in the manner of the gentleman I am. I've had the best staff in China here and—"

Suddenly the Chinese student was on his feet, and there was a gun in his hand. He ripped off his horn-rimmed glasses, moved toward the Russian, the gun steady. Another bomb rumbled. The lights went a shade dimmer.

"—So *you* can be accommodated in the manner of a gentleman through a war," said the student. "For that you have kept this hotel going, with the best staff in China. So that *you* could be a gentleman. I went to school in the United States and they didn't call them that there. They called them everything else but that. You stayed here, in safety, directing troops. You stayed here, and the youth of my China was ground into the dirt and its blood spilled. You stayed here and *my* honorable parents were murdered with bayonets through their necks. You stayed here manipulating the political strings of China and making war. Making war so that we—the Chinese—die. We die so that *you* may gain in gold or power. You, a foreign war lord, running a part of what is China!"

He rocked back on his heels, and his face was glistening with sweat.

"We are the oldest nation in the world, and when the world ends we will be the greatest nation. This war is the finish not only for Japan but for you and for the others who try to run us in any way. This is not just a war between nations, but the war for China to become China again, and you and all like you must die . . ."

A waiter slipped up from behind and stabbed a knife through the Chinese student's back.

The youth dropped his gun. His lips twisted in pain. He turned around slowly and saw his killer, and then became a heap on the floor.

The big Russian looked down, and then laughed, with his laughter booming from the walls of the basement.

"The fool!"

Another bomb crashed outside and part of the concrete wall crumbled down. There was only the barest flicker of lights left. From the stairway Roger could hear the steady cracking of rifles on the street. Denise was clinging to him and he picked up her luggage.

IN the excitement, William Stone had been able to slip out of the chair. He was on the floor now, on his hands and knees. It was almost dark, and the marine was stupid; he was looking in the other direction. William Stone was creeping toward the gun Roger had taken from him and kicked aside.

He knew how to shoot through darkness. He would not, could not

Lightning Betrays Men-in-White!

But Doctors Win Race with Death In Dark Operating Room

"Unable to sleep, I lay on my hospital bed at midnight reading by the light of my tiny bedlamp," writes Mrs. Mabel E. Harper, Box 468, Moultrie, Ga. "Presently, brilliant lights came on in a wing of the building outside my window. There in the operating room . . . some poor soul lay suspended between life and death, while men-in-white sought to take him from the dark angel of death!

"Minutes later there was a lightning flash and the lights went out. As I wondered what they would do in the dark operating room, a nurse groped her way to my room. 'Let me have your flashlight, quick! Where is it? . . . They had started to operate when the lights went out . . . they've *got* to continue . . . and a lamp is likely to cause an ether explosion! . . . Quick!'

"I handed her the flashlight that had lain beside me on the table and she rushed out.

"What happened? You can be sure I checked up. Those DATED 'Eveready' batteries, batteries that were *fresh* when the light was given to me, saved a precious human life.

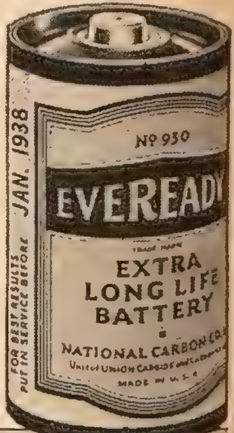
(Signed)

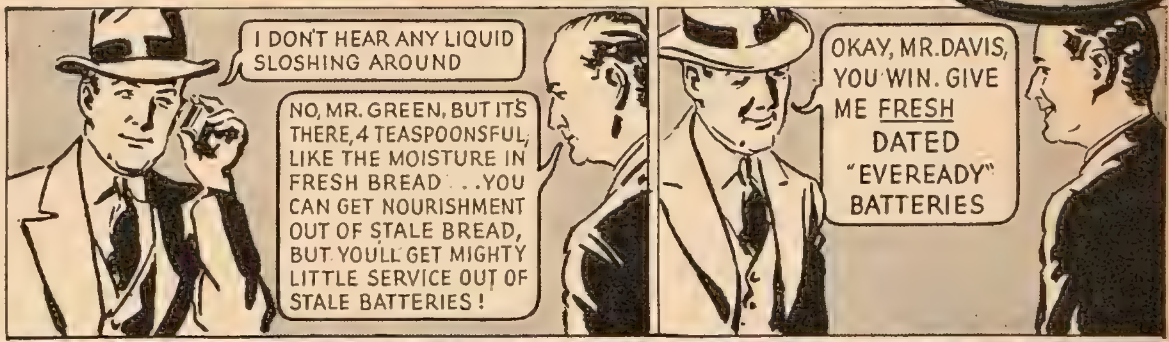
Mabel E. Harper"

"EVEREADY" BATTERIES ARE *FRESH* BATTERIES

The DATE-LINE guarantees FRESHNESS

NATIONAL CARBON CO., INC., 30 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.




I DON'T HEAR ANY LIQUID SLOSHING AROUND
NO, MR. GREEN, BUT IT'S THERE, 4 TEASPOONSFUL, LIKE THE MOISTURE IN FRESH BREAD . . . YOU CAN GET NOURISHMENT OUT OF STALE BREAD, BUT YOU'LL GET MIGHTY LITTLE SERVICE OUT OF STALE BATTERIES!
OKAY, MR. DAVIS, YOU WIN. GIVE ME FRESH DATED "EVEREADY" BATTERIES

Advertisers:

Liberty is sold the same way you sell your goods—over the counter in the market places of America. Advertising in Liberty thus parallels sales opportunity.

Throat soothing

The only cough drop medicated with the throat soothing ingredients of Vicks VapoRub

VICKS medicated COUGH DROP

$2.50 Imported Algerian BRIAR

SWEET, MELLOW SMOKING PIPE ~

A $3.30 VALUE all for 50¢ POST PAID

FREE
(1) 50c Oiled Silk Pouch
(2) Smoking Tobacco
(3) Pipe Cleaners

Choice of 6 Popular Shapes

ORDER BY NUMBER, STATE 2ND CHOICE

NO. 55 BULLDOG
No 86 Egg Shape
NO. 19 EGG BENT STEM
NO. 27 SADDLE BIT
NO 39 APPLE
NO 64 DUBLIN

A TIMELY value-treat for pipe smokers: The rich, distinguished looking "WESTMINSTER 250 De Luxe"—smoking pipes famous for their handsome finish, perfect balance and mellow smoking enjoyment. Heat-proof bowl and Double-Action, DURALUMINUM filter assures cool, refreshing relaxation—Supreme Pipe Contentment! Carved in 6 popular shapes of top quality, imported SPECIMEN GRAIN Algerian Briar—carefully aged! A $2.50 quality sent you for only 50c. These pipes have been put aside by factory inspectors for almost imperceptible imperfections which WE GUARANTEE ON A MONEY BACK BASIS, do not affect their marvelous smoking qualities. With each "WESTMINSTER 250" we include absolutely free a 50c Oiled Silk Tobacco Pouch. A 20c Trial Size of our BRITISH PIPE MIXTURE, Blend No. 17 and 2 packages of Pipe Cleaners—a $3.30 value for only 50c.

OUR GUARANTEE

If the pipe itself does not give you at least $2.50 smoking pleasure, we refund full purchase price. Note: We reserve the right to refund your money if no more of these pipes are available when your order reaches us. Only one Special to a customer.

SEND NO MONEY

Send no money unless you wish. Pay postman 50c upon arrival, plus 18c C. O. D fee or send 50c (coin, check or money-order) and save C. O. D. fee (Stamps accepted, please add 2c towards additional handling cost.)

★★★★ DOUBLE VALUE OFFER! ★★★★
IF A DOLLAR BILL IS MORE CONVENIENT

to send, you will receive for the extra 50c, a regular $1.00 supply (1/4 lb.) of our BRITISH PIPE MIXTURE, No. 88. It's delicious, full-bodied fragrance and aroma is a luxury treat for pipe-smokers. Scientifically blended of choice tobaccos (including genuine, Imported LATAKIA, Turkish Long Cut and Selected Domestic) giving cool, dry, slow-burning, long lingering smoking pleasure. SENT YOU IN ADDITION TO THE "WESTMINSTER 250" AND THE 3 FREE GIFTS ENUMERATED ABOVE.

HOUSE OF WESTMINSTER, LTD.
189-Y Fourth Ave., New York, N. Y.

miss. And the darkness would hide him. His throat was dry and he started to cough, but choked it down. He must not make a sound—he must keep crawling toward the gun. . . .

Another bomb shook cement from the opposite wall. And then, all at once, the place was in total darkness.

William Stone grabbed up the gun, whirled around, still on his knees, and fired.

There was that flash of fire, then a gasp. Then silence, until a frightened voice cried:

"Oh, God, it's Roger! He's been . . ."

The voice was that of Denise.

HE heard her saying that, saying, "shot . . . killed" . . . and he thought there had been no sweeter words in the history of the world. Now the rest would be easy. . . .

Willie Stone may go down, he thought, but he gets up again. No man, no war can beat him! . . .

There was terrible confusion in the blessed darkness. He heard the marine cry out at some one who was running. There were shots. Hideous flashes of red. But the running continued, and the marine chased.

There was a crashing of debris. The basement was falling apart. The hotel must be in ruins. . . .

Willie Stone went groping through the darkness. He listened for the voice of Denise, and hurried to where she was. He did not speak to her. He crouched and waited, for she was hovering over the body of Roger. . . .

Now she was rising from it, and he half expected to hear her sob. But she did not, and he moved toward the body and started going through the pockets in the clothes. His hands were shaking, his heart pounding. The room rocked with the next explosion.

He went through all the pockets, inside and out, and found nothing but a wallet and a comb and some change; a few keys. He felt the uniform for secret linings, but there was none—none, at least, that he could find.

He unlaced Roger's shoes, but he found he could not very well get them off without taking off the leggings, and he went to work on these. One of them was loose, so he had but to pull it off. He felt along the inside.

His hand felt the touch of tissue paper, onionskin paper. He sat back and counted the sheets. Seventeen. That was what they had told him the number would be.

He jammed the papers into his inside pocket and rose, tingling with the glow of being a success.

"Who's there?" It was Denise.

"It is me, Willie Stone. I have been looking for you. Darling, are you all right?"

"I'm all right; but Roger—"

"I know."

"Oh, it's terrible, Willie! What will we do?"

"We can't do anything," said Stone. "I felt him, and he is dead." He had not touched the skin at all.

"Dead!" Denise echoed.

"Yes. And we've got to get out of here."

"But you—"

Willie Stone laughed. "Are you thinking that I was under arrest? Are you thinking that that matters? It doesn't, my dear. There's not a thing in the world that matters now. That is, except the two of us."

He was going to get her, just as he had originally planned. Oh, God, what a day this was for him!

"The two of us?" Denise said.

"Yes," Willie Stone said, "the two of us. And we must run. What is done is done."

"But who did it?"

"Who knows?" said Stone. "The Russian, perhaps. Any one here. Maybe they didn't mean to hit him. Silly, foolish, lovely little girl. . . . Come, we must hurry."

"Are you *sure* it's all right?" Denise began to sob, and William Stone led her out of the basement.

THE British business man had hurried up the stairs. If he followed this big Russian he would be safe. In the street, losing sight of the Russian, he stopped to get his breath, and a bomb blew him to pieces.

The marine had gone in the opposite direction from the hotel, and his ex-wife had followed him. Now he stood over a corpse on the street.

"What are you trying to do? Ditch me?"

"I killed him," he said without looking back at her. "I shot him and killed him, and he wasn't the guy. He was just one of the waiters. The poor little punk."

"Who did you think he was?"

"William Stone, the spy. He plugged the lieutenant and got away. The lieutenant told me to watch him. So *I'm* personally responsible. I wasn't looking. That Chink got my attention and—"

"What are you going to do?"

"I'm going to find William Stone."

"Out here? You're going to hunt Shanghai to find him? Maybe you didn't know there's a war! It started—"

A screaming shell burst forty yards behind them.

"This is a helluva mess to get me in."

"Well, you married a marine, and this is what you get."

"And it's about all I *ever* got, you lousy two-timing punk. At least you could have paid your alimony."

The marine said, "Shut your stinking mouth, baby, or you're going to be the funniest-looking blonde corpse in Shanghai. I've got work to do. I've got to find William Stone. If it's the last thing I do in my whole rotten life, I've got to find Stone!"

The marine means business! But can he find Stone—Stone and Denise—in this midnight Shanghai shambles? And what of Roger, left for dead? And of Alicia? Needless to caution you not to miss the morrow after such a night! It will dawn in Liberty next week.

Again—a Great Publishing SCOOP!

Liberty

HAS THE HONOR TO ANNOUNCE FIRST PUBLICATION OF THE BIOGRAPHICAL ACHIEVEMENT OF THE GENERATION . . . . .

EMIL LUDWIG'S EAGERLY AWAITED "STORY OF ROOSEVELT"

EMIL LUDWIG, greatest biographer of modern centuries, has written the story of Franklin Delano Roosevelt.

Just as he wrote the story of Napoleon without battles, he has painted a masterly word picture of Roosevelt "without taxes."

It is a study of the heart and soul of, to quote Ludwig, "the most loved and most hated man in the United States," written from a detached and impersonal perspective; ". . . the most dangerous book I have ever written," declares the biographer.

What decided Roosevelt to enter politics? What influence did the great T. R. have on F. D. R.'s early life? Was it a great incentive or a great handicap to his inner ambitions? These and a thousand other facts of the Roosevelt life are developed and clarified by Ludwig, the biographer who writes history while it happens.

In collecting his material he saw the President's enemies as well as his friends. "You must see a man's enemies as well as his friends to understand him," he states.

Arrangements are being completed to give you the first chapters of the great Roosevelt saga in an early issue of Liberty. See next week's issue for additional information about the coming of the greatest story of the century.

Liberty 5c

Sold at all Newsstands

HOW SOCIETY IS P

FOR EDWAR

READING TIME • 8 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

"I SHALL never go back to America until your newspapers leave me alone!"

The person who made this statement, a little over a year ago, was Edward VIII, then King of England. The person to whom he made it was my mother, Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, who was sitting next to him at dinner.

"Why, Mrs. Vanderbilt, do you know they have hounded me to death. They wrote the most preposterous lies about me that I ever heard. One of them said that I was drunk one evening and spent hours throwing bottles out of windows on the people below."

The King's anger was genuine. There could be no doubt about that. But it did not prevent him from entertaining at his near-London retreat, only a short time afterward, the publisher of this selfsame newspaper, and later attending an intimate dinner at which the wife of the publisher was an honored guest.

All of which is set down not in criticism of Edward but to emphasize the fact that uncertain lies the way of kings. And especially uncertain, socially speaking, lies the way of this unusually headstrong ex-King. It would seem foolhardy, therefore, for our ambitious society leaders to feel that they can take charge of the visit of the Duke and Duchess of Windsor.

But that is precisely what socially ambitious hostesses all over America are planning to do.

Here and there, certain families which have long curried favor with official England may have found the social problem just a bit embarrassing. But in city after city which I have visited since the first announcement of the royal visit, a frantic scramble is on to see who will be first to play hostess to the world's greatest love story.

There was some question at first as to how far President and Mrs. Roosevelt could go in playing host; but Mrs. Roosevelt cut straight through the official red tape by announcing that she would be delighted to show the Duke and Duchess around her pet housing ventures.

Social Washington breathed more freely after this announcement. The State Department had been forced to rule that the Windsors could not be officially entertained. But now, obviously, the sky was the limit so far as private entertaining was concerned.

As a matter of fact there was never any real possibility of Presidential embarrassment. If inviting the Duke and Duchess to the White House would be considered official entertaining, the President could always get around it by inviting them to Hyde Park.

Quite as interested in housing problems as the Roosevelts or the Duke himself is Vincent Astor, whose home is on the Hudson, just above Hyde Park, at Rhinebeck. For six years he has been Mr. Roosevelt's close adviser on this and associated questions. Of course the Astors and the Windsors will get together. Moreover, I should not be surprised if the Duke and Duchess, at the end of their strenuous American visit, were to board the Astor yacht Nourmahal for a cruise to Bermuda and a few weeks' rest there at the Astors' estate.

In New York City itself, if mourning for the late Ogden Mills does not interfere, the Ogden Reids—who not only own one of New York's largest newspapers but live in the city's largest private house—may be expected to give the principal semiofficial de luxe party. It's an old Herald Tribune custom. Years ago, when Edward came to this country as the youthful Prince of Wales, Mr. Reid's mother, Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, whose husband had been Ambassador to the Court of St. James's, did a swell job of entertaining the future king.

Another society publisher, Condé Nast, will undoubtedly weigh in with a party for Edward and his bride. Condé has been a good friend to Wallie throughout the affaire Windsor.

And don't forget that charming young New York hostess, Mrs. Byron Foy, whose father, Walter P. Chrysler, is a king in his own realm, and whose resemblance to the Duchess of Windsor is so striking that she is known to her intimates as "Wallie the Second."

The young William Rhinelander Stewarts may also be depended upon to show the young Windsors a good time, but in a more informal manner. They belong to the set that is always getting itself photographed against the night-club background of El Morocco, and if Edward's and Wallie's tastes are what they used to be, the Stewarts will be their favorite host and hostess.

Down on horsy Long Island many a rambling estate is being put in order. The young Tommy Hitchcocks, the Laddie Sanfords, the Jock and Sonny Whitneys are close personal friends of both the Duke and the Duchess. It goes without saying that their favorite polo crowd will entertain them at some time during the trip; and it is more than probable that Edward will ride to hounds or play a chukker or two at Meadowbrook.

In Washington, Edward and Wallie may accept Mrs. Evalyn Walsh McLean's invitation to occupy her magnificent town house. On the other hand, they may slip out to Jock Whitney's country place at Upperville, Virginia. If they are wise, and really wish to save eager hostesses a Washington heartache, they'll go to a hotel.

Of course the British Embassy can do nothing for them

ANNING

D AND WALLIE

From behind the scenes—A revealing survey of rivalries, stratagems, and eager hopes to capture a former King

BY CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, Jr.

in an official way; and the other larger embassies will follow the British example. But neither Argentine Ambassador Felipe Espil nor Roumanian Minister Davila, Washington's perennial and popular society man, takes himself or his protocol so seriously.

Unofficially, the British crowd will be represented by Harold Sims, a Canadian of much wealth and background, for three decades "honorary attaché" on the Embassy staff. Mrs. Sims, a distinguished-looking Danish woman, is one of Washington's most charming hostesses.

The State Department will also have its unofficial host in the suave person of James Clement Dunn, whose embarrassing job it was, as the Department's protocol officer, to decide that the Windsors were private and not official visitors. You may be sure the Dunns will do everything they can as leaders of capital society to make up for what might seem an official slight.

There will be the usual scramble among newspaper magnates. Newbold Noyes of the dignified Star is a blood relation of the Duchess. Mrs. Eugene Meyer, publisher of the old McLean stand-by, the Post, cannot be overlooked. But Washington wise ones are willing to bet that Cissie Patterson, daring, dynamic, Chicago-born publisher of the Herald, will bring home the social bacon.

One neat socio-journalistic tangle involves Sir Willmott and Lady Lewis. The former is Washington correspondent of the London Times; the latter a distant relative of Wallie. It will be interesting to see what, if anything, Sir Willmott is permitted by his paper to do for the former King.

Next in importance is that vast array of Washingtonians who claim to have been pally with Wallie back in the Warfield-Spencer eras. Laura Curtis is among those who really did know her well then. If permitted to do so, Laura will give *the* unofficial "coming home" party.

Of course Aunt Bessie Merryman still lives in her modest Washington apartment, and that does sort of make Washington home for Wallie. Mrs. Merryman has many socially prominent friends, among them Rear Admiral and Mrs. Charles Courtney. The latter, who was Mrs. Robert Roosevelt, has known Wallie for years.

The younger set, led by the Matt Dicks, the Albert Deweys, the Drew Pearsons, and the Kent Legarres, will doubtless take over the Sulgrave Club for a blowout.

Tommy Moorehead, Adonis son of Washington's best-loved widow, will be at Edward's disposal for sports and at Wallie's for the dance; as will dashing Colonel Jonathan Wainwright, in command of the Third Cavalry at Fort Myer.

If the ducal pair do land in the Virginia horse country, they will be among old friends. Mrs. George Barnett will surely wish to have them at her estate at Wakefield; so will the George Garretts at Warrenton. Mrs. Dodge Sloane, owner of the famous race horse Cavalcade, and the Alex Hagners are other Virginia residents who will hang out a golden latchkey.

On the Maryland side of Washington, the Windsors could, if they wished, spend all their time going from Warfield relative to Warfield relative. Doubtless they will run over to the Green Spring Valley Hunt Club, outside of Baltimore, near which General Warfield, present head of the family in America, has his country place; and on to Cockeysville, where Louis and Jo Merryman, distant cousins of Wallie, have done over a farmhouse famous even in pre-Revolutionary days.

Scattered across the country from the east coast to the west, there are thirty-one cities containing PWA housing projects. All these projects are being dusted off and tidied up. So, in each city, is the big house on the hill—at least. It is impossible at this writing to tell which cities the Duke and Duchess will visit.

In Hollywood—well, I wouldn't pretend to pick the winners, but the $100,000 Santa Anita Handicap is a sit-down strike compared with the probable race between certain producers and actors I prefer not to name!

A week at La Quinta is a distinct probability. A week-end at San Simeon, as guests of William Randolph Hearst, is a certainty. After all, Mr. Hearst sent out their wedding announcements for them. Don't be surprised, either, if the couple go to Reno—and I don't mean what you mean—to visit a relative of Wallie who runs the Monte Cristo Guest Ranch some forty miles north of the city; and, if they do get to Nevada, it is almost certain that they will cross into Idaho to enjoy the hospitality of the young Averell Harrimans at Sun Valley.

There is talk of their visiting Mexico City before plunging into the gaieties of the Florida winter season. In Florida they will undoubtedly stay in Miami for awhile, probably as the guests of the William K. Vanderbilts. The former Duchess of Marlborough, now Mrs. Balsan, will be sure to be another guest.

And if Edward and Wallie do not include Palm Beach on their housing tour, Mrs. Harrison Williams, Mrs. William Randolph Hearst, Mrs. Margaret Emerson, Lady (Elsie de Wolfe) Mendl, Elsa (La-di-da) Maxwell, and all the other ladies of the Palm Beach ensemble are going to swoon in a body!

THE END

Bigger and Bet

A sprightly tale of two modern

BY ELIZA

READING TIME ● 22 MINUTES 56 SECONDS

NICHOLAS BREWSTER, assistant sales manager for the Carroll-Brewster Engineering Company, was that rare salesman who knows everything there is to know about the product he sells. Nick knew how the C-B engine was made, and with an intuition amounting to genius he knew just what littlest thing might be expected to alter its normal behavior.

An understanding of engines, however, requires no research into human metabolisms or allergic reactions. Nick knew nothing about either of these things, and being a pleasant, happy young man with an abiding faith in his friends, he had never felt it necessary to take down their motors to find out why they behaved as they did. Neither he nor George Wandell knew that a little gin mixed with a little vermouth became, once it entered George's mysterious inner being, the stuff concealed in ill-humored cobras.

Two days before the opening of the annual invitation golf tournament, Nick strolled up to the bar of the Springdale Country Club and there, drinking a Martini, was his old friend, George Wandell.

"Hi," Nick said.

George drew in his elbows sulkily and said nothing. Nick ordered a beer and pushed a folded handkerchief across his forehead.

"It's hot," he remarked. "We've been bickering all day with orchestra leaders, trying to get something good for the dance Saturday night. We finally landed the Tommy Tucker Truckers. Lucky, eh?"

"Lucky," George repeated and uttered a short laugh of startling bitterness. He had had but three swallows and already he was aware of a peculiar buzzing, as if a swarm of bees had got inside his head. It gave him a fierce yearning to smash something. "You're always lucky," he muttered and jerked his head toward the open windows on the other side of the room.

Nick's gaze followed his. A foursome of girls was coming up the slope to the ninth green, and Nick's eyes softened and he smiled because one of them was Midge Carroll, the girl Nick had known and loved ever since he was five and she a bonneted scrap in a perambulator.

"What I want to know," babbled George, staring at Midge with moody eyes, "is how lucky she thinks *she* is. From the very beginning she was wrapped in cellophane to be held until called for by the Brewster boy. Next-door neighbors. The papas in business together. The mamas in the same bridge club. A perfect set-up of parents and propinquity. No doubt *you* call it love. Heh!" laughed George and popped his Martini's stuffed olive into his mouth. "I call it," he said, chewing with the jaw action of a lion going to work on a human femur, "a damned shame."

Nick stared at him with shocked amazement. "I don't quite get you on that, George."

"Heh," George said. "You don't get a lot of things. You take 'em for granted. That's why poor little Midge Carroll will never know that she has what it takes to knock 'em right out in the aisles."

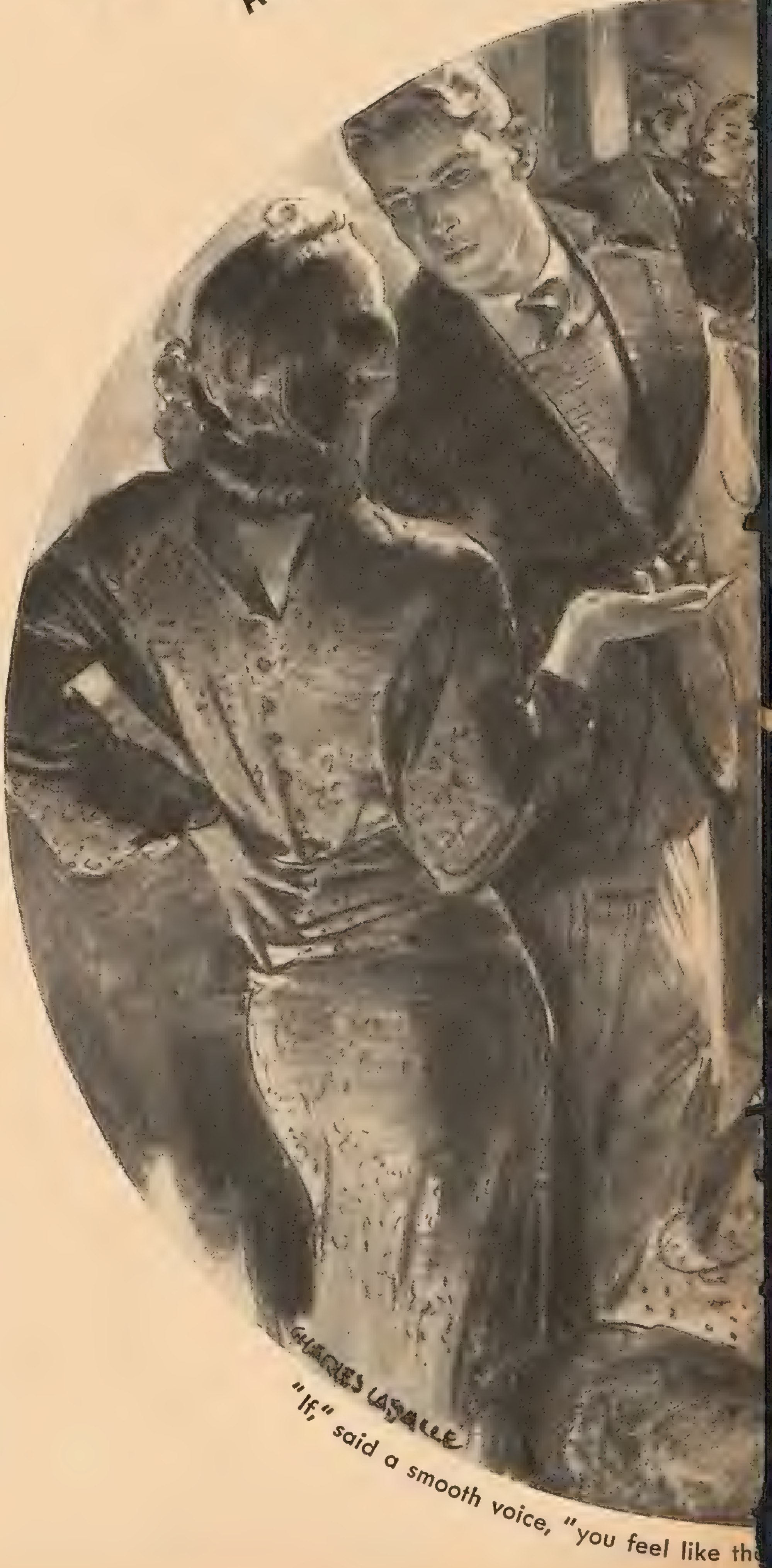
Startled, Nick glanced again toward the slim young figure on the green.

"Knock who," he asked George, "out in the aisles?"

"Men," barked George, enjoying himself in much the same way that Dr. Jekyll enjoyed being Mr. Hyde. "Bigger and better men than you are. Only she'll never get to know any of 'em. The Brewster label is on her and so is the Brewster eye." He seized his hat from the bar and clapped it on his roaring head. "If I were going to marry her I'd want to be sure now instead of sorry after." And with that he marched out of the bar on a heavy dignified tread.

THE hedge separating the lawn of the Brewster place from that of the Carrolls was a plump well tended growth, but it had a gap in it which no gardener ever bothered to close. The Brewster boy and the Carroll girl had begun it years ago, and now it had widened so they could slip through it without touching a single twig.

Almost every evening in summer Nick went through it, and that evening he went as usual and found, as he had

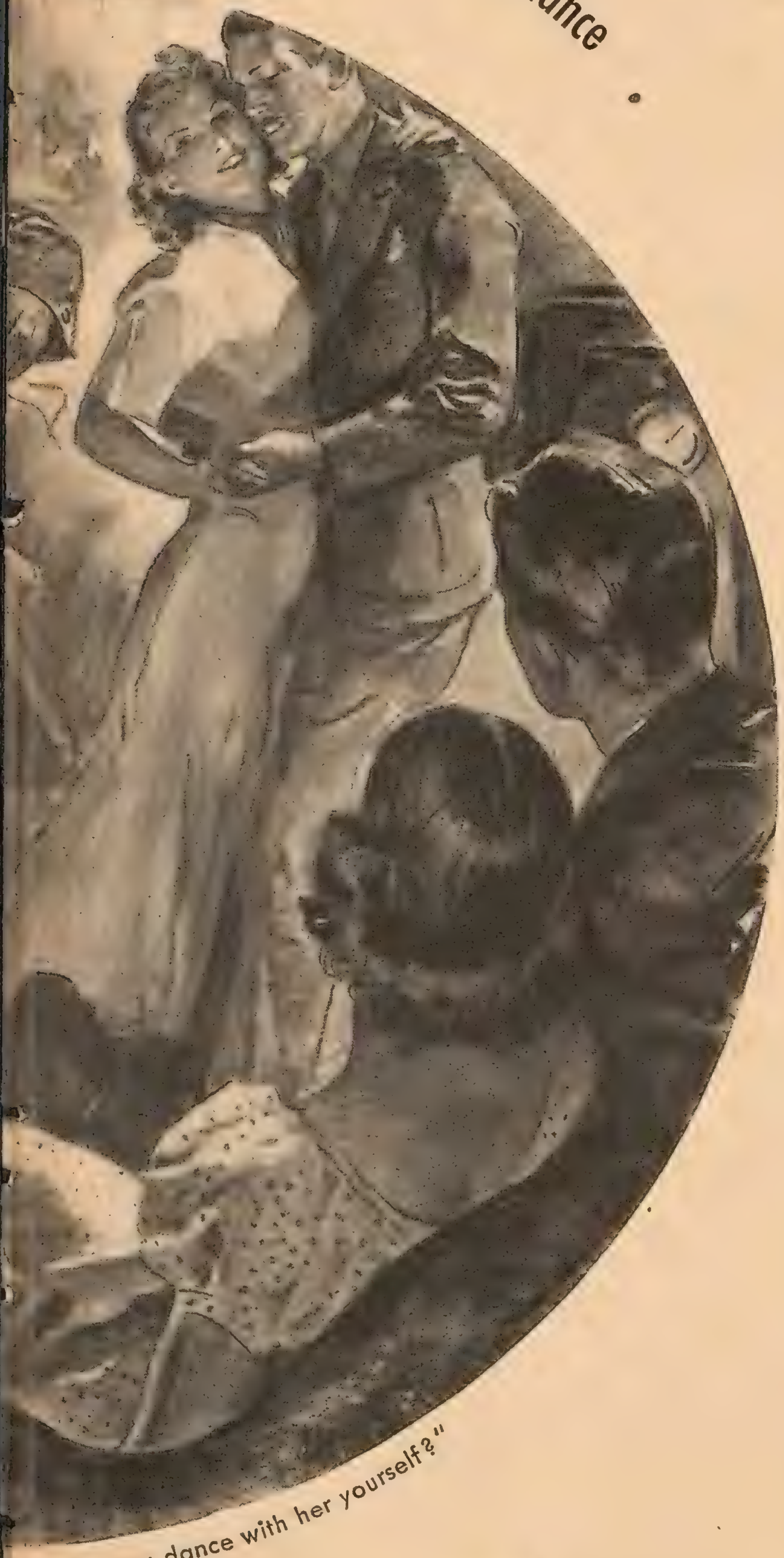


"If," said a smooth voice, "you feel like th

ter Lovers, Please

and a noble experiment in romance

BETH TROY



hy don't you dance with her yourself?"

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LA SALLE

known he would, Midge waiting for him. She was kneeling beside a border flower bed, digging at weeds with a small trowel. She glanced up at him with serene gray eyes.

"Hello, towhead. I'm all over bugs and dirt, so don't kiss me. I hear you got the Tommy Tuckers for the dance."

Nick dropped down to the grass and got his pipe out of his pocket. "We did," he said, and added thoughtfully, "with the usual luck of the Brewsters. Quite a crowd coming—lots of new people." He lit his pipe. "A lot of bigger and better men than I am, I guess."

Midge nodded. "You've never broken eighty, darling."

"I'd better break it this year. I'd better win the cup this year," Nick said.

Her eyes widened. "Good gracious, what for? If you're going to go completely golf, what am I going to do all day every day until it's over?"

"I was coming to that," Nick said. "I was thinking that this would be a good time for you to get acquainted with—with some of the bigger and better men."

Midge stared. "Men?" She laughed. "You wouldn't want me to start throwing my weight in lure around, would you, Nick?"

He fixed somber, troubled eyes upon her.

"You and I," he said hollowly, "are getting married in October, and this is August. Just two months. Suppose after we're married you met some one that you knew you'd have married if you hadn't been sort of p-pushed into marrying me by p-parents and p-propinquity."

"Parents and whattity?"

"Living next door to each other all our lives. Parents in business together—friends. That sort of thing. I mean, you've never known any men except me."

She slipped sidewise to sit on the grass. "What is this, Nick? Are you trying to jilt me, you cad?"

"Don't fool," Nick said. "The point is, it's time I gave you a chance to make comparisons—to get a perspective on me. Better be sure now," he gulped, George's poison welling up in his mouth, "than sorry after."

Midge got up suddenly. He rose too, and they stood facing each other with bewildered, troubled eyes.

"There'll be some bigger and better women, too, during the week of the tournament," Midge said.

"That's beside the point."

"No, it isn't. You didn't come over here to hand me the keys to the city without wanting to use them yourself. I'm not that dumb, you know."

He was pale with astonishment. "Good heavens, Midge, you don't think I—"

She laughed. "It's quite all right. You have a perfect right to find out about the daisies in the other field."

"See here, this has nothing to do with me. I intend to play *golf*—"

"And I," Midge cut in, "intend to pick myself a champion. He'll be championship stuff on and off the links. You can do likewise and we'll check up when the tournament is over."

He cried, aghast, "Midge, you've misunderstood! I only meant—"

"I know what you meant." She was tugging at a grubby little glove on her left hand. "Here," she said, suddenly thrusting something into his palm. "There's the Brewster ownership card. I'll get places faster without it."

He stared down at the ring winking up at him. He said, "You've got things all twisted out of the way I meant them. We'll drop the whole thing—"

"No, we won't."

"But I meant—" He flung out his hands to her. "Dearest, don't call my bluff. I wanted you to *refuse* to do it. I wanted you to laugh it all off and say you couldn't ever love any one but me and that there wouldn't be any use meeting other men—"

"I can tell you better about that later."

He let his hands fall. "When?"

She examined the trowel thoughtfully. "We've always gone to the dance together," she said. "We got engaged at

DON'T PUNISH YOUR STOMACH TO RELIEVE CONSTIPATION!

When you're dull, tired, upset, headachy due to constipation, don't take chances on making bad matters worse! Remember, no other type of laxative CAN do exactly what FEEN-A-MINT does! It safeguards against trouble in 3 special ways:

1. **NO STOMACH UPSET**—you don't swallow a heavy, bulky dose; there's nothing to burden your overworked digestion.
2. **CHEWING AIDS DIGESTION**—the chewing increases the flow of the same natural alkaline fluids that help food digest.
3. **ACTS WHERE YOU NEED IT**—in the intestines—*not* in the stomach.

Both youngsters and adults like this tasteless laxative medicine in delicious chewing gum. You'll *enjoy* taking FEEN-A-MINT. Try it — and discover for yourself why more than 16 million people have already changed to this remarkably *different*, modern laxative! At your drugstore, or write for generous FREE trial package to Dept. 24, FEEN-A-MINT, Newark, N. J.

NO OTHER TYPE OF LAXATIVE CAN DO EXACTLY WHAT FEEN-A-MINT DOES

THEY ENJOY LIVING

Liberty is read by the eager millions, the people who do more, go more, want more.

They're the Heart of Your Volume Market.

BUY GIFTS DIRECT-SAVE MONEY

This beautiful thin model Cigarette Case, made of solid Jeweller's Bronze not a "plated" product, (looks like Satin Gold) would retail easily for $2.⁰⁰ If you want to see what wonderful values we offer, order one or more today. Price is only $1.⁰⁰ each. packed in Gift Box. Sent C.O.D. or mail us check or money order. MONEY BACK GUARANTEE if not entirely satisfied.

ASK FOR OUR **FREE** BEAUTIFUL GIFT CATALOG.

L. F. GRAMMES & SONS, INC., - ALLENTOWN, PA.

DON'T LET COUGHING TEAR YOUR THROAT

MILLIONS USE PERTUSSIN FOR QUICK RELIEF

When you catch cold and your throat feels dry or clogged, the secretions from countless tiny glands in your throat and windpipe often turn into sticky, irritating phlegm. This makes you cough.

Pertussin stimulates these glands to again pour out their natural moisture so that the annoying phlegm is loosened and easily raised. Quickly your throat is soothed, your cough relieved!

Your cough may be a warning signal from your respiratory system. Why neglect it? Do as millions have done! Use Pertussin, a safe and pleasant herbal remedy for children and grownups. Many physicians have prescribed Pertussin for over 30 years. It's safe and acts quickly. Sold at all druggists.

Large Trial Bottle for 10¢

PERTUSSIN

Seeck & Kade, Inc., Dept. AC-24,
440 Washington Street, N. Y. C

Please send me a large Trial Bottle of Pertussin. I enclose 10¢.

Name________________

Address

the dance . . . so if I'm not here when you come through the gap in the hedge—*if* you do—on the night of the dance, you'll know I'm going with some one else."

"*Midge*—"

But she was running swiftly toward the house.

IN other years Nick had always looked forward to his duties as a general committeeman for the golf tournament with pleasure. This year he awoke to the day of the visitors' arrival with a clammy dread.

He decided, gazing gloomily into the mirror, that six feet did not make a man tall enough; that tow-yellow hair and blue eyes were inane, and a snub nose silly. He was haunted by the specter of the man who was going to be the object of Midge's research into odious comparison.

Up to four o'clock in the afternoon, however, the arrivals showed a preponderance of middle age and incipient baldness. He was actually able to smile at Midge when she appeared at the club and congratulate her on how lovely she looked in the new yellow silk sports dress she was wearing.

"Armed," Midge said, "to the teeth." Which remark dampened his spirits somewhat as he started for the depot to meet the last two guests.

These were a man named Morrison and a young woman who told him her name was Norma Dennis. She was a tall beautiful blonde girl. But Nick saw only the man Morrison, who was well over six feet tall and was dark and good-looking.

Nick introduced the newcomers to the crowd on the club porch. Miss Dennis quickly found herself a niche in a group of stunned young men. Morrison mowed down a dozen girls with his white smile and his handsome dark eyes. Then, after a second, he glanced toward a slim girl in a yellow silk dress. She was standing a little apart from the others.

Morrison lifted an inquiring eyebrow at Nick, who turned his head, pretending not to notice. Morrison shrugged, smiled, and sauntered over.

"Don't look now," he said, "but can you tell me who is the beautiful girl in the yellow dress? For some reason, I wasn't introduced to her."

Midge turned slowly. Her eyes widened, a look of pleased discovery shining forth.

"I might be able to help you," she said gravely, "if I had a better description of the girl."

He leaned a little nearer. "The girl I mean," he said, "has gray eyes like a summer cloud. She has a lot of reddish-brownish curls bouncing around and a sort of offhand dimple in the right corner of her mouth."

"Oh, *that* girl," Midge said. "Why, that must be Midge Carroll."

He bowed. "Presenting Don Morrison. How about tea with him over there around the corner of the porch—or does it have to be tea?"

Midge stepped away from the rail. "Not today, it doesn't," she said and smiled up at him and they walked away together. Neither of them glanced toward Nick.

FACTS about Morrison were easily obtainable. He was championship material. He was sales manager of a large manufacturing firm. He was easy and friendly and he had charm.

For three days Nick Brewster played golf in a daze. It was a peculiar brand of daze because, to his own astonishment, he discovered he was still in the tournament. After the third day's round he permitted himself the luxury of a little knife-turning by joining the crowd dancing to the radio in the club lounge. Midge was dancing with Morrison. Morrison, Nick observed, was a very good dancer. Nick, who had never been able to shake off a boyhood belief that dancing was sissy, was reluctant and therefore a very poor dancer.

"If," said a smooth voice behind him, "you feel like that about it, why don't you dance with her yourself?"

He whirled about. He met the amused blue eyes of Miss Norma Dennis. She had a funny way of turning up at odd moments.

He said, "Oh. Why, I'm not much good as a dancer."

Miss Dennis regarded him curiously. "You could be. Come on. Let me teach you."

Later they sat together over a Tom Collins. "You've improved wonderfully," she told him. "I could help you with your golf, too, you know."

He shook his head. "I never come through to the semifinals."

"Don't you think," she said, "it might be a good idea to try?"

Nick started. Then he laughed. "Morrison can beat me."

Norma Dennis looked at him directly. "I want you to win," she said. She smiled. "I have a reason."

THE gallery was astonished at Nick's playing after that. When he came through to the semifinals with Morrison, George Wandell clapped him on the back and said, "Great going, kid. You're going to keep the cup in Springdale."

Midge had just walked by. She had barely looked at him. Nick gave George a queer stare, turned on his heel without a word, and walked away to his car.

Aggrieved, George muttered, "I'll be darned. What have *I* ever done to *him* to make him so sore?" . . .

Nick went grimly homeward. Finals tomorrow. He had to beat Morrison. But first he had something he wanted to say to Midge's father, who was president of the Carroll-Brewster Engineering Company. When he arrived home he heard the voice of T. J. Carroll issuing from the Brewster living room. That, he decided, was just fine. Both heads of the firm were no doubt having their mellowing after-dinner liqueurs and cigars.

He went into the room. Brewster senior was standing and so was T. J. Carroll. Their wives were seated. Nobody was having liqueurs and nobody showed any signs whatever of being in the least mellow.

Nick greeted them all pleasantly and then he said, " I'm glad you're together. I heard today that Hurley is resigning as sales manager. That moves me up into the job—or does it? "

The silence thickened. T. J. Carroll broke it.

" It does not," snapped T. J. He was little and wiry and ferocious. He suddenly thrust out a finger and shook it under Nick's nose. " Where is Margaret? "

" Why, she's at the club," Nick said.

" She is dining out and dancing after," said T. J., " with this fellow Morrison. What does this scandalous performance of Margaret's mean? "

Nick tried to smile lightly. " Nothing much, sir. You see, Midge and I decided we'd been cramping each other a little, so we thought it might be a good idea to allow each other a little—uh—slack during the week of tournament."

" Slack," snarled T. J. " Slack, eh? You both seem to be running away with the line. Midge is not behaving like herself at all. And why? Because of that blonde job you've been dancing attendance upon for the past week."

" Miss Dennis has merely taken the trouble to—"

" Baah," said T. J. " You seem to have lost sight of your duty to Midge. As a result she is taking not one cocktail but two with this fellow. She is out all hours of the night and we have no idea where. She is impertinent to her parents and—and rebellious in a way she has never been before. And it's your fault, young man, and you dare to suggest that you take Hurley's place as sales manager! "

" I can't see what any of this has to do with business—"

" I don't want," shouted T. J., his finger under Nick's nose multiplying itself by twenty, " any man in my business who deals in slack in his private affairs. I don't like this fellow Morrison. I have it on good authority that he is engaged to be married and that his running about with Midge is the talk of the entire club. And I want it stopped—"

" Wait a minute. Does Midge know that he is engaged? " demanded Nick, his face pale.

" Does he know that Midge is, or was, engaged to you? " snapped T. J. " Have you bothered to tell him? To give any evidence that between you and her there was a contract which, according to *my* old-fashioned outlook, is just as binding as marriage until there is some more formal agreement to dissolve it than this cheap philandering—"

T. J. ended on a choked stifled refusal of his voice to oblige him with any further utterance. His wife stepped into the crisis helpfully.

" I am quite sure," she said loftily, " that Nicholas is to blame for Midge's behavior. Naturally, his being with this woman constantly has hurt her pride severely—"

" What? " cried Nick. " And what about mine? Do you think this Morrison business hasn't hurt *me?* "

" It seems to me," roared T. J., heading for the door, " you have allowed yourself plenty of consolation." He halted, fixed a withering glare on first one Brewster and then another. " I want nothing more to do with you—any of you! " he shouted, and seizing his wife's hand, he pulled her along with him and slammed the door behind him.

Silence hung over the stunned Brewsters. Nick's father said finally, " Are you in love with this Dennis woman? "

" Good Lord, *no!* I hardly know her. I love Midge."

" You get this thing straightened out with Midge," his father commanded. " Old Carroll is out of his head with worry over the way she is behaving. And it won't take much more to make him take his holdings out of the firm and crack it up. Do something," concluded Brewster senior, and stamped out of the room.

IN the history of the Springdale Country Club the crowd had never been so large nor so marked by tension as it was on the day of the match between Don Morrison and Nick Brewster. The family spirit of the members was very strong and it had not missed the rift between Nick and Midge.

It required a superhuman effort of his will to keep him from slipping away alone, escaping the match. In such a course, he well knew, lay a craven cowardice quite beyond the power of his spirit to condone. Better far to let his shattered nerves blow him up on the golf course than lead him into the disgrace of quitting.

And so at ten in the morning he went round to the club. He saw the crowd, humming and buzzing with excitement. He responded with weak grins to pats on the back and words of encouragement and managed at last to slink away inside to the office of the caddie master for a moment of relaxation before starting for the first tee.

But Norma Dennis emerged from behind a rack of golf clubs, beamed upon him, and leaped forward to seize his arm. No less than fifty persons, among them T. J. Carroll, saw her do it.

" Nick," she said rapidly, " you've simply got to win. For my sake."

" Sure," he said, backing. " And a fat chance I've got."

" Come over here. I want to tell you something."

Scarlet, deeply reluctant, he moved away with her to a spot around the rear of the house.

He began, " Listen. I wish you'd sort of quit pawing. I—"

" You don't understand," she said. She looked grim and determined. " If Don wins he won't go to Europe with me when I have to go in September. Instead, he'll be playing golf all over the country until the season is over."

Nick stared at her. " Don? You mean *Morrison?* "

She stamped a foot. " Of course I

NATION-WIDE
CARD PARTY
TABLE

Leading Stores in Coast-to-Coast Selling of Genuine

SAMSON *De Luxe* CARD TABLES

at Only $2.98

AND LOOK!
2 SMART NEW
COASTER ASH TRAYS
FREE
INCLUDED WITH
EACH TABLE
REGULARLY SELL FOR $1.00 Per Pair
786
780
714
795

No. 793—Simulated inlaid walnut effect.

● What an opportunity to own one of the handsomest card tables you've ever seen! Luxurious designs and colors . . . 59 more square inches of playing surface . . . *double steel-braced oversize legs* . . . deeper tops . . . wood grain effects or SAMSONHYDE which looks like leather! *And . . . you get 2 double coaster ash trays FREE!*

FEATURES: Stainproof, washable liquorproof tops! Steel protecting corners and edges! Easy-folding leg hinges! *STRONG ENOUGH TO SUPPORT OVER 300 POUNDS!*

SHWAYDER BROS., INC.
Dept. R-40
Denver, Colo. Detroit, Mich.

SEE YOUR DEALER—or send $2.98 plus 25c for postage and packing, specifying model number. We will ship table and coaster ash trays anywhere in U.S. **DEALERS!** Write or wire for details of this national sales-event.

ORDER BY NUMBER

(**No. 786**) Combination wood-leather effect. (**No. 780**) Blonde wood effect. (**No. 714**) Two-tone black leather effect. (**No. 795**) Walnut effect checkerboard.

SAMSON
De Luxe CARD TABLES

mean Morrison, you sap. Didn't you know he and I are engaged to be married?"

His lips tightened. "Then, why did you let him and Midge—"

"Oh, fiddlesticks!" snapped Norma. "We had a fight. He wants me to give up my job. And I simply can't. Not now. Not until my firm gets some one as good as I am to take my place. And they're sending me to Europe on a business deal in September, and I wanted Don to marry me just before I leave and use the trip for our honeymoon, and he wouldn't. On account, if you can believe it, of his *golf*. On account also, of course," said Norma petulantly, "of me saying I wouldn't give up my job and marry him before we came here and be a golf widow the rest of the summer."

"And what," Nick asked, when he finally took it all in, "has all that got to do with this match?"

She smiled at him sweetly. "If he loses he won't play golf any more this summer. We'll be married and he'll go to Europe with me."

Nick was thinking rapidly, If Midge knew this, she'd be heartbroken. If he didn't tell her, he's an unholy skunk. And if he doesn't marry this Dennis girl and get off to Europe, he'll be back here for the state championship tournament in September, and Lord knows what might happen.

Aloud he said, "I'll win if I can, Norma." And without another word and with no further glance toward her he strode away.

MORRISON showed no sign of worry when he stepped up to the ball on the first tee. He smiled amiably at Nick, grinned into the crowd at Midge.

Nick's teeth were clamped shut. His hands were clammy and he hated being watched when he played. He sliced his first drive, a long one, into the rough. But he played it out and was on the green in two. Morrison holed a twelve-foot putt. Nick missed his. The first hole was Morrison's with a birdie three.

Once only, during the first nine, did Nick execute a straight drive. Every other time he managed a hook or a slice. And yet, somehow, by dint of some strange mechanism of recovery concealed within him, he always managed to be on the green in exactly the same number of shots as laid Morrison there. Morrison went out in thirty-six; Nick in thirty-seven.

The eccentricity of Nick's performance began to get a little on the other man's nerves. His smile faded. He began to let a touch of temper get into his hands. Nick never looked at him, never met a single eye in the crowd. He went into sand traps and bunkers, and horror gaped from the watching faces until, with that new uncanny genius for getting into trouble and then out of it, he got out of them with one ferocious deadly swing.

The seventeenth loomed up. Morrison had Nick two up. The seventeenth was a water hole. The tee was on a high bank, and a sluggish stretch of lagoon, seaweeded and attractive only to a handful of leisurely ducks, lay between the tee and the green, which was a scant one hundred and sixty yards away.

Morrison's mashie lifted the ball in a smooth low arc over the water and on to the green within ten feet of the cup. The crowd was not interested. They had known he would do just that. But they had no idea what Nick Brewster would do. No one breathed when he stepped up to his ball, light iron in his hand. He swung. There was a light splash out in the middle of the lagoon. Ducks scattered and uttered peevish squawks.

A little moan escaped the crowd. Lost ball, lost stroke. Morrison would be out, quite probably, in a birdie two. Nick couldn't win now. The match was over.

But it wasn't—not quite. Nick asked for his niblick. He took it, slid down the bank with it.

He waded out in midstream, found the ball, a bare spot of its surface showing through the thick muddy bottom. He swung at it with everything he had. A cascade of mud and water geysered up into his face. He waded on out to the other side. The crowd was running over the bridge, and at the green's edge they stopped, gasping. Nick's ball lay at the very lip of the cup.

Morrison gaped at it, stared hard for a second at Nick. Then he shut his mouth tightly and seized his putter. He missed the putt. Somehow no one blamed him. It was as if some strange spirit walked with Nick Brewster that day. They tied the hole, and Nick took the next one—the last—with a birdie three against Morrison's unhappy five. Morrison did the slicing on the eighteenth. Morrison, in fact, blew up on the eighteenth.

It was all over. . . .

IN his room that evening after dinner Nick thought, Well, Norma's got her man now. Midge has lost him. He paced the floor and smoked. I've lost Midge, though. And if she knew I won that match out of sheer determination to get Morrison out of her life—

This did not bear thinking about. He started suddenly when he saw that his mother had laid out his evening clothes on his bed. With whom, he wondered, did she think he was going to the dance? With Midge? With Norma Dennis? Or did she suppose he was going stag, to be stared at by the curious who had never seen Nick Brewster at that dance without Midge Carroll?

He seized the shirt, tie, and collar and thrust them back into his bureau drawer. He felt stifled, and he went to the window to push it up a little higher. He stopped, hands clutching at the frame. Was that a spot of white down there on the Carroll lawn? He jammed his nose against the screen.

He yelled, as if he could be heard, "Hey, wait! Hold everything!" and plunged down the stairs and out of the house to the gap in the hedge. But on the other side of it he came to a dead stop. Midge was walking toward him and she was wearing a white dress.

"M-m-midge," he stuttered.

She said gravely, "I came to congratulate you on winning the match."

"Morrison," Nick said, "played much better golf."

She nodded. "Yes. Much better."

Nick examined his nails. "He's b-better—bigger—in a lot of ways. Maybe—"

"Maybe," Midge said. There was a slight pause, and then she said, "He uses lemon verbena hair oil."

Nick jumped. "Eh?"

Midge went on, "And his hands perspire."

Nick swayed a little forward but he could not seem to make his feet move.

Midge said, "You mustn't think, though, that he wasn't man enough to tell me he was engaged to Norma. He did, straight off. That's why I let him be the noble experiment."

Nick licked his lips. "That's why you—"

Midge stamped a foot. "You poor ninny, you don't think I wanted to fall in love with him or have him fall in love with me, do you? We were both perfectly safe. Norma knew that."

Nick managed, "But I thought you—I mean, I supposed you were m-making comparisons—the way we said—"

Midge's dimple flickered briefly. "I was," she said. "And I didn't like the lemon verbena nor the hands."

His feet came to life. He got over to her and took her in his arms and began to kiss her with the fervor of starvation.

She found her voice presently. "Fresh. We aren't even engaged."

He pawed for her engagement ring in his pocket. He slid it on her thumb.

"The thing is that even if he is bigger and better—"

"But he isn't—"

"But if he were you'd still love *me*."

"Yes. And not all the parents or propinquity could make us love each other if we didn't want to, you silly."

Nick said, "Speaking of parents, all four of 'em are peeking at us through the hedge."

Midge turned. Nick met his father's eye and T. J. raised his hands high above his beaming face and shook hands with himself. He meant, of course, that he was shaking hands with the new sales manager of the Carroll-Brewster Company. . . .

Nick Brewster might know nothing of metabolisms or allergies, but he knew all about engines.

THE END

Fun on the Marital Merry-Go-Round

The movies reflect the amusing affairs of a husband, a wife, and a dog—and lightly delve into some other matters of love

By BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 6 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

★ ★ ★ THE AWFUL TRUTH

THE PLAYERS: Irene Dunne, Cary Grant, Ralph Bellamy, Alexander D'Arcy, Cecil Cunningham, Molly Lamont, Esther Dale, Joyce Compton, Robert Allen, Robert Warwick, Mary Forbes, Claud Allister, Zita Moulton. Screen play by Viña Delmar based on a comedy by Arthur Richman. Directed by Leo McCarey. Produced by Columbia. Running time, 92 minutes.

A DIVERTING and humorous slant upon marriage. The Warriners—Lucy and Jerry—have grown a little tired of the bonds of matrimony. Before they know it they are in the divorce court, fighting over the custody of Mr. Smith, their pet wire-haired terrier.

The divorce isn't quite final when Jerry comes to his senses. Lucy, although she, too, still is in love, is on the way into a marriage with a dull well meaning chap from Oklahoma. Something has to be done. We particularly recommend the eventful un-Haysian half minute before the decree becomes final.

The comedy moves with speed, it is sprightly in its telling, and very personably acted by Irene Dunne and Cary Grant. You will like Ralph Bellamy as the turgid-minded oil millionaire. You will find most of The Awful Truth to be highly amusing. Leo McCarey, who directed Make Way for Tomorrow, handles this merry-go-round with an expert hand.

The warring Warriners consider a truce. Cary Grant

VITAL STATISTICS: This was Arthur Richman's only big stage hit. It's been made as a silent film. Viña Delmar added modern garnishment to this version, retaining the original largely. . . . Irene Dunne likes these comedy parts; wishes she'd started in them instead of in those heavy dramatic things she's done. They have made lots of folks think her cold and aloof. Irene wears 27 quarts of milk in a gown in this, made entirely of beads made of milk casein hardened under pressure, like billiard balls. . . . Ralph Bellamy's played 375 parts in stock; made 20 movies. Ran away at 17 to join a Shakespearean troupe, has been acting ever since. Is of Chicago. One of his ancestors wrote Silver Threads Among the Gold. Has been happily married to Catherine Willard since 1930; she's an English actress. . . . Gary Grant's Archibald Leach by birth; his father was a London clothing m'f'r. He inherits his drama from grandpaw Percival Leach. He ran away to a circus at 12 and 15, learned acrobatics, eccentric dancing, stilt stunts, and a clown routine. His good voice got him into musicomedy; he never played a dramatic role till Hollywood took him over. Saves his money assiduously, likes the beach, doesn't barge around much nights, is always in the pink. . . . Alexander D'Arcy is Egyptian with a sprinkling of French. His father's name was Nequib Fabre Efflatoun; his mother's, Mathilde des Estavels. Born in Cairo, he was christened Alexander Fabre Efflatoun; was educated in Cairo, Switzerland, Paris; started out to be a lawyer, until acting caught up with him. . . . In that high-pressured wind scene the seams in Joyce Compton's dress blew out, fellers! . . . Skippy was Asta in The Thin Man.

★ ★ ½ LIVE, LOVE, AND LEARN

THE PLAYERS: Robert Montgomery, Rosalind Russell, Robert Benchley, Helen Vinson, Mickey Rooney, Monty Woolley, E. E. Clive, Charles Judels, Maude Eburne, Harlan Briggs, June Clayworth, Al Shean. Screen play by Charles Brackett, Cyril Hume, and Richard Maibaum from a story by Marion Parsonnet, suggested by Helen Grace Carlisle. Directed by George Fitzmaurice. Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Running time, 78 minutes.

HERE is another Hollywood whimsey. Bob Graham, a mad, penniless young artist, meets a girl of considerable money, and the two rush into marriage. Even a chilly garret in Greenwich Village doesn't disturb the course of true love. But Bob is discovered, feted—and he loses his head, along with his sense of humor.

Robert Montgomery is light and amusing as the artist; Rosalind Russell is pleasant as his bride. Even better is Robert Benchley, critic turned actor, as a rather disreputable but honest friend of the two. Monty Woolley does a nice bit as a whiskered art connoisseur.

Fairly amusing whimsey—if you aren't fed up on whimsey.

VITAL STATISTICS: Monty Woolley headed the dramah dept. of Yale for 12 years, directed on Bway before deciding to act. A Hollywood scout saw him in stock, admired his beard, had him imported to M-G-M, which needed a beard. . . . Bob Montgomery attended an art school in San Francisco for a month so's to avoid boners in his painter role and feel at home in a smock before an easel. Bob eats a dozen stalks of celery a day for his nerves. He collects first editions—has the largest group in Hollywood. This is his 46th pic; last was the brooder Night Must Fall. . . . All Montgomery's screen painting, and most other painting for painter roles, is done by New Master & Excellent Canvas Dauber Warren Newcombe. Newcombe's of Waltham, Mass.; has been hung around the world galleries; can turn out a first-class canvas overnight. Perfected what's known as the glass shot—a landscape or background painted on glass, against which movie scenes are played in double exposure. He makes lots more this way than his fellow artists do in garrets, but gets hangable work done at his job. . . . Rozz Russell's just been made a full-fledged star; is still Hollywood's leading lady bachelor and most eligible catch. Born with a set of expensive silver spoons in her mouth, Social Registered male visitors to Hollywood call on Rozz, plead their cause, are sent back East with no hope. She's determined to be the world's greatest actress; marriage can wait. . . . Robert Benchley thinks the worst he can wish any one is that one's children be born humorists.

★ ★ ½ DANGER—LOVE AT WORK

THE PLAYERS: Ann Sothern, Jack Haley, Mary Boland, Edward Everett Horton, John Carradine, Walter Catlett, Bennie Bartlett, Maurice Cass, Alan Dinehart, Etienne Girardot, E. E. Clive, Margaret McWade, Margaret Seddon, Elisha Cook, Jr., Hilda Vaughn, Charles Coleman, George Chandler, Spencer Charters, Hal K. Dawson, Stanley Fields, Paul Hurst, Claud Allister, Jonathan Hale, Charles Lane. Screen play by James Edward Grant and Ben Markson, based on a story by Mr. Grant. Directed by Otto L. Preminger. Produced by Twentieth Century-Fox. Running time, 81 minutes.

THIS is another attempt to catch the pixilated mood. Indeed the pixilated sisters from Mr. Deeds are here to help.

The plot? A young attorney is given the job of getting the Pemberton family to sign a legal document. But the task of getting the crazy Pem-

and Irene Dunne in a scene from The Awful Truth.

No one ever kissed her
GOOD NIGHT

Bad breath is death to romance. And bad breath is frequently caused by constipation. Just as headaches, sleeplessness, weakness can be produced by it, or most skin blemishes aggravated by it!

Dr. F. M. Edwards, during his years of practice, treated hundreds of women for constipation and frequently noted that relief sweetened the breath and improved well-being and vitality. For his treatment he used a vegetable compound—Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets. This laxative is gentle, yet very effective because *it increases the bile flow without shocking the intestinal system.*

Help guard against constipation. Use Olive Tablets. At all druggists, 15¢, 30¢ and 60¢.

RED COMET STOPS FIRE
You never know when fire is going to strike at you and yours. Send for free Facts about Red Comet Automatic Fire Control today--**before** your fire starts. **RED COMET, INC., Dept. 12, Littleton, Colo.**
(A few good territories still open--write or wire)

WOODSTOCK TYPEWRITERS

PATCHY BALDNESS
DANDRUFF—ITCHING?

Don't accept these conditions as something about which nothing of any real value can be done. Give Glover's Mange Medicine a chance to prove its worth. Used with massage, it is a most effective aid in treating the scalp and hair. Famous for over a half century. To remove the Medicine's pine tar odor, shampoo with Glover's Medicated Soap. At all Druggists. Start using both today! *Tell your Barber or Hairdresser to give you GLOVER'S.* For FREE literature, write **GLOVER'S, 462 Fourth Avenue, New York City.**

GLOVER'S MANGE MEDICINE

bertons into line has nearly broken the firm of lawyers. Jack Haley is the legal mind given the job of lining up the Pembertons, including a philatelist, a surrealist, an absent-minded old scientist, two maiden aunts, and an old millionaire who has renounced comforts to get back to nature in a cave. And Jack would fail, if the dizzy daughter of the eccentric household, otherwise Ann Sothern, didn't help. Not a whirlwind farce but quite amusing.

VITAL STATISTICS: Song of same title inspired this; was sung in You Can't Have Everything. Why not, I always ask. . . . Jack Haley was the Forgotten Man of Hollywood until he came back with a comic vengeance in Wake Up and Live. Every one thought he sang beautifully in it. Didn't do any of his own singing in that but had a nameless voice double. Has the same double in this but gets all the credit—studios not caring to advertise such disturbing facts. Curiously, very few people know about this (a) because the voice synchronizing is done so cleverly by Haley's lips and actions; and (b) because they don't read Liberty. . . . Blondey lush Ann Sothern is really Harriet Lake; her mother was singer Annette Yde. Ann's still a shark at backgammon; she hates bridge; keeps studying voice and piano against possible opera. She was born in Valley City, N. D. . . . Edward Everett Horton doesn't like to analyze himself but says he's a cross between Caspar Milquetoast and the worm that turned. . . . John Carradine's been a quick-sketch artist, a scene painter; is a sculptor, except in 10-ton granite blocks or on mountain sides. Was born in Greenwich Village in 1906; lived through its whoopee years. . . . The Pixilated Sisters are Margaret McWade and Margaret Seddon, aren't related. McWade's married; Seddon's a spinster. . . . That's some real California rain falling in one of those wet scenes. It fell by accident, of course.

★ ★ STAND-IN

THE PLAYERS: Leslie Howard, Joan Blondell, Humphrey Bogart, Alan Mowbray, Marla Shelton, C. Henry Gordon, Jack Carson, J. C. Nugent, Tully Marshall, William V. Mong. Screen play by Gene Towne and Graham Baker from a story by Clarence Budington Kelland. Directed by Tay Garnett. Produced by Walter Wanger-United Artists. Running time, 88 minutes.

WITH mercenary motives the powers that be at Colossal Films are deliberately mismanaging the studio, and the New York banking house financing the project sends out Efficiency Man Atterbury Dodd to investigate. Bespectacled Atterbury Dodd is a human cash register who thinks in terms of figures and ash trays—until he encounters Miss Lester Plum, attractive double for the chief Colossal star.

The fault of Stand-in is that it has no real story, resting entirely upon its picturesque exposure of Hollywood mechanics. Nor is Leslie Howard any too real or sympathetic as Mr. Dodd. Joan Blondell is the girl. The best in the cast is Humphrey Bogart, alcoholic chief of Colossal.

VITAL STATISTICS: There's yet to be a hit film kidding Hollywood. First one, made about 1923, was called Hollywood, made nary a nickel. Once in a Lifetime cost over a million; lost more than that somehow. Blonde Bombshell, made with Harlow, was excellent; studio lost a producer's shirt on it. On the other hand there's never been a serious, sentimental movie about Hollywood that's failed to do well. Look at A Star Is Born—a clean-up. The public just won't have its yens kidded! . . . Leslie Howard fell in love with this slapsticky part as soon's he read it; probably used it to forget his gloomy Hamlet. . . . C. Henry Gordon's Hollywood's most sneering villain. Spends his spare time raising flowers, playing the violin, and cooking. Has one of the happiest of Hollywood marriages. . . . Humphrey Bogart plays a good boy for a change. Stepped into role fresh from being "Babyface" Martin in Dead End. . . . Unknown Jack Carson, who plays minute bits, gets his first chance in a good-sized role as Press Agent Potts. He was chosen over seven name actors. . . . Marla Shelton likes to play piano, mix salads; uses no lotions on a perfect complexion. She's Patrick Hurley's godchild. . . . Mowbray the Merry had a field day playing the part of the director Koslokski who eats caviar for breakfast, peacock for lunch, swims in a perfumed pool, rides in a car like a coronation coach, wears a beret to bed, smokes from a two-foot pipe. . . . That seal got $100 a day and a basket of fish for living in that Hollywood boarding-house bathtub; is called Popeye. The penguin was rented @ $50 a day.

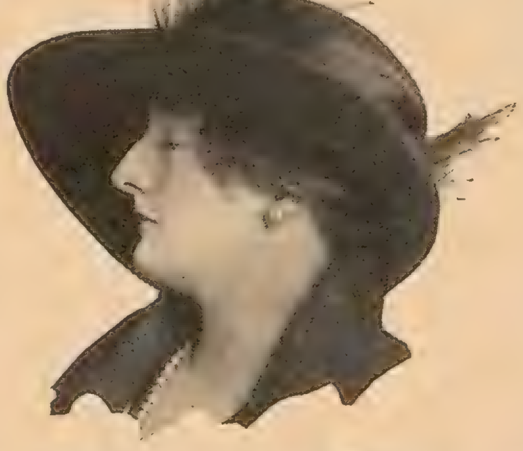
FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—The Life of Emile Zola, A Star Is Born.

★★★½—Mayerling, Stage Door, 100 Men and a Girl, Stella Dallas, You Can't Have Everything, They Won't Forget, Disney's Academy Award Revue, Make Way for Tomorrow, Kid Galahad, Shall We Dance, The Prince and the Pauper.

★★★—Ebb Tide, First Lady, Angel, Something to Sing About, Varsity Show, The Prisoner of Zenda, Thin Ice, Broadway Melody of 1938, Vogues of 1938, Dead End, Victoria the Great, Souls at Sea, Artists and Models, Saratoga, Topper, Easy Living, The Toast of New York, King Solomon's Mines, Wee Willie Winkie, The Road Back, Mountain Music, The Singing Marine, A Day at the Races, Parnell, I Met Him in Paris, This Is My Affair, Café Metropole, Night Must Fall.

☆ TWENTY QUESTIONS ☆



1—This week's early photo (at reader's right) is of an ex-newspaperwoman whose name was Thompson before she married the brother of the author of The Octopus. Her husband, a novelist in his own right, is her literary agent; she's particularly skilled in portraying middle-class life. Who?

2—An artificial leg weighs and costs how much?

3—When F. D. R. was Assistant Secretary, who was Secretary of the Navy?

4—Which hoofed mammal, that is found in Asia and South America, has a diminutive trunk?

5—Who was Joan Crawford's husband before Franchot Tone?

6—Is the Bourse in Brussels a stock exchange, race track, or fashion mart?

7—Who was the most talked-of June bride of 1937?

8—Among the 12,000 varieties of bees, how many gather nectar?

9—In what year did the Three Little Pigs receive their Academy award?

10—The autograph of which President costs about seventy-five dollars?

11—What kind of towns are Brandy City, Drytown, Midas, and Rough and Ready?

12—Thomas Jonathan Jackson is better known by what name?

13—The Eustachian tube is a closed slit except when you do one of which three things?

14—Which party does Sir Oswald Mosley lead?

15—The great and little talents of the Romans were worth how much in Old Deal dollars?

16—When was Charlie McCarthy born?

17—How many are killed each year by the scores of meteorites which fall on the earth's surface?

18—Which birthday did Eleanor Roosevelt celebrate last month?

19—Who founded Detroit?

20—What American suffrage and society leader was once a Smith and then a Vanderbilt?

(Answers will be found on page 46)

To the Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 3 SECONDS

A BURGLAR broke into the childhood home of Carolyn Wells, famous authoress, one night when she was a little girl. Scared off while snatching the family silver, he got away with two spoons and one fork. The fork belonged to Carolyn's baby set—knife, fork, and spoon—of which she still has the spoon and knife. But she has never forgiven that burglar for disrupting the set by stealing her personal, private fork. . . . She has had her revenge, though, for since then she has written forty-six detective novels in which the criminal always gets nabbed in the end. . . .

Has also won wide celebrity for her nursery poems and her humorous jingles.

Here's a nonsense rhyme she made up for me while we were talking about old-fashioned Thanksgiving customs:

ON TEGUCIGALPA
(*That's a town in Honduras*)

I had a little Goosey and her name was Galpa.
And that's all I know about t' Goosey Galpa.
But I went to my Grandma's, as long as she was living,
Every day that it was Thanksgiving.

Years ago, when girls wore long skirts, Carolyn used to carry rolls of small change around in the tops of her stockings. One day the rolls came unwrapped, stuffing her legs with dimes and quarters from ankle to knee. It was the day before Thanksgiving, and Carolyn says she certainly had something to be thankful for that time—her long skirts.

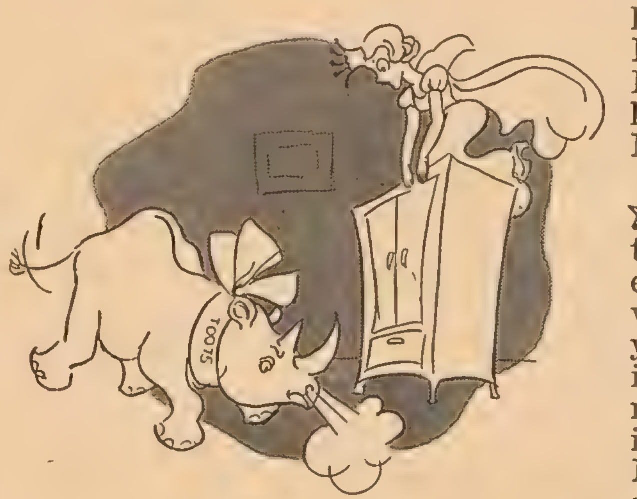
A great talent for cordiality and kindness has long made Carolyn Wells the friend of noted men and women everywhere. Her autograph album, which she calls the "Roster of the Mermaid Club," is a truly remarkable collection of world-renowned signatures. Her recently published autobiography, The Rest of My Life (J. B. Lippincott Company), teems with famous names. . . . Despite all her crime-story writing, she never has been acquainted with a real-life detective or a real-life criminal.

☆ "What's that writing on your dress?" Anne Morgan, sister of J. Pierpont Morgan, asked a friend this question at a recent party.

"Writing?" The friend was puzzled. "What writing? It's just a new French dress with an indistinct pattern. There's no writing on it."

"Oh, yes, there is," said Anne Morgan, whose eyes are pretty sharp. She looked closer. "That indistinct pattern," she said, "is a conventionalized design of the name *Wally*. You have *Wally, Wally, Wally* written all over you."

It was true. Other women crowded around to see. The Paris fabric designers have put out dress materials whereupon the name *Wally* is cleverly concealed. But it's there, just the same.



☆ Ohio girl was furiously embarrassed last Thanksgiving when her young man arrived, uninvited, at the big family reunion her folks always have upon that day. Assorted relatives of hers were there from miles around—and in walked her best boy friend, without bid or warning. She strangled her wrath, introduced him to the tribe, sat him down to dinner. That night he proposed. Also explained. "I didn't want," he said, "to meet your whole family for the first time at our wedding. It would be too late then, if I didn't like them. This was my chance, so I took it. And they're swell folks. Congratulations." . . . The *nerve* of him!

☆ The drawing you see here this week was sent to me recently from South Africa by Aleko E. Li F. R. G. S., big-game hunter, explorer and author. (He wrote I Sailed with Chinese Pirates. You have read stories of his in Liberty.) His accompanying letter says: "One of the greatest pleasures I've often experienced on my safaris has been reading your page in old but cherished copies of Liberty. We hang on to our reading matter a long while, out here on the Dark Continent. . . . To show my appreciation I am sending you, by early mail steamer, a young black rhino that you can tame as a pet. . . ."

A pet, Mr. Lilius—or a threat? From now on I'm going to be scared pink every time my doorbell rings. It may be an expressman delivering that young black rhino!

How young can a black rhino be tamed? I wonder.

And *how* tame?

☆ Some girls I know are keeping *dream diaries*. They have had dream books and ordinary diaries bound together, with the dream book in the back. In the morning, after a dreamful night, they write their dream down in the diary under the proper date, along with whatever interpretation they find in the dream book. They say it's fun to keep a record of their dreams throughout the year. Seems to me a combination diary and dream book might make a good novelty gift.

☆ How do smart girls succeed in the department-store business? Sara Pennoyer—one of them who did—has told her story in her new book, Polly Tucker: Merchant. (Published by Dodd, Mead & Co.)

☆ A soufflé of turkey or chicken will use up the very last bits of your Thanksgiving bird in a manner befitting its dignity. Make the soufflé as follows: Cook ½ cup rice in stock from turkey or chicken bones. Cut what remains of the meat into small pieces. Prepare 2 cups thick white sauce lightly flavored with onion juice, salt, pepper, pinch of nutmeg, and a little minced parsley. Stir in 2 egg yolks, then the cooked rice, then the meat, and finally the stiffly beaten whites of 2 eggs. Butter a deep fireproof dish, put the soufflé mixture in it, sprinkle grated cheese on top; set dish in pan of hot water and bake 40 minutes in moderate oven.

Serve piping hot in fireproof dish, with an extra supply of fresh grated cheese on the side and a salad consisting of green peppers and lettuce.

THE END

Death Over Galápagos

The diary of the last woman in Eden!—New light on the Pacific's strangest mystery

BY GRETA WITTMER

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

SOME five years ago a series of mysterious events occurred on the island of Floreana in the Galápagos. Dore Strauch (Frau Körwin) and Dr. Friedrich Ritter went to the uninhabited island to make an experiment in " psychological living." Later the Wittmers—Heinz, Greta, and Heinz' son Harry—came to build a home. Ritter and Dore, eccentric and antisocial, did not welcome their new neighbors. Nor were they pleased at the arrival of the exotic Baroness Wagner with her harem of lovers. In her book, Satan Came to Eden, Dore described the difficulties that arose among the three households. But she left many important questions unanswered. What became of the Baroness and Philippson? Did Lorenz, another lover, kill them? And was Dr. Ritter murdered?

To find out the answers to these questions for Liberty readers, Charles J. Hubbard sailed to Floreana in his schooner Zavorah. On the island he found Heinz, Greta, and Harry Wittmer, and Greta's baby, Rolf, born soon after the Wittmers arrived. He discovered that the Wittmers were charming, hard-working people, not the schemers Dore had pictured them. Before Mr. Hubbard left, Greta Wittmer gave him her own diary to take back with him. It covers the period between the Wittmers' arrival on Floreana and Dore Strauch's departure for Germany after the death of Dr. Ritter.

This diary, printed in Liberty, for the first time, gives a frank and fascinating picture of life on the isolated tropical island. It tells of the strange relationship between Ritter and Dore; of the escapades of the oversexed Baroness and her uncanny power over men; of the Wittmers' efforts to keep peace.

The Baroness planned to erect a hotel on the island and invited every man she saw to visit her. Men from boats that touched Floreana were lured to her cabin, and any gifts they left with her for the Ritters or the Wittmers she seized for herself. She fought violently with Dore, drank heavily, and made herself a general nuisance. Finally, when she destroyed the landing raft of some visitors, Dr. Ritter wrote to the major at Chatham Island, demanding her removal as a menace. The major came to Floreana.

PART THREE—THE BARONESS SHOOTS WILD

BUT madame was not at home; she had gone with Philippson for a walk to Post Office Bay. The major did not wish to wait, so his mission was not fulfilled. What did we care? We had letters, papers, dry goods, seeds, chocolate, and for Rolf a baby outfit now useless—it had been six months coming.

May 30. The major from Chatham came again, to try Dr. Ritter's complaint in the case of Stampa and Franke. A session was held at the wigwam, and seven men represented the majesty of the law; but the outcome remained a secret. The major stayed on the island a day and a night. Madame and Philippson were invited to go back to Chatham for the trip. She had completely turned the tables and got the upper hand. All this excited the Ritters so much that they had scenes, and Frau Dora was struck hard on the mouth by her doctor.

June 7. Madame returned from Chatham. She had not bought much there, but had captured another masculine assistant, Herr Knut Arens, a Dane who had come with the major as interpreter in the Stampa and Franke case. He was hired at a monthly salary.

June 18. Herr Arens paid us a visit. He says he hired out to the Baroness so as to earn money to go back home. His office is " master of the hunt." He told us that people think Dr. Ritter's living here is a mere trick to call attention to himself in order to better find a market for his writings.

July 15. Heinz and Harry celebrated their name day last week, and I my twenty-ninth birthday. We took a little vacation from work and were much together in the house, reading, enjoying each other. The nights are so cold that we use two and three woolen blankets. Rolf has two teeth, and cries a good deal.

The walls of our stone house are up, and Heinz has 800 poles ready for the roof and ceiling. The latter received a covering of clay. I have begun to wean Rolf.

August 28. The anniversary of our arrival on Floreana. A German newspaperman named Boekmann turned up, bringing us mail. He had dined at madame's and was enthusiastic about her.

Heinz has experimented until he produced some sun-dried bricks. Our candles are about used up, so he set half a milk can on a base of clay, filled it with hot suet, and put a wick of twisted wild cotton in it. By this we can read a few hours each evening.

October 1. Herr Boekmann arrived again, bringing his brother-in-law, Herr Linde. They are to stay at Dr. Ritter's.

October 2. Heinz took letters we had written down to Dr. Ritter's for Herr Boekmann to mail. He found excitement in the air. When the two visitors had left our place they went to madame's, and she invited them on a hunt. They went, with Philippson and Arens and an Ecuadorian soldier, to a part of the island called the Pampa. On the way thither madame told them she had a strange fancy for shooting down an animal just so she could nurse it afterward. Well, it so happened that she took aim at a calf with her 6-mm. musket just as the soldier, with his 88 model Mauser, aimed at a hog. Neither animal was hit, but Herr Arens sank to the ground with a bullet in his abdomen. He bled profusely, and they made him as comfortable as they could on the ground while Boekmann and Linde fetched Dr. Ritter, who did all he could. A diagram was made of the location of every one at the moment of the shooting. It showed that madame had fired the shot that hit.

At Dr. Ritter's they were saying that the Baroness was much put out because the newcomers had wanted to lodge at Friedo, and she had tried to argue them out of it. Failing, she had suggested the hunt. It looked as if she had intended to shoot Herr Linde in the leg to prevent his going down to Dr. Ritter's. Of course there was no proof of madame's intention.

For three days and nights Arens lay out on the Pampa, nursed by madame, waiting for a ship that would take him back to Guayaquil to have the bullet removed.

October 5. A ship arrived and Herr Arens left Floreana, accompanied by Philippson.

We are ready to move into our stone house. It is so nice that we shall be just about as comfortable in it as we would be in a little suburban house anywhere.

Madame sent Lorenz to us, to ask that Heinz examine a donkey they had caught and say if it was Dr. Ritter's. He found the donkey certainly not Dr. Ritter's Burro. Madame was only wanting to talk. She ran on about her discontent and disappointment; she was sick and tired of the island and wanted to go away. Heinz thought her nerves seemed shattered. Several times when Heinz had to pass her garden on errands she was wearing a most unusual garb—something too skimpy to be called even a ballet skirt. Moreover, her postures were so vulgar and her remarks so unequivocal that Heinz was glad to hurry by and leave this aristocrat.

The day after Heinz' visit a private yacht of some one living in Guayaquil anchored in Post Office Bay, and madame had them take her on board. They were bound for the mainland, so we heard. Imagine our joy! But it didn't last long. In Chatham the yacht met a steamer on which Philippson was returning from his mission with Arens. What did madame do but change boats and come back to Floreana with Philippson! We learned that Arens' bullet had been extracted. It proved to be a 6-mm. projectile, so it unquestionably came fro madame's gun.

Once when Heinz went out during the night he met donkey on the steps to our terrace. He shot it down. Next morning, making his rounds, he discovered our upper garden gate adjoining madame's garden was open. He knew he had left it fastened the night before and only a human hand could have opened it. That donkey had been let into our garden; and, he discovered, it was Dr. Ritter's donkey, Burro. It was a wicked plan to stir up strife between us and the Ritters. Frau Körwin was particularly attached to the animal. We buried it and decided to say nothing to any one; both sides would only assail us.

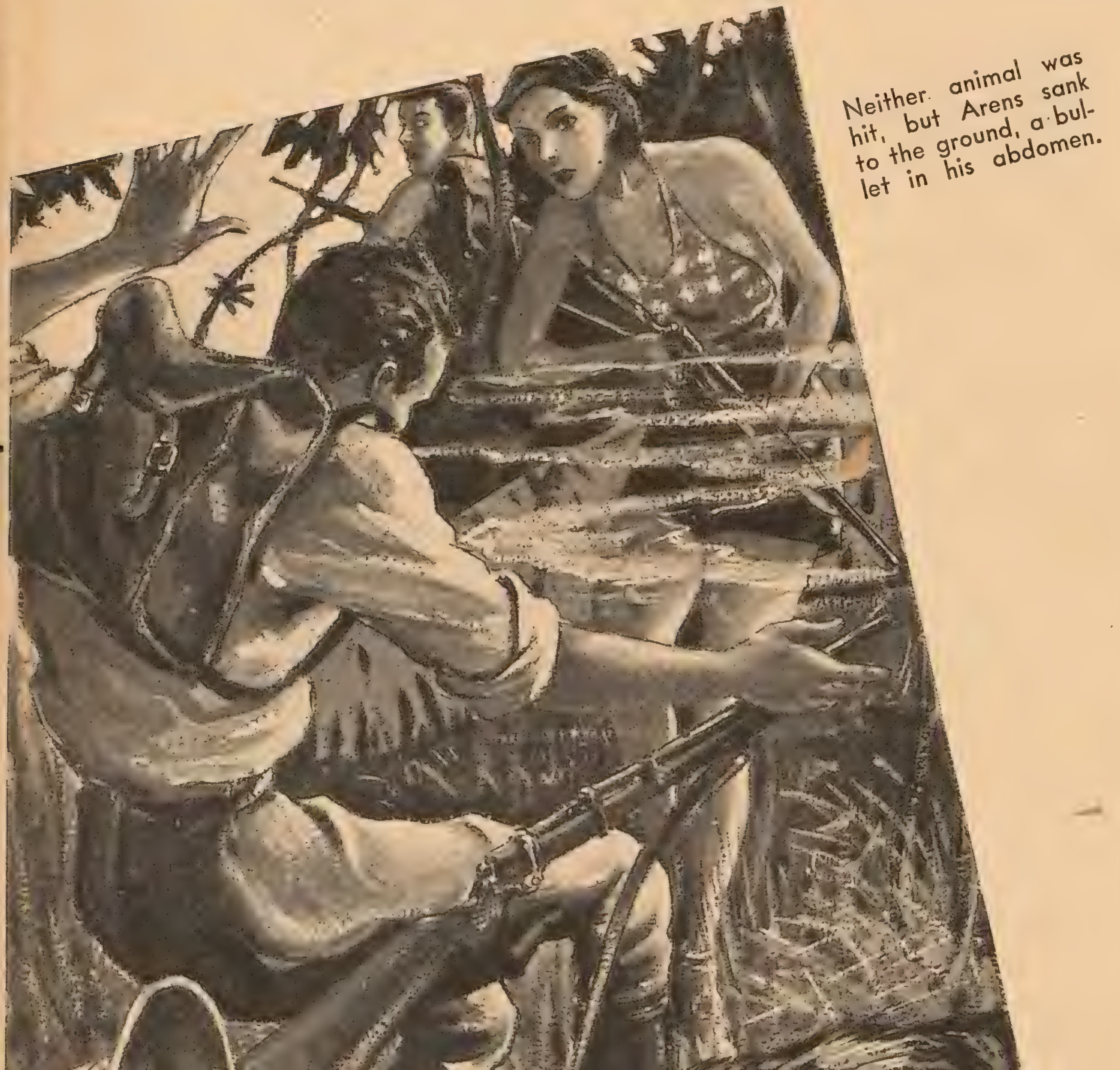
Christmas-time. We still felt badly about the donkey, so we packed Isidor, our turtle, in a large sack and Heinz and Harry took him down to Friedo as a Christmas gift. When Heinz and Harry got home I had our living room adorned with flowers and three candles on the mantelpiece; and we had a bonfire to take the place of a Christmas tree.

January 2, 1934. Captain Hancock came in his Velero III. After calling at Dr. Ritter's the party came on to us. While we were talking I happened to mention Heinz' dear wish to get to the east side of the island, and Captain Hancock immediately offered to take him in the motorboat. They went the next morning, and found the entire east side of the island without water. There must have been a slip of the pen in Beebe's book; the west side must have been meant. We think the plantation of Patrick the Irishman in Galápagos is certainly Dr. Ritter's present location.

January 3. Heinz and I went down to swim in the ocean, and there saw the Velero III coming back. We stopped at Friedo and found the Ritters all excitement about it. When the party had landed, we all met them. They had come back to watch for the yacht of a friend coming from Norway. While we were with the party, Frau Dora, wearied with walking, caused a delay. Dr. Ritter snapped at her and she began to cry. I drew her away, out of his reach, and she began telling me her troubles. She begged me to come to see her oftener; she had so much to put up with from Dr. Ritter, who was getting harder to deal with all the time. It was all so embarrassing.

The doctor was delighted with Captain Hancock's gift of a complete dentistry outfit, and was making a new set of artificial teeth for Frau Dora.

The wild hogs are getting troublesome again. Heinz uses a double-barreled shotgun, 16-gauge. He molds the bullets himself. You have to go up to within twenty paces of the animal to be sure



Neither animal was hit, but Arens sank to the ground, a bullet in his abdomen.

BE MOUTH-FRESH . . . AND IT'S FUN TO
CHEW WITH A PURPOSE

3 ways to mouth health

1. ORALGENE is a firmer, "chewier" gum. It gives your mouth, teeth and gums needed exercise.

2. ORALGENE contains milk of magnesia (dehydrated). It helps to mouth freshness.

3. ORALGENE helps keep teeth clean — and fresh-looking throughout the day. Chew it after every meal.

Each piece individually wrapped

ORALGENE
pronounced oral gene (mouth health)
A DELICIOUS BEECH-NUT PRODUCT
SOLD WHERE BEECH-NUT GUM IS DISPLAYED

SHAVE CLOSE SAFELY

Stop shaving with loosened handle. Place a "Safety Spacer" between blade and guard. SCREW HANDLE TIGHT, thereby increasing shaving distance—*THE SAFE WAY* to closer shaving. Made of nickel silver for this type razor only. At your dealer or send a dime to
A. W. BARNARD, 24 Orange Ave., Citra, Florida

READER INTEREST

Liberty's copy-by-copy purchase (over 85% single copy sale) maintains peak reader interest. Liberty gets read or it wouldn't get bought.

TRADE WISE MARK

The wise and pleasant way to relieve a cough due to a cold is a Smith Brothers Cough Drop. (Two kinds: Black or Menthol—5¢.)

Smith Bros. Cough Drops are the only drops containing VITAMIN A
This is the vitamin that raises the resistance of the mucous membranes of the nose and throat to cold and cough infections.

of killing it, and if it isn't killed it disappears into the brush and you lose it. Madame, with her 6-mm. gun, shoots at everything and most of the animals get away. She shoots for the love of it. Heinz has often brought down animals which, when butchered, were found to have 6-mm. bullets in the lung or the liver. In a civilized country the police and the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals would put an end to her sport.

March —. Five months without rain. Dead cattle lie all around.

Poor Heinz has a badly abscessed tooth. I told Frau Dora about it, but she said that was a thing Dr. Ritter could do nothing about.

Lorenz came with the news that he had run away from the wigwam. He was in terrible shape. Lately Philippson had been giving him frequent terrible thrashings. He took up his abode with us. He said he was going to leave on a ship that was due in a few weeks.

Strangely enough, madame appeared to approve of Lorenz' living with us. Every day the two met at the gate and disappeared into the brush. Of this Philippson was to know nothing. It was certainly an uncomfortable situation for us. Lorenz said he was sure Philippson meant to make an end of him.

March 27. Lorenz was out with Harry, helping to get wood, when madame appeared at the gate asking for him. I told her he was not in. Would I please tell him, she said, that friends of hers had come to take her and Philippson with them to the South Seas, and that Lorenz was to take care of the animals and the house and wait for further news from her? I wouldn't believe my ears. What we had longed for so inexpressibly—was it actually going to happen? When Lorenz came back and heard it, several hours later, he was as astonished as we. But he sat down and ate his dinner calmly before he went to the wigwam.

What will Lorenz find at the wigwam? In her final installment next week Greta Wittmer reveals the surprising past of the love-crazed Baroness and tells of the strange death of Dr. Ritter. Don't miss it!

Philippson, Lorenz, and the Baroness.

Listen in! Here are secrets you in the football grandstands don't hear

STRANGE THINGS HAPPEN IN THE HUDDLE

A touchdown is born. Fordham players plotting their victorious march against T. C. U. in this year's game.

By EDWIN B. DOOLEY

READING TIME ● 6 MINUTES 46 SECONDS

THE next time you attend a football game, don't join the crowd when it starts booing the team because it's taking too much time in the huddle. It may look as though the boys gathered in that little circle on the field were purposely delaying the game. They're not. If they could hurry they would, but gridiron plots are delicate things, and unless every man knows exactly what he is to do, the scheme collapses of its own weight.

In the solemn conclave of the huddle many of football's greatest plays were born. In it some of the gridiron's most stirring dramas have been acted.

Third-string substitutes, playing in a big game for the first time, have felt the magic of the huddle, tossed off their inhibitions and exalted their weary teammates on to victory. Battered and befuddled pals have become bitter enemies because of a word or phrase carelessly uttered in the huddle. And, by the same token, fast friendships have been made, and bonds sealed in a do-or-die pledge to " hold that line " or score that touchdown.

There was that crucial Yale-Princeton game last season, when the Tiger unit was set on repeating its 1935 triumph. Larry Kelley, the Yale end, was the most feared man on the field. Princeton knew his prowess well.

Yale went into a huddle. " Listen, you birds," Kelley said. " Princeton thinks I'm an octopus because they've got three guys covering me. Toss me a long fast pass so I can show them how we win ball games up at Yale."

The Eli field general knew the irrepressible Kelley was as good as his boast. He called for a pass. Kelley made one of the most dramatic catches in the annals of football, snaring the ball with one hand while surrounded by Tiger defenders. He raced on for a touchdown.

At Cambridge, some years ago, Harvard's greatest team was playing host to Centre College of Kentucky. The latter's team was known as the Praying Colonels. Theoretically Centre was hopelessly outclassed, and Harvard reigned a heavy favorite. Just before the game Centre College went into a huddle to talk things over.

Centre's captain, a big, ponderous, slow-thinking farm lad, held up his hand. " I just want to remind each and every one of you," he said, " that when you line up for the kick-off, you're going to be facing a bunch of guys every one of whom votes a straight Republican ticket."

Little Centre College went out and whipped Harvard that day in one of the first major upsets in which a small and obscure institution trimmed its powerful adversary.

In reality there is nothing mysterious about the huddle. It was not designed originally with any strategic purpose in view. Instead, it developed naturally and unconsciously, changing only as the game became more complicated. When William S. Gummere's Princeton team played the first intercollegiate game of American football back in 1869, the players walked back after every play, gathered themselves in a circle and talked over the next play. They had signals, no doubt, but it was safer to outline the next move.

They didn't call it the huddle in those days, but the formation was basically the same as it is today.

As time went on and teams became better organized and better coached, they used the huddle less frequently and at times dispensed with it almost entirely. This was due largely to the growing belief among leading teachers of the game that a good team employs a steady attack, moves quickly, and never lets up in its offensive pressure until it scores or loses the ball. The only time the huddle was used in this era was during time-outs, when the players gathered and talked things over.

It was in such a huddle as this that Jim Thorpe, the great Indian back of Carlisle, uttered his immortal phrase. The Carlisle signal caller was given to calling signals in large numbers. He would stand behind his line and bellow: " Two million four hundred and sixty-five thousand nine hundred and seventy-four! . . . Nine million three hundred and twenty-two thousand eight hundred and forty-five!"

Only the last two digits of any series of numbers mattered, and the quarterback's verbosity began to irk stolid and pragmatic Thorpe. "Look here, Lone Bear," Thorpe said. "Cut out all that number calling. Just let the center flip the ball to me. The interference can follow along behind."

With the growth of crowds, the teams found that frequently the signal caller's voice was drowned out by the cheering. There was only one thing to do, namely huddle.

Around 1922, teams everywhere started using the huddle again. Coaches discovered, however, that a team that got its signal in the huddle, then lined up and charged with the snap of the ball, lacked something it formerly had when it was responding to the signal caller's loud commands. Jess Hawley of Dartmouth advanced the theory that a team, to be successful, must have rhythm, timing, and speed. The huddle, used exclusively, ruined all three.

In order to offset this defect, Hawley decided to employ both the huddle and signal calling as well. His quarterback gave the real signal in the huddle. The team would then line up. The quarterback would shout two series of numbers. These meant nothing to the team, but the rhythmic beat of the quarterback's loud and inspiring voice provided a psychological "lift" to the team and helped the timing of the charge. Using this method of play, Hawley's famous Dartmouth teams of a decade ago went undefeated for several years.

Most elevens today use this same method. Some give two signals in the huddle. The first is the play. The quarterback simply says: "Thirty-one!" or "Forty-five!" That is a definite play. The next number may be simply "Two!" or "Three!" or maybe "Four!" This means the ball will be snapped on the second, third, or fourth number of the oral signals.

Players are coached to charge with the snap of the ball, and are taught to watch the ball from the corner of their eye, even while apparently looking directly ahead. Consequently, even if they or the center missed the signal, the attacking team would not be caught napping should the ball be snapped unexpectedly.

When teams mess up their signals, the fault usually is due to mental aberrations. A player receives a blow on the head and, being unable to collect his thoughts, he forgets his assignments.

When linemen confuse a play the results are sometimes painful and costly. A few years ago a Pennsylvania quarterback thought he would confuse the opposition by bringing his guards out of the line and sending each in opposite directions. The quarterback concluded that the defense would be confused as to the direction of the play, and he himself would be able to sneak through the line for a touchdown. He forgot one important thing, however: The guards moving in opposite directions at lightning speed had to cross paths behind the center. With heads lowered and mutually bent on carrying out their assignments, they crashed into each other. Both were knocked out. The play fizzled, and the quarterback was benched.

YOU have probably noticed time and again that when a team is gaining constantly, there is virtually no delay at all in the huddle. When gains come infrequently, however, the average huddle slows up noticeably. The quarterback at such times is fumbling for the play that will click. Some player may be offering a suggestion, or a plot is being concocted to outwit the stubborn defense.

Sometimes a defending team, seeing the situation is critical and they are about to be scored on, will call time out and go into a huddle. This obviously is to plan a way of preventing the imminent touchdown.

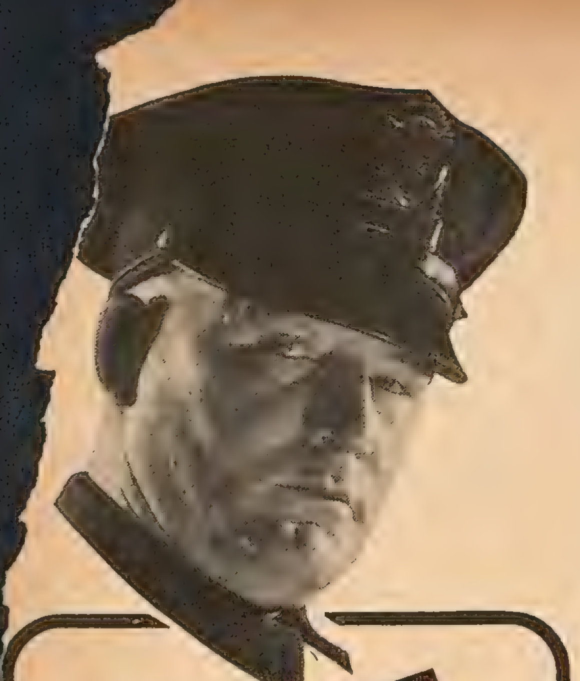
In the last few years the huddle has been developed to a high point of efficiency. It now serves not only as a medium for transmitting signals but as a strategic and psychological weapon or device with which to befuddle the opposition. Frequently the manner in which a team goes in and out of its huddle is indicative of the kind of coaching it receives. If it stumbles into the huddle and drags itself out of it, you may be sure the coach lacks a sense of efficiency and appreciation of the value of zest and drive in football.

Crack teams huddle neatly and with dispatch, line up the same way, and strike as a unit.

THE END

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 40

1—Kathleen Norris.
2—About five pounds; from approximately $200 to $250.
3—Josephus Daniels.
4—The tapir.
5—Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.
6—Stock exchange.
7—Wallis Warfield Simpson, bride of the Duke of Windsor.
8—Four.
9—In 1933.
10—That of Zachary Taylor (1784-1850), twelfth President of the U. S.
11—Ghost towns, reminders in California of the gold-rush days of '49.
12—"Stonewall" Jackson.
13—Sneeze, swallow, or yawn.
14—The British Fascist Party—the "blackshirts."
15—About $500 and $350.
16—In 1923, according to the shop which carved his head.
17—Although there have been a number of narrow escapes, not a single case of death in this manner to a human being has been recorded.
18—Her fifty-third.
19—Antoine de la Mothe Cadillac.
20—Alva E. Belmont



DON'T GET CAUGHT with liquor on your breath

Nobody wastes any sympathy on the drunken driver. He deserves to lose his license. But we all feel sorry for the fellow who gets into a mess of trouble just because there's a whiff of alcohol on his breath. Avoid unjust suspicion. If you have had even one beer . . . use CHASERS. They contain a secret ingredient that really kills bad breath from alcohol, tobacco, onions or garlic. Leave no odor of their own. Chasers Inc., N. Y.

CHASERS

5c a package CHEWING GUM OR TABLETS

©1937, Chasers Inc., N. Y.

Oh Boy! How Grand I Feel

"NOW I know there IS a difference in the way laxatives work since I used the ALL-VEGETABLE Laxative, Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets). One NR Tablet convinced me . . . so mild, thorough, refreshing and invigorating."

Dependable relief for sick headaches, bilious spells and that tired-out feeling, when caused by or associated with constipation.

Without Risk try NR. Get a 25c box from any druggist. Use for one week, then if you are not more than pleased, return the box and we will refund the purchase price. That's fair. Try it.

NR TO-NIGHT TOMORROW ALRIGHT

A Balloon Ride Through Hel

READING TIME • 7 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

Another breath-taking adventure o the woman who lived so dangerously they called her 'Fiancée of Danger'

BY MARIE MARVINGT

YOU may think, monsieur, that when I talk about balloons I am talking—what do you call it?—old stuff. But it was not in an airplane or in a Zeppelin that Professor Piccard first penetrated the stratosphere. It was in the car of a balloon.

It was in the same sort of aerial chariot—even in your own America—that those brave men, Captains Anderson and Stevens, approached most nearly to the moon and stars. No motorized wing has been able to beat their records.

But you want to go places, you say, not just up?

Listen! Let me tell you how I, a woman pilot, ballooned to Britain from my home in France, crossing the North Sea in the dead of night while a tempest raged.

We left my beloved Nancy at eleven o'clock in the morning of October 26, 1909. Our huge rubber balloon, inflated with nine hundred cubic meters of illuminating gas, was named the Shooting Star. My passenger, Commandant Garnier, had never left the ground before.

At the take-off, a clumsy attendant broke the cord which closed the sleeve of the balloon's appendix tube. The first thing I had to do, therefore, was to climb up the ropes and repair this damage. My next job was to throw out some sand ballast; the ship would not rise as it should to clear the treetops. I should explain that a balloon voyage lasts only as long as the ballast lasts. When the aeronaut no longer has anything to throw overboard, he is through.

We now soared over Nancy, sailing northward. In due time, through holes in the clouds below us, Pont-à-Mousson appeared. At 12.35 noon we were over the Moselle. It was with joy that I soon saw for the first time from a balloon Metz, the city where I lived for many years.

At 3.30 no more land. For twenty minutes we sailed in a milky cloud. Then we recognized Dippach; later, Diekirch and Vianden.

A distant church bell was striking six when we felt a sudden stop. Our guy rope had caught in a tree. We pulled, we threw out ballast; but the tree held its prey. At last I decided to pull in the guy rope and cut it as far from the balloon as possible—a radical method taught me by my famous professor, George Blanchet. Laboriously we hauled ourselves hand over hand to within fifty yards of the tree.

But hardly had the knife touched the rope when—as if the sacrifice were forbidden us—the Shooting Star broke the tree and freed itself. In a single bound we were carried to 1,200 meters. Again we were soaring over a sea of clouds, as the sun was setting. Some minutes later we passed over Aix-la-Chapelle.

After half an hour of very rapid voyaging we found ourselves over an immense foundry, the Krupp gun factory at Essen. The wind was growing stronger. But when we reached the Rhenish plain we were too late to see the silver of the great river.

Black night reigned. After a while, seeing light in a little house, we megaphoned to a human shadow, who told us in Dutch that we were near Enschede.

The course of the wind had completely changed. We were now going straight west—toward England.

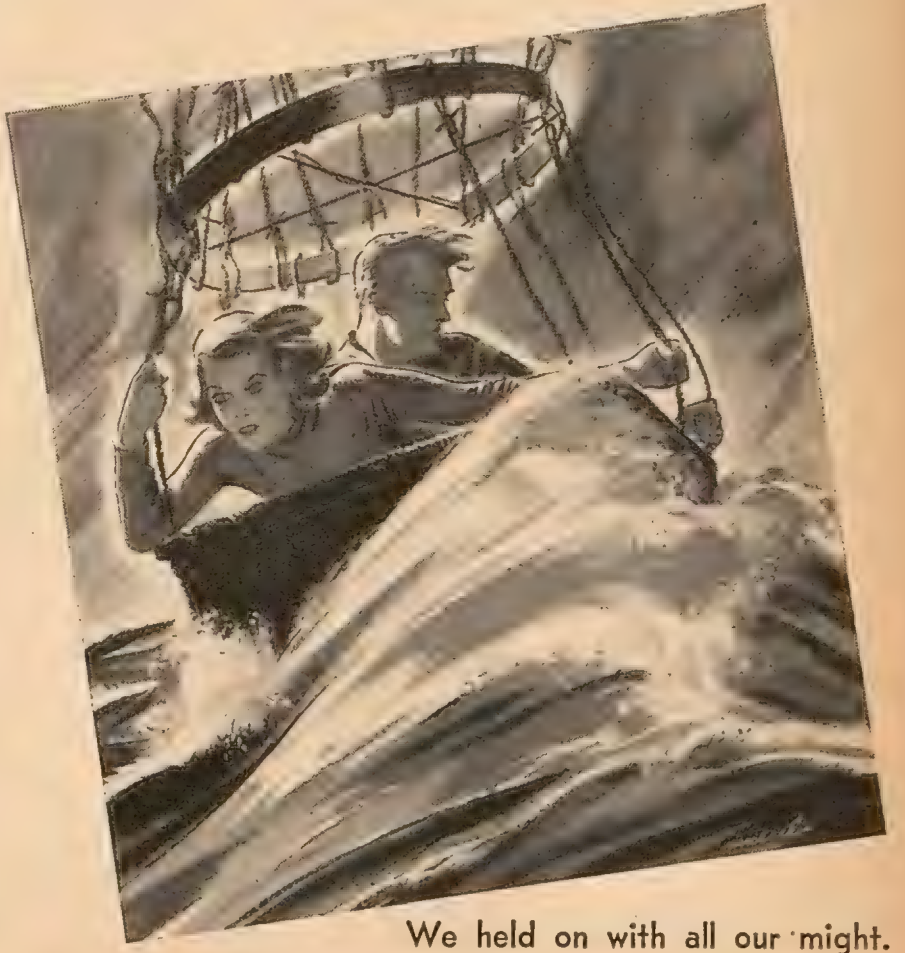
As we passed over the Zuider Zee the waves were breaking into foam. The scintillating city at our left would be Amsterdam. Soon we were well out at sea.

Toward nine o'clock, over the open sea, everything changed. Suddenly the glass of my barometer coated with ice. In spite of our furs, we were very cold. Snow began to fall. I could see needles of ice in the air, precursors of storm.

The balloon, loaded with snow, dropped rapidly. Several bags of ballast thrown out did not suffice to check it. We came within twenty meters of the sea.

The enormous, furious waves seized the trailing guy rope and jerked us into a rolling motion. Again I threw out sand, and again we started up. But the snow continued to fall. A second and a third time the guy rope struck the water.

For a while we rose and fell—but soon our ballast would be exhausted. At ten o'clock I emptied the last bag. Then, at 2,200 meters, I got the riggings ready, took the tarpaulins out of their net—being wet, they would make us heavier—and finally took down the anchor,



We held on with all our might.

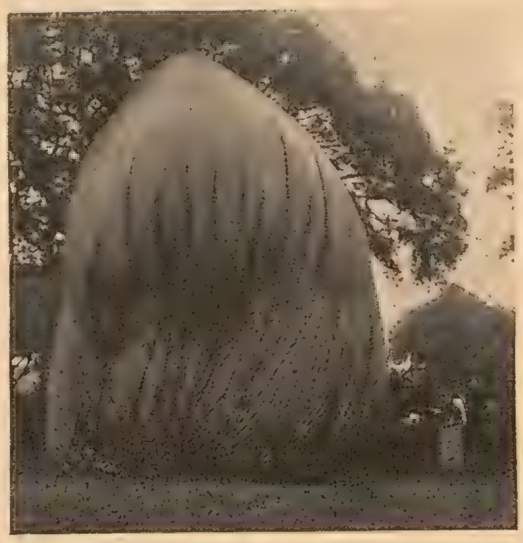
our last resource to lighten weight.

We were dropping fast. I threw the tarpaulins out, but we didn't rise appreciably. Pouring rain succeeded the snow. We were flooded.

I must say the storm was superb. In spite of the danger, it filled us with admiration. However, our sand was gone, and so were our riggings and part of our clothes. All we had left was the anchor. "Throw it out!" I shouted. Thus our last ballast went.

As a result of this desperate move, our guy rope was wrenched from the sea and we made our last ascent. For one brief moment we were above the storm. The moon appeared. But our respite was short. Our descent was as rapid as our ascent. Our voyage through the air was now a thing of the past; our struggle with the sea had begun.

Once more the guy rope sank into the waves, which were getting rougher. There was but one consolation. Our compass continued to show that we were headed due west. We might still gain the English coast.


The Shooting Star at Southwold.

Meanwhile our guy rope traced a long silvery furrow in the heaving waters. In a few moments the sea would have us in its clutch.

Voilà!

We landed at full speed on an enormous wave. Phosphorescent water gushed through the car and made the wickerwork creak. We held on to the ropes with all our might. Finally the guy rope established balance. The balloon, which had not touched the water, rose some meters from the salty spray.

Hardly two minutes passed before we were again submerged. The sea this time smashed our barometer.

After another half hour we became accustomed to the struggle. Every two minutes our car was overwhelmed by a wave. My passenger amused himself counting; we had been submerged in this way fifty-two times. We had to hold on to the ropes with all our strength so as not to be thrown out.

It was after midnight when there passed in the gloom a shadow—a schooner. The men on her deck saw us. We could make them out on the deck gazing upward in wonder. Our speed was so great that her stern light was soon no more than a tiny remote spark.

Suddenly, about one o'clock, a golden star kindled the horizon. Surely a lighthouse! We were going straight toward it. I cried, "Land! England!"

But we were going too fast—at least eighty kilometers an hour. And before us rose a huge cliff. Escaping from the sea, were we now to be shattered? No. As the guy rope left the water, the balloon, which had not touched the sea once, bounded a hundred meters into the air and passed over the cliff's brow.

Solid ground was under us now. I pulled the rope of the ripping panel and brought the Shooting Star safely to anchor in the spreading branches of an oak.

Steamers running between Amsterdam and Southwold regularly take eleven hours for the trip. We made it in five hours!

Leaving the Shooting Star in the care of Commandant Garnier, I started off—shivering in the darkness under floods of rain—to look for aid. In time I came to lights. Dimly I made out little cottages. A belated cyclist approached. When I spoke, he looked up, dropped his bicycle, and started to run away.

It was then that I realized I had hardly anything on. Wind and wave had literally stripped me. I had been too intent to notice it. It was only now, in the presence of this frightened Britisher, that I recovered self-consciousness enough to wrap what was left of my costume around me in a way that would do the most good.

My cyclist friend had recovered somewhat, too, and was standing at a safe distance studying the apparition which had accosted him out of the storm. I was able to shout to him in my broken English the story of our flight, and to assure him that I was not an evil spirit.

All sympathy now, he gave me his mackintosh and led me to a near-by house, where three charming Englishwomen, roused from their slumbers, showed me every kindness, lent me clothes, found some for M. Garnier, and gave us supper and a night's lodging.

Next day we gaily folded up the Shooting Star and started with it by train for London. At Charing Cross news photographers, a new thing in those days, were waiting for us, as were representatives of the Aero Club of London.

A perilous business for a woman, you say, monsieur?

Not at all. For a Fiancée of Danger, aerostation is a true feminine sport—I might almost say a true family sport.

And, anyhow, you can't say we don't go places in balloons!

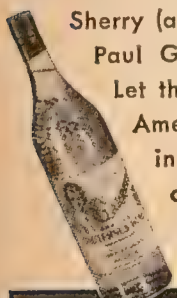
THE END

More of her astonishing adventures as Fiancée of Danger will be related by Mlle. Marvingt in an early issue.

ELEGANCE *without* EXTRAVAGANCE

SERVE VIRGINIA DARE LIGHT WINE AND OTHER FINE AMERICAN WINES BY GARRETT

Whether it's dry, sweet, fortified or sparkling, the excellent quality of any Garrett Wine is sure to please. The widely popular 27 Garrett Wines include American Sauternes and Burgundy; American Port and Sherry (alcohol 19-21% by volume); and Paul Garrett American Champagne. Let the Garrett label guide you to America's finest wines, sold at leading wine dealers in round bottles or flasks. Garrett & Company, Inc., Brooklyn, New York.


FINEST AMERICAN WINES SINCE 1835

LUCKY TIGER
DANDRUFF
FALLING HAIR
FOR HAIR and SCALP

LUCKY TIGER HAIR TONIC never fails to check clinging dandruff and to clean up an irritated scalp. It is unnecessary for you to tolerate that miserable itching—and the embarrassment of falling dandruff flakes on your clothing. Lucky Tiger—made under our standardized formula for 25 years—is guaranteed to give you pleasing and satisfactory results. Costs little at druggists or barbers.

Lucky Tiger HAIR TONIC For Dandruff

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

LIBERTY OFFERS $500 IN CASH PR

FOR WRITING ONLY 24 WORDS!

DINKY CONTEST

YOU STILL HAVE TIME TO ENTER AND WIN!

START AN ENTRY NOW!

THIS great contest which got under way last week still offers you the opportunity to win a substantial cash prize. You can enter today, using the coupon on this page, and then go back and make up last week's lost ground. If you can write three Dinkies—and of course you can—your chance to get into the prize money is excellent. A Dinky is an eight-word jingle arranged in four lines of two words each, with the second and last lines rhyming. Needless to say, it should tell a complete story, and if it contains a smile so much the better.

BE SURE TO READ THESE SIMPLE RULES!

1. For the purposes of this contest a Dinky will consist of eight words arranged in four lines of two words each and the second and last lines will rhyme.

2. An entry will consist of a set of three Dinkies to be submitted as a unit at the end of the contest, using the official entry coupons which will be printed in Liberty dated November 20, November 27, and December 4, 1937. Coupons sent in individually will not be considered.

3. The entry with the Dinkies which most entertainingly condense a complete story within eight words will be judged the best and will receive the First Prize of $200. In the order of their excellence on this basis other entries will be awarded a $50 Second Prize, $25 Third Prize, Five Prizes of $10 each, and Thirty-five Prizes of $5 each. In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be paid.

4. Address entries by first-class mail to Dinky Contest, Liberty Magazine, P. O. Box 556 Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. All entries must be received on or before Wednesday, December 22, 1937, the closing date of this contest.

5. The judges will be the contest board of Liberty and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final. No entries will be returned nor can we enter into correspondence with any entrant.

6. Anyone anywhere may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

HERE ARE SOME SAMPLE DINKIES TO GUIDE YOU IN STARTING

Bright moon,
Sleepy chickens.
Dark man,
Easy pickin's.

Peddler fresh
Selling paint.
Bulldog in—
Peddler ain't.

Money gone,
Poor daddy!
Once banker,
Now caddie.

LATE-ENTRY OFFER

If you are just starting an entry and have given away or mislaid last week's Liberty which contained Coupon No. 1, you can obtain a reprint of this contest material by writing to the address in Rule 4 and enclosing five cents in stamps to cover cost of mailing and handling. When you receive this coupon, put it aside with the current coupon until the contest closes.

CLIP THIS COUPON!

DINKY CONTEST
OFFICIAL COUPON NO. 2

....
....
....
....

(If you write your Dinky on another sheet this coupon must be attached.)

NAME..
ADDRESS....................................
CITY.......................STATE.........

DINKY COUPON No. 3 APPEARS NEXT WEEK!

AMBUSH

BY ROBERT

PART FOUR—CONCLUSION

READING TIME ● 24 MINUTES 12 SECONDS

IN a moment Big Pete's expression cleared, he chuckled and waved a magnanimous hand. " O. K. You and her fight it out; I ain't got time. O. K., Duke. Let's turn around."

Blue Creek Canyon, a few miles north of the Colorado line, is like a giant doorway yawning open in the face of the Sierra Madre range on the west side of the valley. Through it, above its own farther winding walls, can be seen the distant snowcapped peak from which Blue Creek falls in roaring turmoil. Man has long occupied that country, but beyond his ranches and beside his trails the mountains still rise in ageless indifference.

Past the snowcapped peak the blue-and-silver monoplane winged its way just as the sun was clothing the Medicine range in garments of gray-hemmed gold and spraying the sky with rose.

Jane was so near physical and emotional exhaustion that when she got to sleep in the chair behind her brother's, his occasional restlessness did not disturb her. Tony, who was altogether sleepless, watched them both. Pete at length went to sleep with his head against the seat back and his mouth wide open.

Albert sat at the controls all through the night, seldom speaking. Twice Tony got coffee from the gallon thermos in the well stocked food locker, and once he made them each a thick ham sandwich.

Tony was about to pull the blankets higher on Jim Langford, when he saw that the boy's eyes were wide open and filled with entirely rational intelligence.

" Oh—hello! " he exclaimed softly. " Better, eh? "

Langford straightened a little in the seat and motioned to the one beside him. " Please sit down."

" Glad to. How's the shoulder? "

Young Langford ignored the question. " You think I'm an awful coward."

" Well—"

" Oh, that's all right," the boy went on without bitterness. " I always have been. I've always been afraid of pain and dodged responsibility. But I'm not afraid any more."

" That's swell, Jim," Tony said. " Jane would get a heck of a kick out of being proud of you."

" You're in love with Jane, aren't you? " demanded Jim.

Tony snorted. " Love? How could I be? It's too quick. Things don't happen that way."

" They do! " the boy protested vehemently.

Tony studied him soberly. Just a kid, and maybe an all-right kid if he could give himself one darned good licking.

The curtain falls on a vivid tale of two lovers against the underworld

" O. K.," he admitted. " I do love Jane."

" She's crazy about you, too," young Langford assured him. " Yes, she is! " at Tony's headshake of denial. " Anybody could see it, even Pete. I've been watching things since we got in the plane, before we started. I haven't been unconscious since quite a while before you undressed me. Look! "

He reached under his blanket and held out a small automatic.

" Where'd you get that? "

" It's Jane's." The boy leaned closer. " Bugs took it away from her and unloaded it and threw it on the couch. I put it in my pocket while the Duke was fixing my shoulder."

" Oh! " Tony relaxed. " If it isn't loaded, what good is it? Don't try any empty-gun bluff on this outfit."

Langford bent still closer and whispered, " Bugs forgot the bullet in the firing chamber."

Eagerness returned again to Tony. He quickly held out his hand. " Give it to me! "

The boy shook his head and put the gun back under the blanket. " Oh, no! This is *my* chance to prove I'm not afraid. I would give it to you, only—oh, you don't understand. You've never *been* afraid."

" Don't be a fool! Everybody's been afraid. Listen. Give me the gun. I can't sit here all night arguing. I've got to get up there with the Duke before he gets suspicious and starts straining his ears."

" You go ahead," Langford insisted stubbornly. " You had your plans before I told you. This is mine. If I get the chance, I'm going to use it."

" O. K.—but listen to me, kid. Don't get dramatic. If one of them should get me, you forget about proving you're a hero, and you save yourself—and that gun—for Jane. Understand? Well—good luck, then! "

He put his hand on young Langford's good shoulder, squeezed it, and stood up; glanced back at Jane and went on to his seat beside Albert.

WHEN the sun was coming up behind the Medicines to the east and they were flying only a couple of hundred feet above the dark-green forest carpet of the highest ridges, Tony pointed out a smooth irregular shape in a valley just ahead.

" The lake," he explained. " The ground's level, with a slope toward the water. There's no trees or stumps for a couple hundred feet back on this side. The house's over there too."

They dropped lower. Pete was awake and alternately looking out the window and casting quick nervous glances at Albert's handling of the controls. Jane was sitting up, looking rather ruffled, with sleep-flushed cheeks and disordered hair. She put her face to the window glass and peered down, and when Tony turned in his seat and grinned at her, she glanced at him and smiled with her lips but anxiety had returned to her eyes.

Albert circled twice above the water, banking slightly, getting the lay of the land. The lake was not over three hundred feet wide and roughly oval. The house and a small stable and corral were in plain sight a hundred feet or so back from the shore.

Albert instructed them briefly to fasten their safety belts, anticipating a bumpy landing, and Tony went back and secured Jane's and young Langford's, and told her in a low voice, " After we land, stay in the plane with Jim."

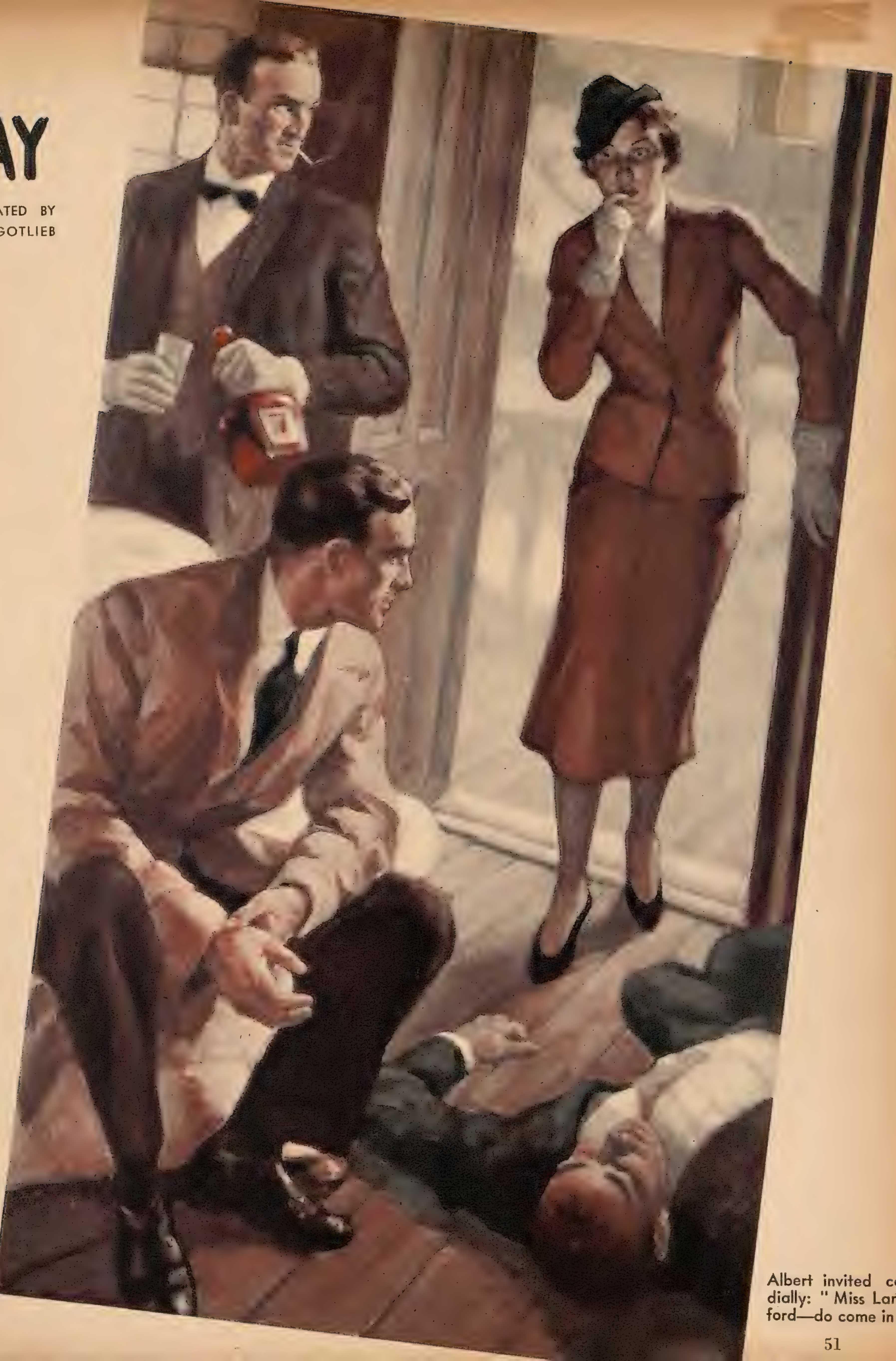
Albert cut the ignition and the roar of the motor was stilled with startling suddenness. The plane swung around the end of the lake, circling. The ground swam up with breath-taking swiftness. They rolled and bumped and came to a safe but shaken landing.

Albert unfastened his belt and stood up while Pete still profanely fumbled with the catch on his. " End of the line, Pete! " he exclaimed on a note of unaccustomed jocularity, and Tony glanced up and wondered at the expression in the eyes that looked full at him.

Pete made no objection to Jane remaining behind with

RAY

ILLUSTRATED BY
JULES GOTLIEB



Albert invited cordially: "Miss Langford—do come in!"

"I CAN'T RESIST THAT FLAVOR"
BEEMAN'S PEPSIN GUM
BEEMAN'S PEPSIN GUM GOOD FOR DIGESTION

"Neither can I! It's got the taste I like—delicious, with a bit of real tang. And it's kept so peppy and fresh. This airtight package of Beeman's guards every speck of flavor like precious essence. Beeman's is so fine for digestion, too. A happy thought after lunch or dinner — and a welcome treat any time!"

Beeman's
AIDS DIGESTION...

young Langford while they went ahead to the house; but he did take the suitcases full of bank money with him, carrying one in each hand. The bite of frost was in the air, and they walked briskly.

The house was of logs; the low veranda in front was floored with flagstones and roofed with split logs; the windows were shuttered, the closed door solidly built.

As they crossed the veranda Albert asked, “How do you get out of this place, Andrews?”

Tony loosened a piece of bark beside the door with his fingernail, and took a key out of a tiny hole in the wood underneath.

“There's a good wide trail follows the creek below the lake. The draw makes a sharp left turn that you can't see from here because of the trees. I've got an old half-ton truck in the shed back of the stables that I use for running to town.” He inserted the key in the Yale lock set flush with the wood, and the door swung back, revealing a darkened interior.

They followed him and stopped just inside, looking curiously around. He unlatched one of the front windows, shoved it up, and unbarred the shutters, throwing them wide.

The living room was all of thirty feet long and twenty wide, finished in knotty pine. There was an enormous cobblestone fireplace at one end, with well filled bookcases built in at each side, and windows above them. There were several leather-upholstered easy chairs, a long couch before the fireplace, and a bearskin rug on the floor between it and the hearth.

PETE dropped the suitcases near the door and stood with his hands on his hips, looking around the room.

“Is this really a ranch, Andrews, or just a hunting lodge?” asked Albert.

Tony went on opening windows. “This part of it *was* a hunting lodge. I got it cheap from a Wall Street playboy that lost all his marbles. But I added the ranch part to it. Five thousand acres of the best grazing land in the state across that ridge on the other side of the lake. Say—one of you fellows mind opening up at the other end there and in the bedrooms? We'll get the place aired out and some of the dust off, and then get the kid and his sister in and have her cook us some breakfast—if she can cook. I've got a lot of canned stuff cached away, and there's ham and eggs in the plane locker. I'll have to go to town later, I guess, and buy some things. If anybody feels like a drink, there should be a couple bottles in that cabinet in the corner.”

Albert opened the end windows, and Pete went into the bedroom. There was a bath beyond it, and another and smaller bedroom opened off both the bath and the kitchen.

When he came back into the living room he asked, “Hey—does anybody in California know you own this? When they find that truck and can't find you, they're sure as hell goin' to start lookin' for you. Maybe we wasn't so smart, comin' here, after all.”

“Nobody here knows what I do on the Coast,” Tony assured him, “or exactly where I live there; and nobody in California knows I've ever been in Wyoming. Relax, Pete—have a drink!” He went out to the kitchen and unbarred the shutters there.

Pete hurried over to the corner cabinet and got out a quart bottle with a bulbous bottom. He looked closely at the label, then pulled at the seal with eager fingers. Tony brought a dish towel in from the kitchen and wiped dust out of the glasses, and cleaned off the top of the cabinet bar.

ALBERT walked over to the porch door and looked out toward the plane and the lake, his face sober, his eyes veiled. He said over his shoulder, “A small one for me, Pete,” and turned and followed thoughtfully Tony's movements as he went into the bedroom, calling back, “Make mine plenty. I can use it.”

There was a chest of drawers against the outside bedroom wall at the left of the door, out of sight of the living room. There was a window, now wide open, beside the chest, and then the four-poster bed in the corner.

Tony went straight to the chest, opened the second drawer from the top, reached into the middle of a pile of flannel shirts and took out a forty-five Colt revolver. He left the drawer open, stepped backward to the window and sat on the sill, with one leg outside. He made certain the gun was fully loaded except for the chamber under the hammer, and spun the cylinder.

He had to force words past the fear in his throat, but he called, loudly:

“Pete!”

Pete was picking up two whisky glasses, brimming full; there was a wide smile on his lips and he jovially invited, “Come and get it!”

“I'm coming,” Tony answered. “I'm coming to the door with a gun in my hand.”

Pete's head jerked up from watching the glasses, and he stared blankly and grunted, “Huh?” And then suddenly he dropped them and grabbed for his gun.

Albert went swiftly backward toward the fireplace at the opposite end of the room, pulling an automatic from his hip pocket; and Pete stepped, catfooted, weapon poised, toward the bedroom door but to the left of it, where he would be out of the line of direct fire.

And then a voice behind him called, “*This* door, Pete!” And Pete whirled, firing as he spun around, cursing.

He scarcely heard the first shot in reply, because it blended with his own; but he did feel the sledge-hammer blow on his chest and searing fire. He fell down and slid forward on his face.

Tony stood just outside the door

with only his right hand and arm in the room. Albert's bullet cut two fingers to the bone and knocked the gun, spinning, away.

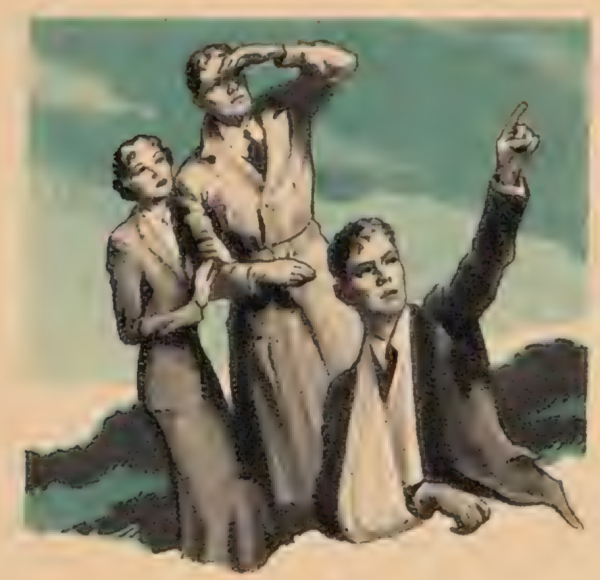
Tony's arm dropped, and he looked down at his hand dumbly and shook it. Then he looked up at Albert, who was walking toward him on the other side of the room. Tony's face was white and the freckles stood out. Pete's shot had torn away the lobe of his right ear, and it was beginning to sting and bleed. He felt dazed, but he managed:

"Nice work, Duke."

"Yes, wasn't it?" Albert agreed. "Not much of a target."

"Well, you can't complain now," Tony told him, and held his eyes steady.

Albert stepped across the room, behind the table, and looked at him and balanced the gun in his hand. He appeared quite interested. "No," he agreed again; "no, of course not. I say, Andrews—did you bring us eight hundred miles just so you could get that gun?"



They could see it only as a speck.

"Yes," Tony said. "It was about the only card I held."

Albert was looking down at Pete, quite near where he stood. He reached out with his foot, hooked the toe of his shoe under Pete's side and turned him on his back.

"Pardon?" he glanced up as though he had not all along been careful. "Oh—Miss Langford." His glance lifted over Tony's shoulder. "She's coming now. Running. Seems anxious about you, Andrews. Will you have rye or bourbon? I believe there's both. Come in and sit down, and please be careful of the gun on the floor there. We've had enough of death for now."

"Rye," Tony said, and stepped over the sill. "No, Duke—we haven't. *You've* still got to die." He walked around the table on the far side, and Albert walked toward the liquor cabinet. Tony used his left hand to pull out the chair at the end, and sat down facing the door. Albert picked up the gun from the floor as he went, and then laid his own beside it on the cabinet, and looked for more glasses. He asked, as he stooped and peered in at the shelves:

"And there is no other solution?"

"Well," Tony said, "it's either you or me."

Albert admitted, as he found the glasses he sought and straightened, "That is one way of looking at it."

Jane arrived at that instant and stopped breathless in midstride, just within the room. Albert glanced up and invited cordially:

"Come in, Miss Langford—do come in! We're just about to have a spot of— Oh, I say! Are you quite all right?"

She'd caught a glimpse of Pete's sprawled body and wide-open staring eyes, and she fell weakly back against the door.

Tony jumped up and hurried to her. "Come and sit down. I wish you'd stayed in the plane."

She saw the blood on his face then, and when he released her arm there was a red smear on her coat sleeve from his torn fingers, which were beginning to throb with pain. "You're hurt!" she cried. "Tony!"

"Everything's all right," he assured her. "Take it easy. Oh, Lord!" He'd caught a movement outside. "Here comes the kid! Jane, go tell him to stay in the plane."

"No!" she looked fearfully at Albert, politely busied at the liquor cabinet. "No! I won't go!"

"Look." Tony grasped her arm firmly near the shoulder. "I want you to get Jim back in the plane—and stay there yourself."

Albert interrupted, "I'd prefer we all be here together, Andrews. If you don't mind."

"Well, I do mind!" Tony snapped.

"I'd still prefer it. Please sit down, both of you. You'll drink with us, Miss Langford? I've found some ginger ale, Andrews. Do you suppose it's still good? Well, at any rate, we'll try it."

Tony and Jane sat down, he reluctantly at the end of the table and she at his right, just as Jim Langford came across the flagstone-veranda floor. He wasn't walking very fast, and held his left hand up under his suit coat as though to ease the wounded shoulder. His right arm was in a white-cloth sling Jane had made for him. His face was pale, his blond hair dampened and combed neatly back. Tony took one good look at his eyes and knew what to expect. The kid was hanging on to his nerve with both hands.

"Jim!" he called loudly before Langford reached the door. "Come in and sit down and have a drink."

Langford stopped in the doorway. He looked at Tony's torn ear, and at Jane's fear-racked face; then he saw Pete's body and seemed to study it; at length swung his glance, without change of expression, to the Englishman in the corner.

"Sit down, Jim!" Tony was watching that concealed left hand.

"Yes — do." Albert seconded. "Across from your sister, at the far end of the table."

Albert walked over to the table then, with four tall glasses on a lac-

FREE

A VANITY BOTTLE

OF AMERICA'S NUMBER ONE

Skin Protector

for anyone who has not tried it!

- Right now, cold weather and raw winds are making many a pretty woman's skin coarse, red and unpleasant in appearance. And there's no need for it because you can enjoy the nation's most widely-used skin protector, Italian Balm, for a cost of far less than ½ cent a day.

Italian Balm *prevents* chapping. For more than a generation, this famous skin preparation has been "first choice" among your outdoor-loving neighbors in Canada. And in the United States, too, it has no equal in popularity. Women who use it have a chap-free skin regardless of weather or housework. And thousands of professional people, too—physicians, dentists, nurses—are enthusiastic in their praise of this scientifically made skin softener.

Try it! Send for *FREE* Vanity Bottle!—enough to give you several days' supply. Mail coupon today.

Campana's

Italian Balm

"America's Most Economical Skin Protector"

FREE

CAMPANA SALES CO.
221 Lincolnway, Batavia, Illinois

Gentlemen: I have never tried Italian Balm. Please send me VANITY Bottle FREE and postpaid.

*Name*____________________
*Address*____________________
*City*______________ *State*________

In Canada, Campana, Ltd., Li-221 Caledonia Rd., Toronto

quered wooden tray. He held the tray in his left hand, the gun carelessly in his right.

"I believe," he said, "barring ice, these should do very nicely."

Jim Langford leaned back in his chair and dropped his left hand to his lap. Tony looked at him sharply.

Albert shoved the chair at the end of the table back with his foot, set the tray down on the table and laid his gun beside it, while he picked up one glass to set at the end place.

Langford raised his left hand and rested the nose of Jane's small automatic on the edge of the table. "Hold it, Duke!" he commanded. His voice cracked ludicrously.

Albert stopped absolutely still with the glass suspended a few inches above the boards, and his hand directly over his gun, and looked at young Langford with the nearest thing to surprise Tony had ever seen on his face. He stood somewhat stooped, as he had bent with the tray, and remained so.

Jim Langford's eyes were abnormally large. He ordered: "Don't touch that gun, Du—"

And Albert's hand dropped like a striking snake.

Jim Langford fired. His lips curled back from gritted teeth, and he shrank as he pulled the trigger. The gun barked and the Englishman's middle jerked; the hand that had touched his own gun slipped off it and clenched, and a spasm contracted his features. He gasped—a strangled "Aaa-gh!" through his teeth, and his left arm jumped spasmodically, knocking tray and glasses crashing to the floor. He dropped into the chair with one elbow on the table and spread fingers to his forehead. The other hand grasped at his stomach.

"*Damn* you, Jim!" he whispered thinly in the silence. "Oh, *damn* you!"

Jane was on her feet but sank back again. Jim Langford sat rigid.

Tony got to the stricken man and touched his shoulder. "Where'd it get you, Duke?" he asked softly, but knew without being told, and guessed at the agony.

Albert got up suddenly, staggering and knocking over his chair. His forehead was beaded with sweat and all the blood seemed drained out from under his skin. Tony reached out a hand to support him, but he brushed it aside and straightened like a drunken man, and turned with a drunken dignity, eyes glassily intent. He walked in a difficult half circle to the door, and out to the porch edge, where he stumbled but drunkenly recovered. He strode on at the same measured, sometimes staggering, pace, with the same exaggerated dignity through the knee-high grasses of the meadow toward the plane.

The three followed to the ground outside the house, drawn irresistibly. Jim Langford had left the plane door open, and the Englishman got in, although the effort must have torn his vitals. Once he almost fell. He left the door open. After a moment the starter whirred, the motor caught at once, and the propeller spun in a glistening disk. The big ship moved ahead, bumping.

Jane cried out and Tony swore, but not because of any possible escape. The Duke could not escape the death in his belly. He swore because he knew what the agonized man was attempting, and it seemed impossible; there wasn't room.

The blue-and-silver ship was gaining speed, weaving and bouncing dangerously, but the trees were close—they seemed too close. It cleared the grass tops, and the nose shot steeply up as though to plunge straight into the upper branches of the pines; but then it lifted just enough to clear them, and went on—climbing around and around in beautifully precise turns as smooth and perfect as a soaring bird might make. Up and up and up, until they could see it only as a dark speck high above, and could hear nothing at all except the faint stirring of the encircling trees and their own strained breathing.

And then the dark speck started down and there was a singing whisper in the sky, a whining, shrieking wail. A meteor plunged screaming past the sun and out of sight behind the nearest ridge.

THE rattletrap pick-up truck bounced and banged over the rocky trail through the pines. Tony hung grimly with both hands to the steering wheel, and Jane hung on to everything in sight. His right ear and his fingers were crudely bandaged with strips torn from white handkerchiefs. The two suitcases full of bank loot jiggled around on the floor in the rear.

It was more than eight thirty in the morning. It was cool and shady under the trees, and the way was all downhill on a gentle grade.

It wasn't far. The old truck made one last cavorting dip into a chuckhole, hit a final cluster of half-buried rocks, leaped three feet straight into the air and dropped straight down. The motor coughed apologetically and died. After a proper interval one of the rear tires blew out.

Jane started to laugh, and it grew on her until she was helpless. Tony grinned. He said, "There's one or two bad spots along there I'll have to get fixed. Anyway, we're here." He nodded off to the right, "And there's the old J. B."

SHE followed his affectionately reminiscent glance and saw down in the big valley, two miles or more away but clearly revealed in the thin mountain air, a cluster of white ranch buildings surrounded by tall cottonwoods. The broad band of green that marked the course of Blue Creek ran close to the house.

"J. B.?" she inquired.

"That's the brand. It stands for J. B. Andrews; he's my granddad."

"Your—" she looked around at him sharply, and after a moment compressed her lips and demanded, "Look here—were you ever a bootlegger?"

He straightened out his face guiltily. "No, ma'am. That was my cousin, Joe Conley, down to Needles."

"You didn't go broke paying protection and have to mortgage your ranch to buy a truck?"

"No, ma'am. I couldn't mortgage no ranch, because I don't own none. My grandpappy, he owns all these here places, to away over yonder."

"Then you're an unmitigated liar, Tony Andrews."

He nodded agreeably. "Yes, ma'am. I sure am!"

"Thank God!" Jane added fervently, and looked again at the distant buildings and their surrounding corrals. "Why on earth did you ever leave home? How *could* you leave a home like this?"

"I got chased out," he chuckled. "The old boy rose up on his hind legs one day and told me to get to hell off my hunkers and go some place and *do* something. But I've been looking for a good excuse to come home to stay ever since I was here on vacation two summers ago. He didn't ask me in so many words, but I know he wanted to. Well, since that mess last night, there just isn't any question about it left. I'm going to sell the truck and come on back here where I belong. We'll leave Jim here now, and—"

"Jim?" she interrupted in surprise.

"Sure! It's the best place for him. J. B.'ll call the doctor out from town, and say Jim got shot cleaning a gun, or in a hunting accident, or something. There won't be any questions asked. I'll tell him all about Jim, the bad with the good, and it won't make a darned bit of difference, except he'll practically adopt the kid, and be as tough and as generous with him as he's always been with me. I know how he works on people. Jim'll take to him right away."

Jane had turned her head away while he talked. "Tony," she asked in a slightly husky voice, "did anybody ever tell you you're swell?"

"Yeah," he nodded; "only swell-headed was the full word. Now, look—about you and me. Here's the story we'll tell—"

"The bank will have to have an awfully good story to explain away my part, Tony," Jane interrupted.

"They'll get one. The shock of the hold-up made your mind blank for a few hours. That's often happened to people. You walked out of the bank in a daze, and you wandered around in a daze, and don't know where else you'd been meanwhile."

She shook her head dubiously. "But, Tony—the coincidence. And you must remember they'll have both our pictures in all the papers, and those men at the gas station will remember me."

"When we hand back every cent of the stolen money, and prove we accounted for the whole gang, who's going to look twice at a coincidence, or get too personal? If they do," he grinned, "I'll turn J. B. loose on them, and—Holy mackerel! Here comes the old boy now!"

A horse and rider had appeared at the edge of the timber, several hundred feet away on the left, across the comparatively narrow tongue of open range that thrust its way farthest up the slope. Other riders, a half dozen or more, walked their horses out of the trees and came to a stand around the leader; all of them obviously looking across at the truck stalled in the road. Then the first, who was broad-shouldered, heavy-set, and mounted on a powerful bay, separated from the group and started toward them, lifting his mount into a fast trot. Like his men, he wore a wide-brimmed Stetson that shadowed his face.

"They've been at the plane," Tony guessed. "It struck up there somewhere, and of course they must have heard the explosion down at the house, and probably saw the fire. A month from now, when things are dry, that crash would've started a real blaze."

Jane was pushing her hair up under her hat, brushing her coat lapels, straightening her skirt, and going through all the usual motions of a young and attractive woman who knows she is about to be subjected to critical scrutiny. Tony said rather quickly:

"Before J. B. gets here I want to get something settled."

"Settled?" She glanced at him hurriedly as she sought her compact in the bag.

"Yes. Will you marry me?"

"Oh—that!" She peered intently into the tiny mirror, and tucked one rebellious strand up behind her right ear. "Why, that was settled hours ago. Only"—she glanced at him mirthfully over the compact—"you apparently didn't know it."

The big man on the big stallion sat easily in the saddle at the edge of the road. He rumbled finally, "Say—are you goin' to marry that girl?"

The two, who had been totally oblivious of his arrival, started guiltily. Jane blushed and straightened in the seat. Tony turned around and exclaimed, as nonchalantly as possible, "Hello, granddad!"

"I'll granddad you—you young squirt! How many times—"

Tony grinned. "O. K.—J. B."

"Where's that other bank bandit?" J. B. Andrews demanded. "There's only pieces enough for one up there. I knew it wasn't you, because the ears weren't big enough for a jackass."

"The other one's up in the cabin. Say—how come you know so much about it?"

"Got a radio, haven't we? Reward out for you—more'n you're worth. What'd you go mess up the cabin with him for?"

The blue eyes were shrewdly meeting the frank dark eyes of the girl.

"When you're shooting bank bandits," Tony patiently explained, "you can't always pick the—"

"Never mind the alibis!" J. B. interrupted. "I asked you a half hour ago if you're goin' to marry this girl. Can't you give a man a straight answer without changin' the subject six or eight times?"

"Why, you darned unreasonable old coot!" Tony exploded. "Sure, I'm going to marry her! What about it?"

"Can you cook, young woman?" J. B. demanded sharply.

Jane jumped a little at the peremptory tone. "Why, yes—I can cook."

The keen eyes looked from her to Tony and back again. Jim Langford was walking slowly down the trail, and the half dozen cowboys had halted their horses on the road.

"Well?" Anxiety crept into Tony's voice. "Does the prospective bride meet with your approval?"

J. B. snorted. "Approval? When'd you ever ask my approval, you mule-headed brat? But"—he added threateningly—"you let her get away and I'll wring your danged neck!"

THE END

Every day thousands upon thousands of smokers are changing to Philip Morris. They, too, are learning that smoking can be pure pleasure, the pleasure of rich taste, of satisfying aroma, unimpaired by throat irritation.

AMERICA'S finest CIGARETTE

Call for PHILIP MORRIS

PHILIP MORRIS & Co Ltd
LONDON, W.
20
PHILIP MORRIS
Call for

Visit NORRISTOWN

WASHINGTON'S
HEADQUARTERS

Norristown is the Gateway to Valley Forge, where the American Army weathered the bitter winter of 1777. Washington's Headquarters, shown here, is a familiar landmark.

"OLD IRONSIDES," the first locomotive built in America, took half a day to run from Philadelphia to Norristown. Now, the Pennsylvania makes it in half an hour, but Norristown still maintains its original independence of thought and action.

The Colonial settlement has grown to a present population of 36,000. Today, Norristown is a thriving town typical of those well-balanced communities which make America worthwhile.

Although modern Norristown has its residents who commute to Philadelphia, it is far more than a suburb. Like Evanston and White Plains, previously featured in these pages, it has a business, social and civic life of its own. And it has its own leaders of local thought whose opinions on local and national affairs are important.

Their opinions on magazines are important, too. In checking what they read, you'll find that *most of them read one of these big weeklies: Liberty, Collier's and The Saturday Evening Post.* In Norristown, Liberty alone averaged 29% readership among the members of the Rotary, Lions, Kiwanis, A.B.C., and the Business and Professional Women's Club.

Liberty is read by every eighth family in Norristown. We introduce here some of Norristown's well known citizens who read Liberty.

"In Liberty you can find reading to fit your mood—light or heavy," says N. D. Wright, President of the Norristown-Penn Trust Company, and the city's Number One Historian.

Sara E. Beerbrower is Treasurer of the Pennsylvania Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs. She's a regular Liberty reader, says: "it is one of the most outstanding magazines of today."

ALL PHOTOS SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR LIBERTY BY ROBERT W. LEAVITT

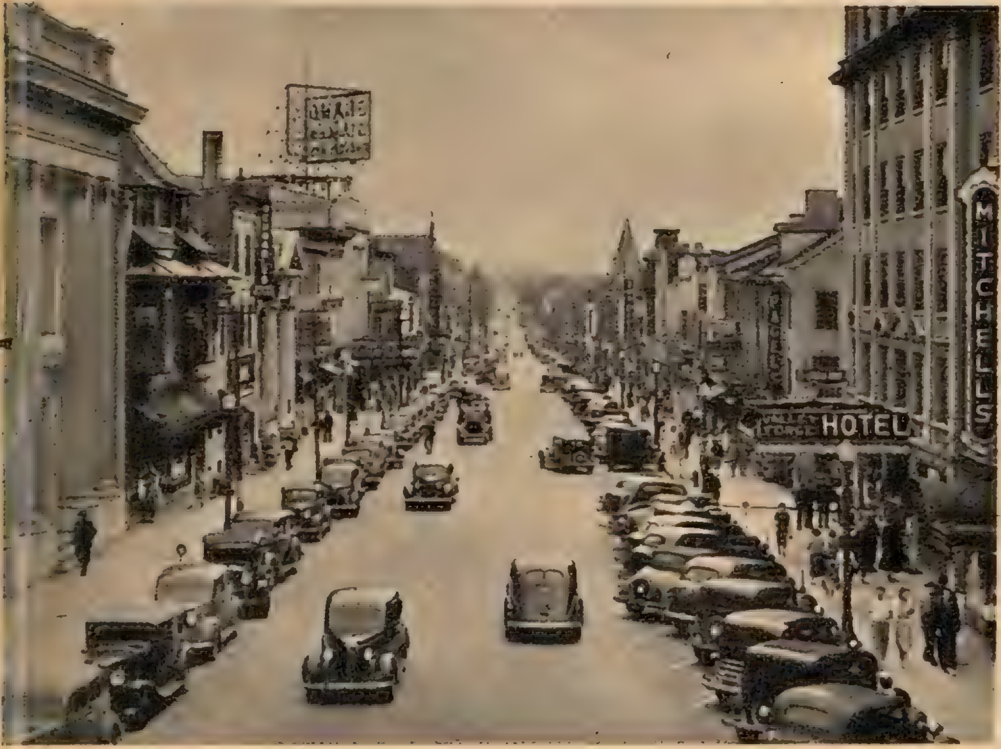
J. Frank Boyer, electrical contractor, is as progressive today as he was half a century ago. This veteran of 52 years in business says: "Liberty's political forecasts keep me informed on what will happen tomorrow."

C. D. Cassel, in the jewelry business since 1905, handles Hamilton, Elgin, and Waltham watches, and Community silver. "I've been reading Liberty for years," he says, "and have yet to find a dull issue."

"Liberty's treatment of national topics—simple, interesting, unbiased—appeal to me as a Superintendent of Schools," says Charles C. Smith, who is also President of the Lions Club. "We subscribe to it and keep it on file in our school library."

A. R. Frankenfield, manager of the Firestone Auto Supply & Service Store, likes particularly Liberty's serials. "Right now I'm reading *The World Goes Smash*"—Samuel Hopkins Adams' vivid new novel.

"Gateway to Valley Forge"



Most of Norristown's business is transacted on Main Street. Left foreground is the Montgomery Trust Company, and just opposite, the Valley Forge Hotel.

Benjamin F. Evans says: "Serious article or fast-moving story, I never find a dull moment in Liberty." Mr. Evans is President of the Chamber of Commerce and President of Evans, Conger Company—leading insurance firm.

E. Lane Crawford, architect, is also President of the Norristown School Board. "I heartily approve of Liberty's program for broader youth education and character training."

Miss Margaret Williamson is the Superintendent of Montgomery Hospital. Miss Williamson says: "Liberty is true to life—it's as real as we in hospitals know life to be."

Harry C. Custer is Supervisor of Appliance Sales for the Philadelphia Electric Company in Norristown. "From my own observations of what people read and like—Liberty is a perfect spot for appliance advertising. I read it regularly myself."

J. B. McDivitt owns Norristown's leading drug store. A regular reader, he enjoys Liberty's "consistently good features"; keeps a weather eye peeled for new drug campaigns in Liberty.

Mrs. Walter A. Knerr is President of the Pennsylvania Federation of Music Clubs; Chairman of National Federation Music Clubs. She says: "Liberty's social and political views confirm my own."

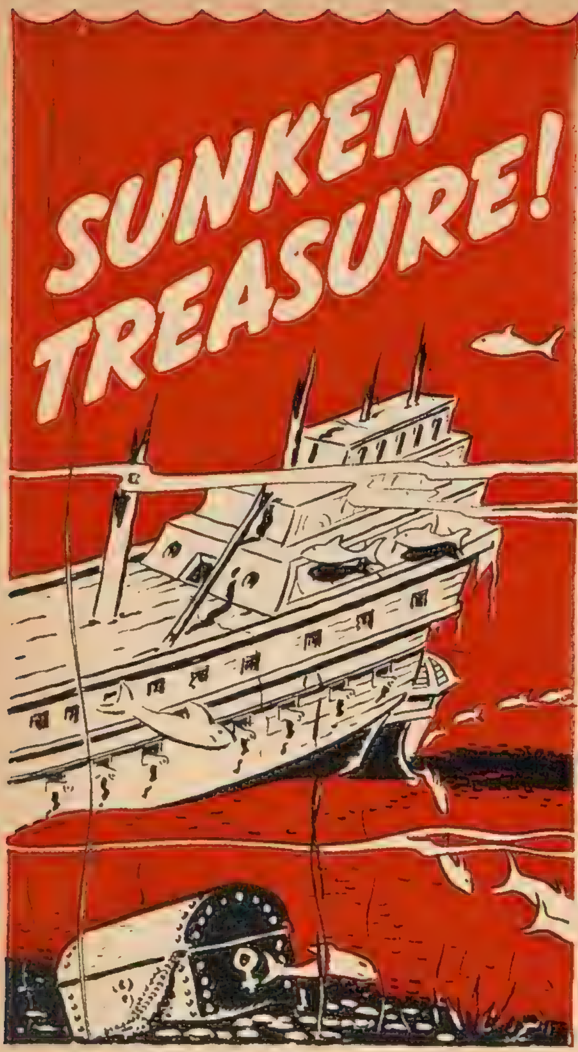
JELLO
JELLO

Meet J. H. Taglieber, proprietor of Sanitary Markets, two high grade meat and grocery outlets. Says Mr. Taglieber: "I like Liberty; it supplies me with the entertainment and information I want."

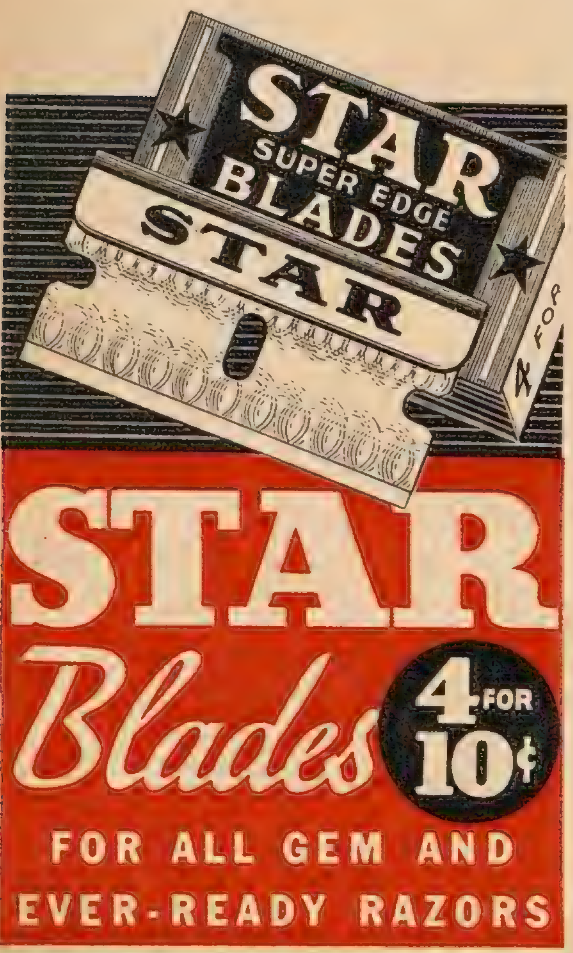
"My whole family reads Liberty regularly," says Roy W. Marberger, Dodge and Plymouth dealer. "I find it fits my time and mental outlook; fits my ideas on automobile advertising, too."

Norristown is a pleasant place to live. Here are some solid, substantial homes, typical of the residential sections.

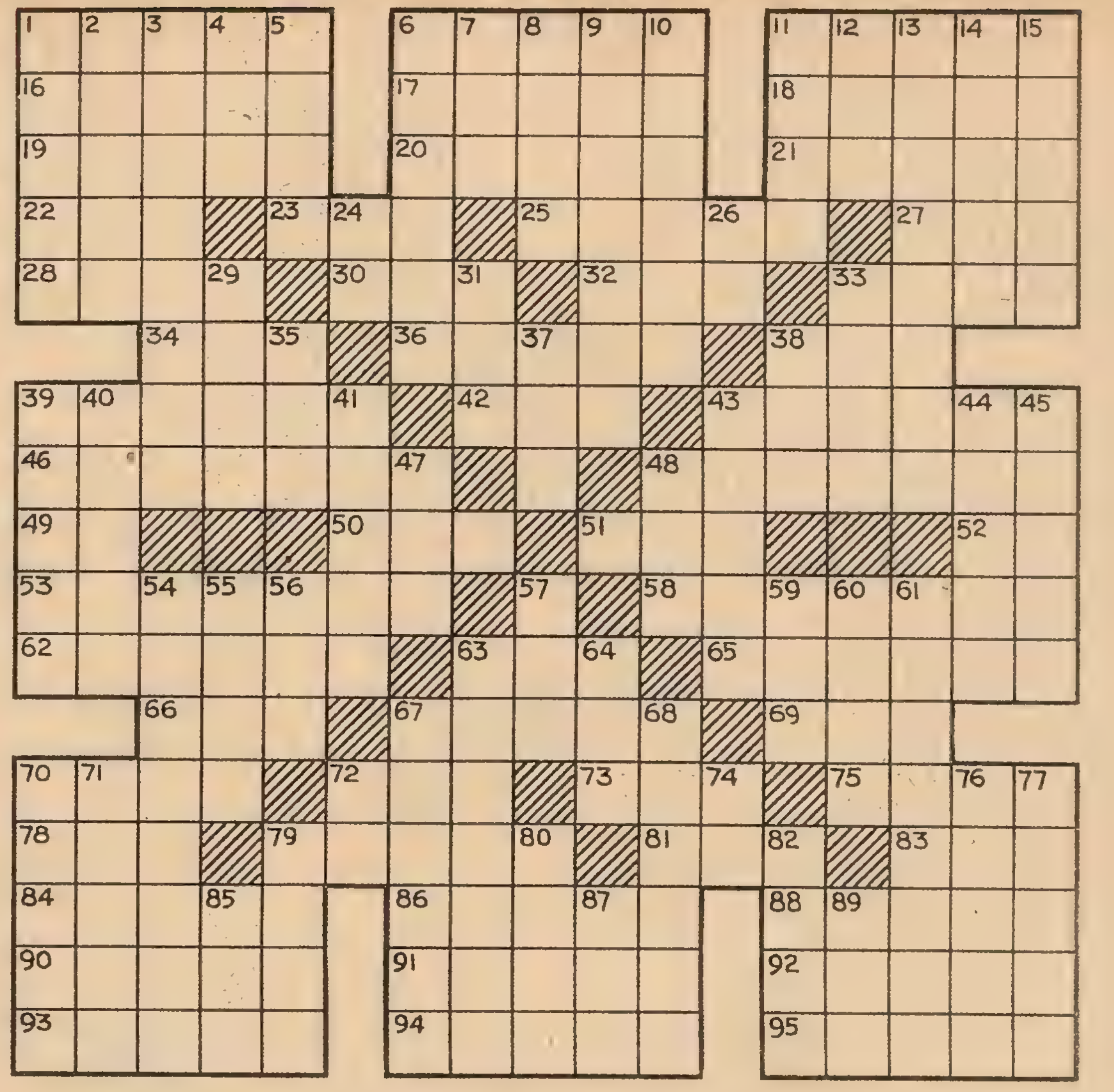
Liberty


SUNKEN TREASURE!

★ Sink a dime for a package of Star Single-edge Blades and discover a treasure trunk of smooth satisfying shaves! Made since 1880 by the makers of the original safety razor, Star Blades have keener, stronger edges for more and better shaves! 4 for 10¢ everywhere. Star Blade Div., Brooklyn, N. Y.

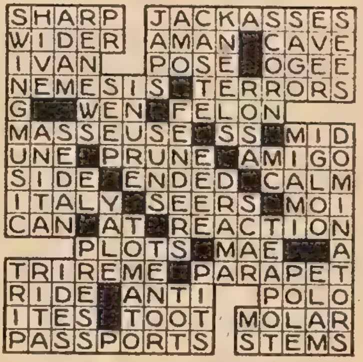

STAR
SUPER EDGE
BLADES
STAR
4 FOR
STAR
Blades
4 FOR 10¢
FOR ALL GEM AND
EVER-READY RAZORS

CROSSWORDS


1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15
16 17 18
19 20 21
22 23 24 25 26 27
28 29 30 31 32 33
34 35 36 37 38
39 40 41 42 43 44 45
46 47 48
49 50 51 52
53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61
62 63 64 65
66 67 68 69
70 71 72 73 74 75 76 77
78 79 80 81 82 83
84 85 86 87 88 89
90 91 92
93 94 95

HORIZONTAL

1 A complimentary title
6 Discourse on
11 Poetic foot (pl.)
16 Woman's name
17 That on which anything turns
18 Article of apparel
19 Books
20 Pours down
21 Landed estate
22 Prior
23 Garden implement
25 Fruit (pl.)
27 Kind of snowshoe
28 Dispatch
30 Reward
32 Cardinal number
33 Degree or rank
34 Spigot
36 Charger
38 And not
39 Appeared to be
42 A measure of area (pl.)
43 Most painful
46 Made broader
48 Talebearer
49 Hypothetical force
50 A fruit
51 Swine
52 A state (abbr.)
53 Declined
58 Rebounded
62 Obliterator
63 American author
65 Salty
66 Seine
67 Carries
69 A snare
70 Mast
72 Stake
73 Devoured
75 Greasy substance (pl.)



SHARP JACKASSES
WIDER AMAN■CAVE
IVAN POSE■OGEE
NEMESIS■TERRORS
G■■WEN■FELON
MASSEUSE■SS■MID
UNE■PRUNE■AMIGO
SIDE■ENDED■CALM
ITALY■SEERS■MOI
CAN■AT■REACTION
PLOTS■MAE■■A
TRIREME■PARAPET
RIDE■ANTI POLO
ITES■TOOT MOLAR
PASSPORTS STEMS

Answer to last week's puzzle

78 Domestic animal
79 Smaller in number
81 Measure of work
83 Sup
84 Ascend
86 Pleasant odor
88 Classifier
90 Happen again
91 Repulse
92 Goddess of peace
93 City in Germany
94 Paradise (pl.)
95 Describe the elements of a sentence

VERTICAL

1 Companions
2 Worship
3 Crazed
4 A beverage
5 To ensnare
6 A number (pl.)
7 Creek
8 Woman's name
9 Relations through male descent
10 Tried
11 Theories
12 Exclamation
13 Wandering musician
14 Shattered
15 Narrow piece
24 Preposition
26 Type measure
29 Woman of station
31 Greek letter
33 Kind
35 Indite
37 Bird of prey
38 No
39 Made oath
40 A duck
41 Put off
43 Icelandic story (pl.)
44 Cardinal number
45 Swap
47 Performed
48 Spasmodic twitching
54 Zealots
55 Employer
56 Put in place
57 New Zealand extinct bird
59 A tatter
60 Medley
61 Diplomatic officer
63 Became exhausted
64 Period
67 Take care!
68 Goes stealthily
70 Alarm
71 Peels
72 Exist
74 Adjective suffix
76 Charges against property
77 River in Germany
79 Flowerless plant
80 Stout cord
82 Grasp firmly
85 Entreat
87 Pieces used in the game of checkers
89 A constellation

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

TURNABOUT

Liberty's SHORT SHORT

BY ALFRED TOOMBS

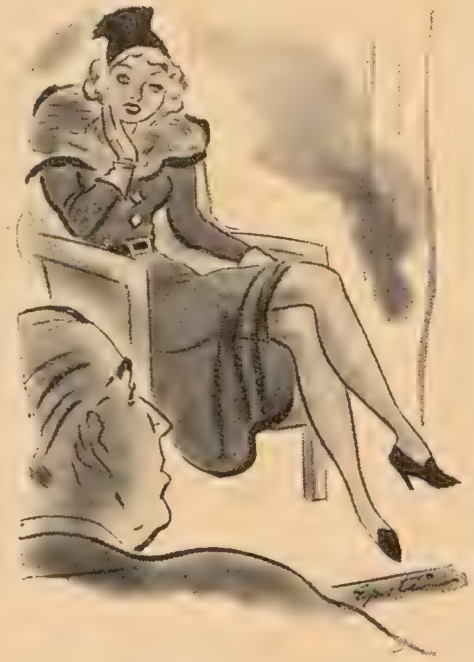
READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

ALL his life Joey Herman had wanted two things: dames and dough.

You can't make much money peddling pies and bread from door to door in Hammond, Indiana, which is what Joey did. And you can't make many dames when you've got a face that frightens police sergeants and a personality as interesting as an application blank.

It began to seem that Joey was a little closer to his heart's desire when he came into possession of $100,000. This tidy sum he inherited from his father, whose end occurred simultaneously with that of the last of six quarts of Scotch which the old man consumed in the twelve hours after he learned that he held a winning ticket in the sweepstakes. So it was that when Joey came into the fortune he had the dames flocking around him like bread around ham in a drugstore sandwich.

Joey did have the sense to realize that when he had no more dough he would have no dames. As a result, Joey's girls found him and his cash harder to separate than a pair of clean sheets on a Pullman upper berth. But the women who worked on Joey had heard there was no harm in trying.



So it is that Joey sits in court this day. The business at hand concerns one Betty Dugan. Betty claims that Joey loved her, to put it mildly; then left her, to say the least. To soothe her battered feelings, Betty is seeking to peel $50,000 off Joey's roll.

Betty comes to court as a good little girl who claims to have been led astray by the city slicker from Hammond, Indiana. As a matter of fact she had been out oftener than an apartment-house poodle. The jury had been assembled from a mixture of six Sunday-school teachers, three bookkeepers, two slightly used college professors, and a spare piccolo player.

If the W. C. T. U. can be said to be prejudiced against gin bucks, then even that much is this jury set against Joey. In the same measure that they dislike Joey's side of the story they are in favor of Betty's. And so, as she ankles up to the stand to tell her tale, they settle back with the look of twelve cats who have spent twelve nights chasing mice in a dairy.

Betty looks trim and very girlish. She is blonde—this year—and is decked out in a nifty outfit.

"My name is Betty Dugan," she says in answer to her lawyer's first question, "and I am seventeen years old."

Her lawyer looks pleased when he sees that the jury believes this, because that makes it apparent that they will believe anything.

Her story of skulduggery, of the smooth ways of baker-boy Joey Herman, is a masterpiece. She's rehearsed it often enough to give a perfect performance. The piccolo player and one of the Sunday-school teachers fall out of the box when she relates in brutal detail the events which happened the night she says she was betrayed by Joey Herman in Baltimore. It was September 14, she says, and points a quavering finger at Joey. In return for the betrayal, she says, Joey promised no end of marriage, matrimony, and wedded bliss. None of these things did he ever produce.

It is indeed a sad tale; and as Betty relates it, Joey has a hard time keeping himself from believing it.

Joey's lawyer is halfway afraid the judge believes her and might fine him for contempt of court if he cross-questions her. And so he asks for an adjournment of court for the day.

JOEY and his lawyer move quickly during the evening, and when the jury is led in from pasture in the morning they are ready to spring a surprise. Joey is called to the stand. He looks at the jury, wondering if they have been searched for concealed weapons, and then launches into his story.

"When I meet this dame," Joey starts out, "she is doing a kootch dance in a South Chicago saloon. All she wears in the act is two hairpins and a small dab of perfume. Along with a lot of other guys, I run around with her. But after a while she ditches me for a prizefighter from Duluth, and gives him two of my best shirts in the bargain."

"Did you promise to marry her?" his lawyer asks him.

"No. Why should I?"

"Were you in Baltimore with her on September 14?"

"No; I was somewhere else, and I can prove it."

"If your Honor pleases," asks the lawyer, "I would like to excuse the witness for a few minutes in order to bring in another person who will testify on this point."

There is confusion in the court as the lawyer calls to the stand a neat little doll named Fritzi Mullberry. You can hear the illusions in the jury box cracking like peanuts at a circus as she gets into her story.

"I met Joey in New York early one day in September," she says. "We decide to go for a little boat ride, so we sail for Bermuda. That was on September 10 and we didn't get back until September 23. So Joey could not have been in Baltimore on September 14 as this other broad—I mean lady—claims."

Although Betty's attorneys seek to cast doubts on Fritzi and her story, there is not much they can really say, except that Fritzi is a liar, which is true but they cannot prove it.

The jury retires under instructions from the judge which would make it harder for them to bring out a guilty verdict than twelve sets of quintuplets. Shortly they are back.

"Have you reached a verdict?" the foreman is asked.

"Yes, we have. But we were just wondering if we couldn't get Miss Dugan to tell us about that night in Baltimore again."

The judge explains quietly but firmly that they are attending a trial, not a smoker, and then asks: "What is your verdict?"

"Not guilty," the foreman says, more in sorrow than in anger.

THIS signal left-handed triumph for justice brings great joy to the heart of Joey Herman. He cheerfully goes down to the courthouse a few days later to pay his lawyer the bill, which includes Miss Fritzi's usual fee for perjury. He is standing on the courthouse steps chatting to his lawyer, nodding to the many acquaintances he has made around the court. He nods at one who approaches.

"Are you Joey Herman?" the guy asks with awe in his voice.

"Why, yes," says Joey pleasantly.

"The guy who was sued by Betty Dugan?"

"Yes, I'm him."

"And beat the rap?"

"Yes," says Joey, beginning to get embarrassed. "What can I do for you? Do you want me to autograph that paper you're holding?"

"No," says the stranger; "I wanted to give it to you. It's a summons to appear as defendant in a suit for $100,000 for breach of promise just filed against you by Fritzi Mullberry. She says you took her to Bermuda, and she can prove it."

THE END

Vox Pop

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Suggests Coast Guard for Our Merchant Marine

BOSTON, MASS.—Your timely and exceedingly well presented article, Women and Children First (October 9 Liberty), aroused my appreciation.

I too have traveled extensively here and abroad, and always, with two exceptions, on foreign liners—because I demand physical safety, mental comfort, and respectful service. These cannot be found on American ships.

One of these exceptions I wish to speak briefly of, inasmuch as it coincides with certain suggestions which I have to offer on the vital matter of passenger safety on American vessels at sea.

On my first trip through the Panama Canal, on a boat American-owned, a ship while seaworthy wholly unsuited to tropical service, our departure from Balboa was delayed a great many hours owing to the reluctant and desultory return to ship of the members of the crew.

Well, after the witching hour of midnight, many of the slovenly, drunken members of the crew staggered, lurched, and crawled up their special gangplank. Happily, the moment their feet touched the deck the fast and well directed fist of a huge quartermaster hit each and every one "on the button." Each recipient of said impact was forthwith carried below by a few sober seamen, and eventually we steamed toward open water.

While watching this exhibition of good old Yankee manhandling, the thought crept over me that if of a sudden we all were obliged to entrust our lives to the stamina and acumen of these imitation seamen another tragedy of the sea would keep the copy desks busy writing banners.

To correct and destroy these very dangerous conditions, and to assure traveling Americans of safe-conduct wherever they go, my following suggestions may possess some slight indication in which direction improvements could be made:

On each of the new passenger liners and cargo carriers to be launched under the new governmental subsidization plan, I would place a captain, a chief officer, an engineer, and a quartermaster carefully chosen from the United States Coast Guard Service.

Secondly, inasmuch as government money is involved, a direct supervision could be maintained to guarantee proper management of the funds in question.

Lastly, the members of the crew would soon learn that strictest discipline at sea is the only safeguard for successful operation of maritime enterprise. It is doubtful if government-trained officers would have much difficulty in spreading such discipline, and spreading it very effectively indeed.

A Yankee of the ninth generation, a war veteran and "top kick" for some time, I am fully cognizant of the potency of the closed and accurate fist for bringing peace below decks and in barracks, and therefore a great disbeliever in this decade of labor coddling.

The officers and men of the United States Coast Guard Service, while little publicized, comprise one of the finest sources of real men from which to operate our new merchant marine that Mr. Kennedy or any one else could find in this country.

More articles like Mr. Oursler's are vitally needed today—let's have them.—*George Faunce Whitcomb.*

MR. HAYS NO LONGER AFRAID TO SIGN HIS NAME

NEW YORK, N. Y.—In connection with the article, Does the Government Cheat the Citizen? I note that Liberty of September 25 referred to the author of the coming article, He Was Afraid to Sign His Name. Above the text on October 2 is the editorial blurb, An American Afraid of Government Reprisal. When I saw the first announcement I wondered who might be the individual concerned. Then I realized it was myself. I was ashamed. I had a change of mind. In fact, I regarded the blurb as a challenge.

In view of this, you are free to publish my name and to state to any interested party that I wrote the article, Does the Government Cheat the Citizen? —*Arthur Garfield Hays.*

OLD ABE, THE WAR EAGLE

LOUISVILLE, KY.—J. M. H.'s inquiry (October 9 Vox Pop) about Old Abe, the war eagle of the Third Wisconsin Infantry, calls back memories of the days that followed the war between the states.

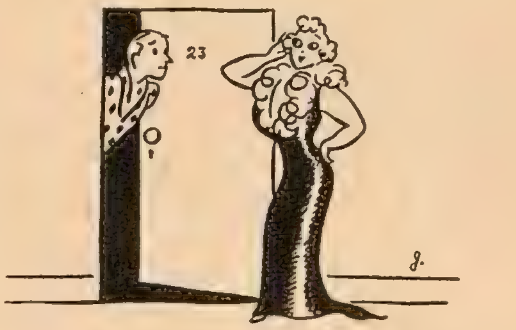
The eagle, a youngster when he was captured near Black River Falls, Wisconsin, was tamed and accompanied the Third throughout its campaigns.

The stories I heard were not quite as gory as time seems to have enlarged them into being, but he went into battle time and time again, perched on a standard made for him. He was so tame that when released he would circle over the camp or battlefield and return to his perch.

At the end of the war he went back with his "boys" to Wisconsin and took up his home at the State Capitol. Again and again he rejoined his soldiers at their encampment reunions. Years passed, and when the war was becoming a memory to a generation growing gray, he died.—*Hugh J. Hughes.*

"WE AIN'T DUMMIES!"

CHICAGO, ILL.—Will you please do something about this? I've listened to W. C. Fields quarreling with Edgar Bergen's boy friend, and read your very interesting Private Life of Charlie McCarthy in October 2 Liberty; but last night a 214-pound blonde knocked on my hotel-room door and wanted to know if Mr. Charles McCarthy was in there with me.



Can't us traveling salesmen be left out of this? We ain't dummies!—*Elmer L. Crocker.*

WE BEAT THE DAILIES AGAIN

BALTIMORE, MD. — Here's another proof of Liberty getting ahead of the news. It was in Cornelius Vanderbilt's piece, I Meet Edward and Wallie (August 21 issue), in which he described their interest in housing and said:

"After a while they're coming to America."

That was a laugh, I heard many of my friends say. But it looks as if the laugh was on them. The Duke and Duchess are doing what Vanderbilt predicted.

It sure is some live-wire magazine that can beat the dailies at their own game!—*Quentin Scofield.*

WHY HOLLYWOOD GOES "SHE-ING"

HELENA, MONT.—I would like to ask Beverly Hills why Hollywood is now going "shiing" instead of "skiing." Did Jean Hersholt tip them off to what "ski" means in the Danish language? If not, how come?

I wanna noe.—*Lorain Lager.*

[The Norwegian and Swedish pronunciation of the word ski is "she," which has been adopted by many people, especially the English. So it seems quite natural that Hollywood should prefer "she-ing" to skiing.—VOX POP EDITOR.]

OFFERS NUDIST SONG COVER

JACKSONVILLE, ILL.—In answer to a letter headed Who Wouldn't Be Surprised! (September 18 Vox Pop), I heartily agree with the writer to permit the readers of Liberty to furnish material for one issue.

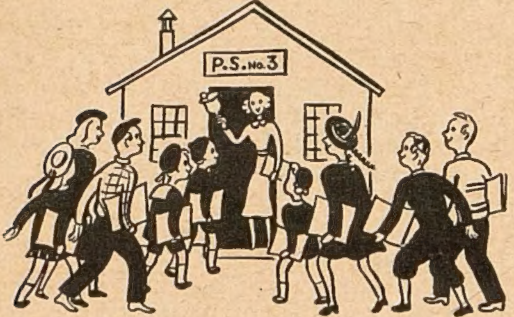
If you do, please assign the cover to me. I would not place a picture of any kind there, but would have my new song, entitled The Origin of the Nudist Camp (unofficial), printed on the cover, and I'm sure it would outstrip anything that has appeared there.—*B. F. Ferguson.*

KIDS BETTER OFF IN LITTLE RED SCHOOLHOUSE

COLORADO SPRINGS, COLO.—Education? Huh! John Erskine says it's "crazy" (September 25 Liberty). And so it is. Especially here in the blessed United States, where we build million-dollar edifices for the kids to learn their three R's, and clutter up the curriculum with so many subjects that they haven't time for any.

Poor little tykes! How much better off they would be with a little red schoolhouse, and instead of a ton of useless books one good geography or arithmetic under their happy arms!

Education today is so busy building grand schools and thinking up new courses that it has no idea of real teaching.—*Mrs. Sophy Clements.*



Do Half-backs Become Half-wits?

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I read with more than ordinary interest the article written by Frank Scully in October 9 Liberty. The fact that Mr. Scully is a shut-in is really sad, but his article is sadder. I have reference to "half-backs becoming half-wits." He refers to Charlie Barrett as an example of what football does to make physical wrecks of those individuals who play it.

If Mr. Scully would take the time to do some research work, he would find that many half-backs of a decade ago are now the leaders in professional and industrial life and in the business world in general. I can support this assertion with names. These men in their college days were star half-backs on their respective college teams.

With reference to Charlie Barrett, he would probably have died from the same ailment if he had never seen a football or had never played in a game. I say this without fear of contradiction, as I knew Barrett very well.

There are probably a hundred football players to one pugilist, and the ratio is reversed when it comes to being "slug-happy," showing that Mr. Scully is wrong in the same ratio—namely, 100-1.

I am fortunate in numbering among my friends many ex-college football stars, and am proud to say that none of them are half-wits. One in particular who is still a star, and has played college and professional football for ten years, I gladly offer for example: Ken Strong, who is more mentally alert than many critics. Football demands a lot of any one. A player must be in the best possible physical condition, and by following a strict training code he becomes almost immune to injury and will not wind up a nit-wit, a half-wit, or even a short-story writer.—*J. J. Schafer.*

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—I suppose for one letter you will get supporting Frank Scully on his masterly exposé of the mass manufacture of stumble-backs you will get a hundred from paid press agents of college football denouncing him.

Well, I went to Stanford, and none of it was news to me. Every college man I have talked to seems to have an idea it is about his college, so it must be true of all of them. You should get Mr. Scully to do as much for all the other sports as he has for football. He has such a detached air and such a humorous turn of phrase, you marvel at the thunder he conceals underneath.—*L. S.*

MEN WHO THINK FEARLESSLY

ROCKVILLE, CONN.—One cannot conscientiously read the articles in Liberty, from the editorials by Mr. Bernarr Macfadden to the articles by Mr. Oursler, Dr. Sheldon, Mr. Erskine, Judge Johnson, and others, without experiencing hope for the future—knowing that there are men in these days of social, economic, and political confusion who can think in terms of factual actuality, with sincerity, fearlessness, and in the interests of mankind, devoid of all personal glory, and that they are making use of their positions as writers to place before the people facts that should arouse us to some manner of constructive reproach for the evils that we have been tolerating.

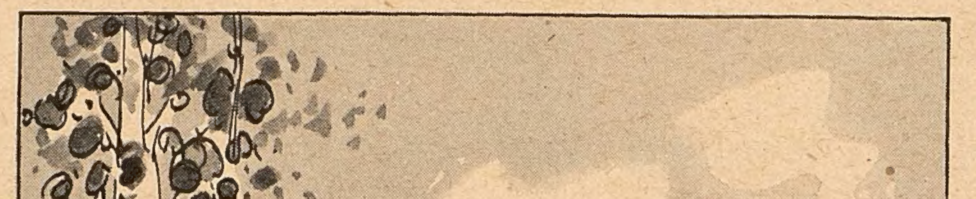
It seems too bad that these articles of amazing facts cannot be placed in some form of burning, bold searing print that would so penetrate the minds, the hearts, and the very souls of those that read as to inspire them to immediate action.—*Helen York Price.*

GETS TROLLERS OFF HIS SPLEEN

TACOMA, WASH.—Just to get this off my spleen. The salmon-fishing boats on Puget Sound are most certainly not "trollers" but they are called "trawlers." This discrepancy was several times present in recent otherwise splendid stories by Robert E. Pinkerton of Washington's wonderful salmon-fishing industries.

Now I feel better and will hie me out and get the new Liberty and have a good evening.—*Dr. M. E. Thomas.*

"HARDTACK"



"What's good for a sore back, doctor?"

FED UP ON TALK OF SEX

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—Would you have space in your magazine to publish this protest of mine and, I feel sure, the protest of thousands of other women, young and old, in the world today?

We are growing supremely fed up on all this talk of sex and the sex relation in and out of marriage, and the consensus of opinion of the college crowd on the right way to indulge in sexual intercourse.

Twenty years ago we were all young too. We had the same passionate urge for marriage relations, and the same keen urge to propagate the race as the young folks of the present day. There was no difference in our strong sexual desires and those of the youth of today. None whatever. But we lived through three decades and kept our self-respect.

And we were never interviewed—either in college or out of it—and if we had been asked to tell what we knew of sex and the sex relation, our interviewer would have gone away with an extremely red face.

For the sake of all that's holy, how far is this sexual-intercourse talk going? Are we no better than cats and dogs, to air our most intimate private matters before the grinning mob?—*Hannah Campbell Brooks.*

Too Many Wives—Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.

SO MANY BEAUTIFUL WOMEN BUT all of them left him—that was the fate of the strangely bedeviled hero of a frank new novel that begins in Liberty next week. Too Many Wives is the title, and the author is one of your old favorites, Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., who gave you such candid inside views of life as he saw it in Rich Man's Son and other of his exciting serials in our pages. Here he strikes at the heart of a strange and mysterious problem in human behavior. "These women!" cries the hero of Too Many Wives. "One night they want to marry me. The next morning they want to divorce me. I don't understand them." Of course this much married young man was looking everywhere except the right place for the answer to his riddle. He did not dream that the trouble lay in his own conscience and the fateful deeds of his own youth. There was one woman he could not escape, no matter whose arms embraced him. The time came when he had to face realities. What he did when that happened is the theme of this fascinating new Vanderbilt novel.

*

ROBERT TAYLOR HAS OTHER KINDS of trouble. He thinks the men of America dislike him. He thinks he knows why. But what to do about it? That is another question. Of course Robert is borrowing worries. Let us have the love of fifty million or so ladies fair and we would let who cared fret over masculine raspberries. But Robert is not willing to have it that way. He wants every one to love him, truck drivers as well as sweet young things. Next week you can listen in to a talk between Robert Taylor and the Hollywood writer, Howard Sharpe. It's just boy-to-boy stuff and very straight from the unpadded shoulder. It's the kind of outburst you could get from Robert Taylor only with hair mussed, suspenders loose, and no females nigh. In this mood of wanting to be understood, Taylor bares his melancholy, and nobody will want to miss that.

*

SCULLY MADE ALL FOOTBALL MAD. As we predicted, the article on Stumble-Backs was the most discussed sports article of the year. No one would admit that Scully was right, yet few among those qualified to speak would say there was no right on his side. A hundred different theories were offered to meet the challenge. Some of the best of these you have been reading in our Vox Pop department for the last few issues. Next week the case against Mr. Scully is summed up by a veteran college coach, James Knox, who not only batters down Scully's charges and proves they are not so, but also offers remedies by which the evils can be corrected.

*

LIFE BEGINS AT 69. Not many of those who read these words can fly an airplane. Those who can are generally below the age of thirty. Our publisher, Bernarr Macfadden, learned to fly at sixty. This year, just after his sixty-ninth birthday, he made a nonstop solo flight from New York to Florida. During those exciting hours Mr. Macfadden was alone in his plane; his thoughts and experiences are told in his own story, to appear in Liberty next week. Don't miss this thrilling yet modest account—written at my urgent behest—of Mr. Macfadden's remarkable achievement. Every man and woman in the country can find inspiration in this story, and none more than those who have reached the age of forty and think their best years are behind them.

*

SONS, DAUGHTERS, AND PARENTS from all over the United States are writing us about the problems of youth.

In most of these letters there are appeals for help that would melt the heart of a stone statue.

These people have put their problems before us and asked our help in solving them. If there were only a few, we might not feel so concerned, but with this inpouring of letters from thousands of distracted and bewildered people, we knew that we must do something to answer their appeals for help. We have already taken steps to meet the situation. Our plans will interest not only these unhappy and bewildered people but, we believe, every man and woman, boy and girl who can read and write and look the truth squarely in the face. Watch Liberty for the full details of the most helpful and original plan ever offered by a popular magazine.

*

WILL CONGRESS PASS the anti-lynching bill? You remember the letter of Walter White, of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, in which he gave credit to Will Irwin's articles, Savage America, for focusing national attention on the present bill. Now, as Congress assembles in extra session, many fear the politicians will use this bill in cheap little political tricks to embarrass the President, and for trading purposes, or for other purposes, and that all this may result in eventual defeat of the bill. If the members of Congress will read Mr. Irwin's second article in next week's issue, They Lynched the Wrong Man, I believe some of them will drop their pettiness and pass the bill.

*

THE BEST STORIES OF THE WEEK are in the next issue of Liberty. You will not want to miss Not Officially Invited, by Llewellyn Hughes, and a sprightly tale of young married love by Anne Hall, called Julie Takes the Wrap. There will also be exciting chapters of Sucker Beware! by James Edward Grant; Death Over Galápagos, by Greta Wittmer; and Tomorrow in Shanghai, by Steve Fisher. The issue is packed with thrills and humor, along with all the regular Liberty features you look forward to.

*

Thanks! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.

FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty-*for Liberals with Common Sense*

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL
Labor's Regimentation—May Be Already Here? Bernarr Macfadden 4

SHORT STORIES
The Donovans Lick the Sea........Frank Richardson Pierce 20
Bigger and Better Lovers, Please............Elizabeth Troy 34
Turnabout—Liberty's Short Short..........Alfred Toombs 59

SERIALS
Sucker Beware!—Part I..............James Edward Grant 8
Tomorrow in Shanghai—Part II...............Steve Fisher 26
Death Over Galápagos—Part III..........Greta Wittmer 42
Ambush—Conclusion.........................Robert Ray 50

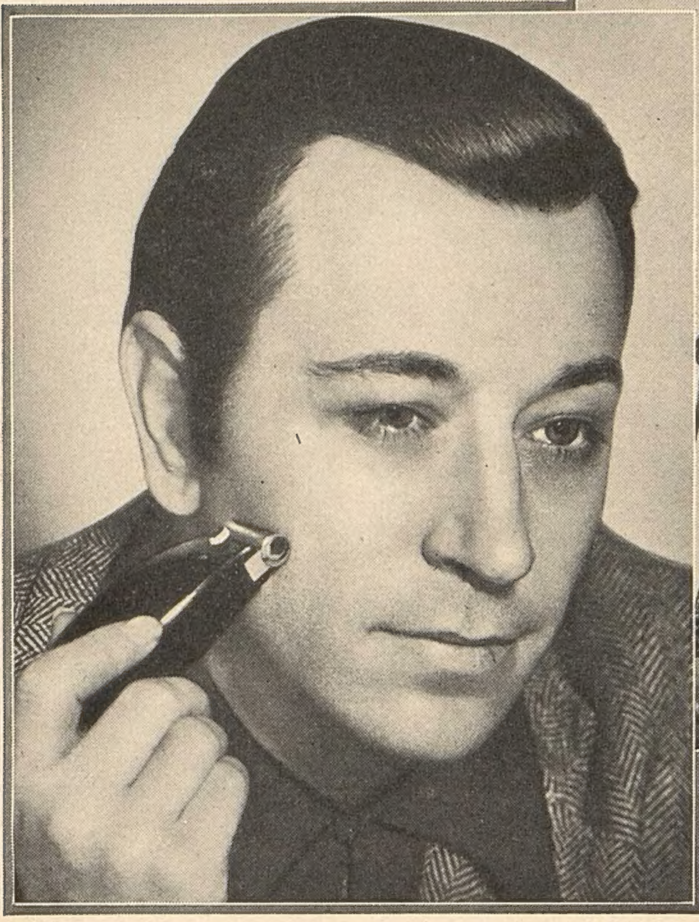
ARTICLES
Why Roosevelt Will Refuse a Third Term..Frederick A. Storm 6
Passion Before Marriage—Is American Youth Swing-Timing to Hell?.........Frederick L. Collins 14
A Liberty Program for National Defense Lieut. Gen. Robert Lee Bullard 18
How Society Is Planning for Edward and Wallie Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr. 32
Strange Things Happen in the Huddle.......Edwin B. Dooley 45
A Balloon Ride Through Hell..............Marie Marvingt 47

FEATURES
Movie Reviews by Beverly Hills, 39; Twenty Questions, 40; To the Ladies by Princess Alexandra Kropotkin, 41; $500 Dinky Contest, 49; Crossword Puzzle, 58; Vox Pop, 60.

The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

COVER PAINTING BY C. H. TWELVETREES

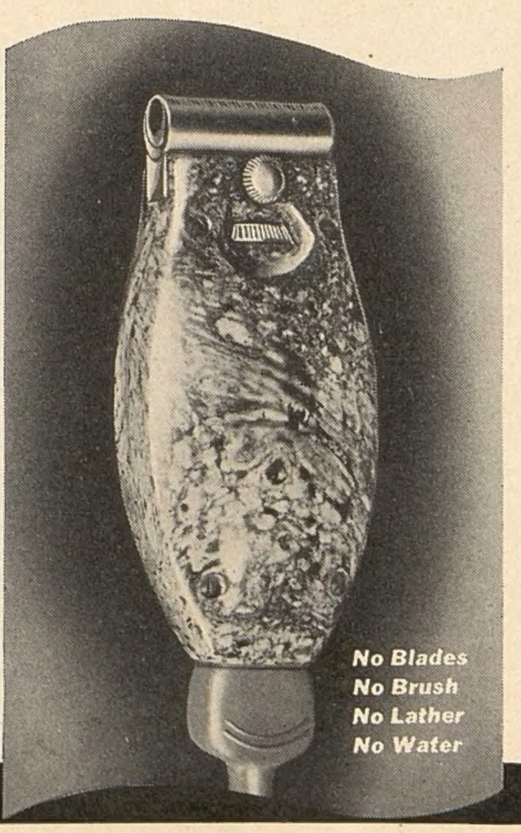
SHAVED FIVE TIMES IN DAY!



GEORGE RAFT receives encomiums of critics and plaudits of audiences for his portrayal of "Powdah" in Paramount's thrilling sea epic, "SOULS AT SEA," now showing at local theatres.

How George Raft kept face "Camera Clean" during 20 hours under Klieg lights with

PACKARD LEKTRO-SHAVER



● Movie stars sometimes work under terrific pressure. Make-up must be perfect hour after hour under glaring lights. Recently during production of "Souls At Sea," George Raft was required on the set twenty hours straight running . . . and constantly clean-shaven! But Raft passed the buck to his Packard Lektro-Shaver. He shaved five times . . . and each time quickly, closely, safely. Imagine his face, if he had shaved the old way. You too, though you shave only once a day, should know the bliss of shaving perfection . . . without gadgets, without cuts, without bother. Go to any Packard Lektro-Shaver dealer today. Compare Packard Lektro-Shaver with any other leading electric shaver. We're convinced you'll choose Packard's smooth, round head . . . It's shaving perfection!

• • •

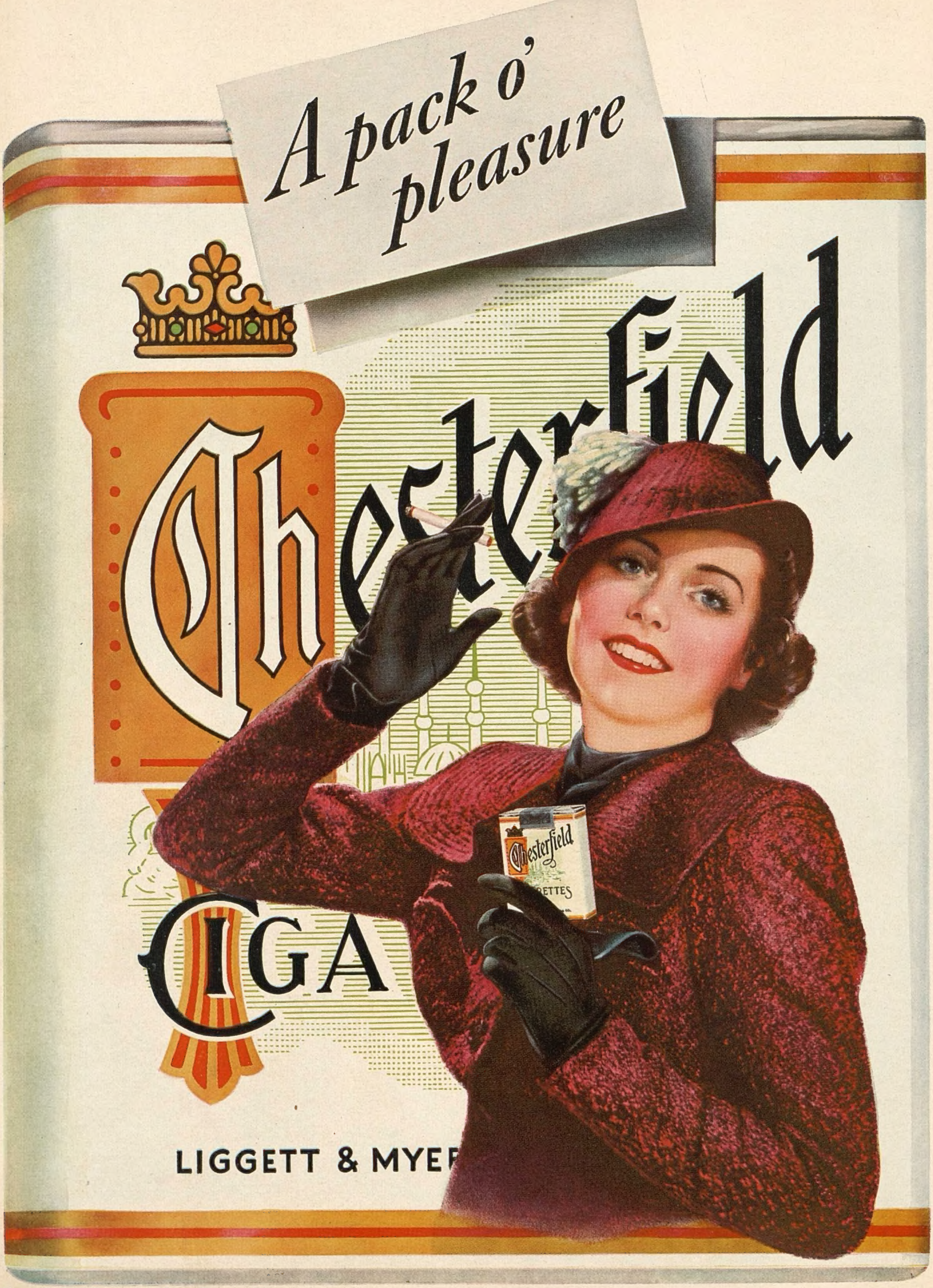
At dealers everywhere. Standard black model, $15; lava (mottled gray, illustrated) with matching gray cord, in steel and snake gift case, $16.50. Any shaver with sterling silver monogram plate, $1.00 extra. Name engraved on any shaver, 50¢ extra. Pullman Packard, with both 110-volt and 32-volt shavers, $25. PROGRESS CORPORATION, 521 Fifth Ave., New York City. London Office: Astor House, 26 Aldych St., London, W. 2

INSIST ON THE SMOOTH ROUND HEAD

If your dealer cannot supply you use the coupon and give his name

Progress Corp., 521 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C.
☐ Enclosed find $..... Please send ($16.50 lava; $15 black) Packard Lektro-Shaver.
☐ Send C.O.D. . . . . (model)
Name____________________
Address____________________
City____________________

PROGRESS CORPORATION, 521 Fifth Avenue, New York City


A pack o' pleasure
Chesterfield
CIGA
LIGGETT & MYEF
Chesterfield
RETTES

Copyright 1937, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.